

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

## AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVIII.—No. 25.  
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NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1897.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1897.

### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FIRST STATE PAPERS.

It will be remembered that by a resolution of Congress the Hon. James D. Richardson, a representative from the State of Tennessee, was directed to undertake a compilation of the messages and papers of the Presidents. The first three volumes have been issued, and have brought down the work to the close of Martin Van Buren's administration. It is no exaggeration to say that no publication of equal value to the students of our institutions has seen the light for many years. No thoughtful person can read these papers without being profoundly impressed with the competence of the great majority of the writers in respect both of acquirements and of ability. They are documents to be proud of and to be treasured by American citizens, as luminous and cogent expositions of the principles and purposes by which the United States have been guided with safety and with honor from small beginnings to their present high place among the nations. No writings dealing with political subjects can hope for a more conclusive seal of distinction than would be affixed upon them through their inclusion in this compilation. Such a distinction is, of course, reserved for the messages, proclamations, and other communications of President McKinley, and it should be a matter of keen gratification to his countrymen that the two State papers, thus far issued by him, are worthy of the memorable collection in which they are destined to be placed. We refer, of course, to the inaugural address, pronounced by him on March 4, and to the first message addressed by him to Congress, convoked in special session on March 15. Let us examine carefully these documents, for they are the first authoritative and official utterances of our new Chief Magistrate. Both by what he says and by what he refrains from saying a good deal of light will be thrown on the programme of the new administration.

To get the viewpoint of the inaugural address, we should bear in mind that Mr. McKinley, unlike many of his predecessors, is beset neither with seditious troubles at home nor with dangers from abroad, and that the victories to which he looks forward are those of peace and not of war. The most pressing problems of the Federal government have to do with its internal and not with its foreign policy. The country is confronted with a situation, which, to say the least, is discreditable to the statesmen who have been responsible for the welfare of the republic during the last four years. Although we

have no foreign entanglements, and have so little need of precautions against aggression that our standing army is insignificant, we have presented for some time the same regrettable spectacle as has the kingdom of Italy, that, namely, of permitting our expenditures to outrun our income, and of making good the recurrent deficiency by repeatedly increasing our public debt. That is the opposite of the policy, which under similar circumstances would be pursued in any country by far-seeing and patriotic men, and it is, as a matter of fact, the opposite of the policy which has been followed by the Republican party since the close of the civil war. To escape from such a situation, to place the government on an even keel as regards the relation of outgo to income, to renounce the sorry expedient of borrowing to sustain expenditure, and to resume the reduction of the public debt, was recognized by Mr. McKinley in his inaugural address as his primary and paramount duty, a duty which should take precedence not only of international affairs, however interesting they may seem on grounds of sympathy or of ultimate importance, but also of all other domestic questions, however urgent in their turn they may become. Not even the revision of our banking, coining, and currency laws, nor the attainment of a definite ratio between the two precious metals through the co-operation of the great commercial nations, should be attempted until we have attested our ability to make both ends meet through adjusting revenue to outlay. That was the position firmly taken by Mr. McKinley in his inaugural address. "With adequate revenue secured," he said, "but not until then, we can enter upon such changes in our fiscal laws as will, while insuring safety and volume to our money, no longer impose upon the government the necessity of maintaining so large a gold reserve with its attendant and inevitable temptations to speculation." What steps he will take in this direction when the Dingley tariff bill, framed for the purpose of affording a surplus revenue of at least seventy million dollars annually, shall have become a law, were distinctly indicated in another paragraph of the message. The President recommended Congress at the proper time to create a commission to subject the revision of our banking, coining and currency laws to exhaustive, careful, and dispassionate examination. Should the power of appointing the members of such a commission be vested in himself, he proclaimed the purpose of designating well-informed and conspicuous citizens of different political parties, who will command public confidence, both on the score of ability and of special fitness for the work. His aim, in other words, would be so to combine business experience and public training, and so to direct the patriotic zeal of the friends of the country as to secure from them a report which will be approved of by all parties. His purpose, manifestly, is to withdraw the subject of our finances in general, and the Silver question in particular, from the field of partisan contention. As regards, indeed, the issue upon which the last campaign largely turned, the monetary relation of silver to gold, the President accepts unswervingly and loyally the declaration made by the Republican party at St. Louis that all the obligations of the government, which it has been customary to pay in gold, shall continue to be paid therewith until a definite ratio between the two precious metals shall have been established by international agreement. At the same time he adheres with equal fidelity to the other declaration of the Republican convention, that for the establishment of international bimetallicism the Federal government should employ all the legitimate means at its disposal. That is to say, President McKinley is no gold monometallist; he is not one of that small minority of Americans who regard international bimetallicism as a chimera; on the contrary, he believes it to be within the power of the great commercial nations of the earth to fix by agreement a definite, working ratio between the white and yellow metals, and he has pledged himself in his inaugural address that it shall be his constant endeavor to secure such a ratio, not, indeed, by independent action on the part of the United States, but by international co-operation. Should he succeed, or should he even deserve success by honest, vigorous and persistent endeavors, the Silver question will not figure as a pivot in the campaign of 1900.

Lucid and convincing are those paragraphs of the inaugural address which deal with the principle on which the revenue, needed to sus-

tain our current expenditures, is to be raised. No reasonable person will contest the President's avowal that the verdict of the country is against an income tax in time of peace, or any other considerable addition to the subjects of internal taxation. On the contrary, the country is committed by its latest popular utterance to the avoidance of almost every form of direct taxation except in time of war, and to the derivation of the bulk of our revenue from taxes upon foreign productions entering the United States for sale and consumption. But shall the taxes upon foreign productions be levied for revenue only, or for the double purpose of securing the indispensable income and of affording protection to American industry? Mr. McKinley is indisputably right in asserting that no misunderstanding is possible as to the answer returned by the country to this question. "Nothing," as he says, "has ever been made plainer at a general election than that the controlling principle in the raising of revenue from duties on imports, is zealous care for American interests and American labor." In a word, by his inaugural address, and again by his first message to Congress, he has proclaimed it to be the capital duty of the Federal legislature to stop deficiencies by the restoration of that protective legislation which has always been the firmest prop of the Treasury. It is further to be noted that he advocates in the new tariff the re-enactment and extension of the reciprocity principle propounded in the McKinley law of 1890, under which a great stimulus was given to our foreign trade through the opening of new and advantageous markets for our surplus agricultural and manufactured products. It is, at the same time, pointed out that the discretionary power given to the President, as regards the making of commercial treaties, should only be exercised for the purpose of securing new markets for the products of our country by granting concessions to the products of other lands "that we need, and cannot produce ourselves, and which do not involve any loss of labor to our own people but tend to increase their employment." That is to say, Mr. McKinley would favor a reciprocity treaty with Brazil, which produces coffee and rubber, neither of which commodities is grown in this country, but he would not favor reciprocity with Canada, all of whose products come into direct competition with our own.

It has been alleged that a considerable majority of American farmers voted against Mr. McKinley at the last general election. We note, therefore, with peculiar interest the emphatic expression of sympathy and regard for this important class in the community which we find in the inaugural address. The President recognizes that the depression of the past four years has fallen with especial severity upon the great body of toilers, and upon none more than the holders of small farms. He declares it to be his conviction that the revival of manufactures will afford a relief to agriculture as well as to every other kind of labor. He believes that legislation helpful to producers in the field of factory work will be beneficial to all. It is his judgment, moreover, that no portion of our population is more devoted to the institutions of free government, nor more loyal in their support of them, than are the farmers, while none bears more cheerfully its proper share of the burdens of the government or is better entitled to its wise and liberal protection. That business interests are not at present in as promising a condition as could be wished, is frankly admitted; neither is it denied that time will be needed entirely to restore the prosperity of former years. If we cannot, however, immediately attain it, we can, says the President, resolutely turn our faces in that direction and aid its return by friendly legislation. Mr. McKinley, unlike Mr. Cleveland, is not inclined to belittle the functions of the Federal legislature. He is glad, not sorry, to have it on his hands. He does not sympathize with the sentiment that Congress in session is dangerous to our general business interests. He points out that its members are the accredited agents of the people, and that their presence at the seat of government in the execution of the people's sovereign will should not operate as an injury but as a benefit. The restoration of confidence and the revival of business, which men of all parties so much desire, depend, in the President's opinion, more largely upon the prompt, energetic, and intelligent action of Congress than upon any other single agency affecting the situation.



In connection with this subject the President shows himself alive to the fact that the postponement of the first regular session of a Congress until more than a year after it has been chosen, has too often deprived the Federal legislature of the inspiration of the popular will, and the country of corresponding benefits. The evils resulting from such postponement are forcibly brought out by the Hon. J. F. Shafroth in the March number of the *North American Review*. It will be remembered that, under the present law, Congress does not convene in regular session until thirteen months after the election of its members. Mr. Shafroth reminds us that there was some pretense for such a provision at the time of the formation of our government, for the reason that it then took a long period of time to ascertain the results of elections, and to reach the capital from remote parts of the country. Now, on the other hand, there is no excuse whatever, seeing that, with the exception of Alaska, the most distant section of the Union is within a six days' journey of Washington. It should require no argument to prove that the lower branch of Congress ought at the earliest practicable hour to embody in legislation the principles and wishes of the majority of the people, as expressed in the election of each House of Representatives. It is with a view to just such an embodiment that the Constitution requires the election of a new Congress every two years. If the Federal legislature were not to reflect quickly and faithfully the sentiments of the people, frequent elections would have no meaning or purpose. Any evasion of the Constitution's intention in this particular is subversive of the fundamental principle of our government that the majority shall rule. As a matter of fact, no other country in the world, possessing Parliamentary institutions, permits its legislative body to convene so long after the deliverance of the people's fiat at the ballot box. We add that a bill was introduced in the last Congress providing that the first regular session shall begin on the first Monday following the fourth day of March of the year next succeeding the election of Representatives, and that the second session shall begin on the first Monday after the first day of January of the year next succeeding. We have no doubt that a similar bill will be introduced in the present Congress, and it is clear from the inaugural address that it will have the President's approval.

Our readers are aware that the official representatives of the Republican party in the State of New York have taken positive ground against trusts in the Albany legislature. A committee has been appointed for the investigation of their methods of formation and operation, and a report has been made; a bill framed for the purpose of correcting abuses alleged to have been committed in this particular direction has been introduced. It is plain that in this attitude the New York legislators command the President's good will. He recalls in his inaugural address the fact that the Republican party, now restored to power, has in the past steadily proclaimed opposition to all combinations of capital, organized in trusts, or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the conditions of trade among our citizens, and has pledged its support to such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market. This purpose, the President declares, will be inflexibly pursued throughout his administration both by the enforcement of the laws now in existence and by the recommendation and support of such new statutes as may be necessary to carry it into effect. From another paragraph of the inaugural address it is plain that Mr. McKinley must have regarded with satisfaction the bill devised by Senator Lodge for the restriction of immigration. The President expresses the belief that our naturalization and immigration laws should be so improved as to assure the continual promotion of a safer and higher citizenship. He discerns a grave peril to the Republic in an electorate too ignorant to understand, or too vicious to appreciate the value and beneficence of our institutions and laws; he does not hesitate to say, and the anarchists of Chicago may as well take notice, that against all who come here to make war upon our institutions our gates must be promptly and tightly closed. Mindful, also, of the need of better facilities of education in the Southern States as regards not only the blacks but also a consider-

able element of the white population, the President declares that with the zeal and ardor of our forefathers we ought to encourage the spread of knowledge. Illiteracy must be banished from the land, if we are to attain a foremost place among the enlightened nations of the world. We are, unhappily, at present in this vital particular behind Germany and Scandinavia.

Of notable importance, also, is Mr. McKinley's acknowledgment of the imperative necessity of reviving our mercantile marine. It is evident that this seems to him one of the most urgent matters that can occupy the Federal legislature after the primary business of revising the tariff is discharged. Congress, he says, should early give attention to the restoration of the American merchant marine, once the pride of the seas in all the great ocean highways of commerce. Conceding that commendable progress has been made of late years in the upbuilding of the American navy, he insists that we ought to provide a proper consort for it in a merchant marine amply sufficient for our own carrying trade. We infer that Mr. McKinley will support the bill, which is to be introduced by Senator Elkins, placing a discriminating duty of ten per cent on all commodities imported in bottoms other than American. There is no doubt that by such a discrimination, far more efficiently than by subsidies, our merchant navy might be restored to its former dimensions. It is true that such a discrimination rests upon the principle embodied in the old English navigation acts, which have now been abandoned by Great Britain. It should, nevertheless, be borne in mind that it was those very navigation laws by which the enormous mercantile marine of England was gradually evolved, and it was with a view to just such a result that they were defended by Adam Smith. The navigation acts, said Adam Smith, very properly endeavor to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibition, and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries. Laws which were advantageous to England, when her old mercantile marine was outstripped by that of Holland, are likely to prove of benefit to us, now that our flag is almost banished from the ocean.

The only reference to international affairs made in the President's first message to Congress is contained in the final sentence, by which all such questions are postponed to a more convenient season, when the necessities of the Treasury shall be less pressing and absorbing: "Before other business is transacted," so closes the message to Congress, "let us first provide sufficient revenue to administer faithfully the government without the contracting of further debt or the continued disturbance of our finances." Even in the inaugural address the Administration's foreign policy is outlined in three brief paragraphs. There is not a word about Samoa, about the Hawaiian Islands, about Cuba, or about Canadian annexation. The silence of the President concerning details within this province should be undoubtedly ascribed to his wish that Congress at its special session should confine itself to that revision of the tariff which is the sovereign duty of the hour. When the time comes, we feel assured that each of the subjects mentioned will be treated from the viewpoint of a far-sighted and patriotic citizen. We do not believe that Mr. McKinley will surrender any of the influence which the United States are now authorized by treaty to exercise in the Samoan Islands. We do not for a moment imagine, should Congress do in the case of the Hawaiian group what was done in the case of Texas, and pass a joint resolution annexing the islands to the United States, that the new President would refuse to carry out the resolution. We are convinced that, if Congress should pass a concurrent resolution as it did a year ago, advising the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, Mr. McKinley would conform to the will of the Federal legislature and would issue a proclamation to the desired effect. We feel equally certain that an event so pregnant with majestic import as a reunion of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this Continent must be close to the heart of the new President, and that any spontaneous movement to that end on the part of the Canadians would be welcomed by him with ardor and delight, and promoted in all lawful ways to the utmost of his ability.

These, however, are but predictions founded upon what is publicly known of Mr. McKinley's

views and aspirations, and upon the historical attitude of the Republican party during the last thirty years. There is one subject, however, as to which Mr. McKinley in his inaugural address has spoken with absolute precision and emphasis; there is at least one feature of his foreign policy which is sharply defined, and which will be carried out unflinchingly without regard to the urgent necessity of dealing with the annually recurring deficit in our budget. We have in view, of course, the passage in which, while protesting that we want no wars of conquest, and must avoid the temptation of territorial aggression, the President declares that he will be ever watchful of the nation's honor, and that he will always insist on the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens in all parts of the globe. No skulking distinction will be drawn by him between native-born and naturalized citizens; over all alike shall be henceforth stretched the regis of the American Republic.

## THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies."

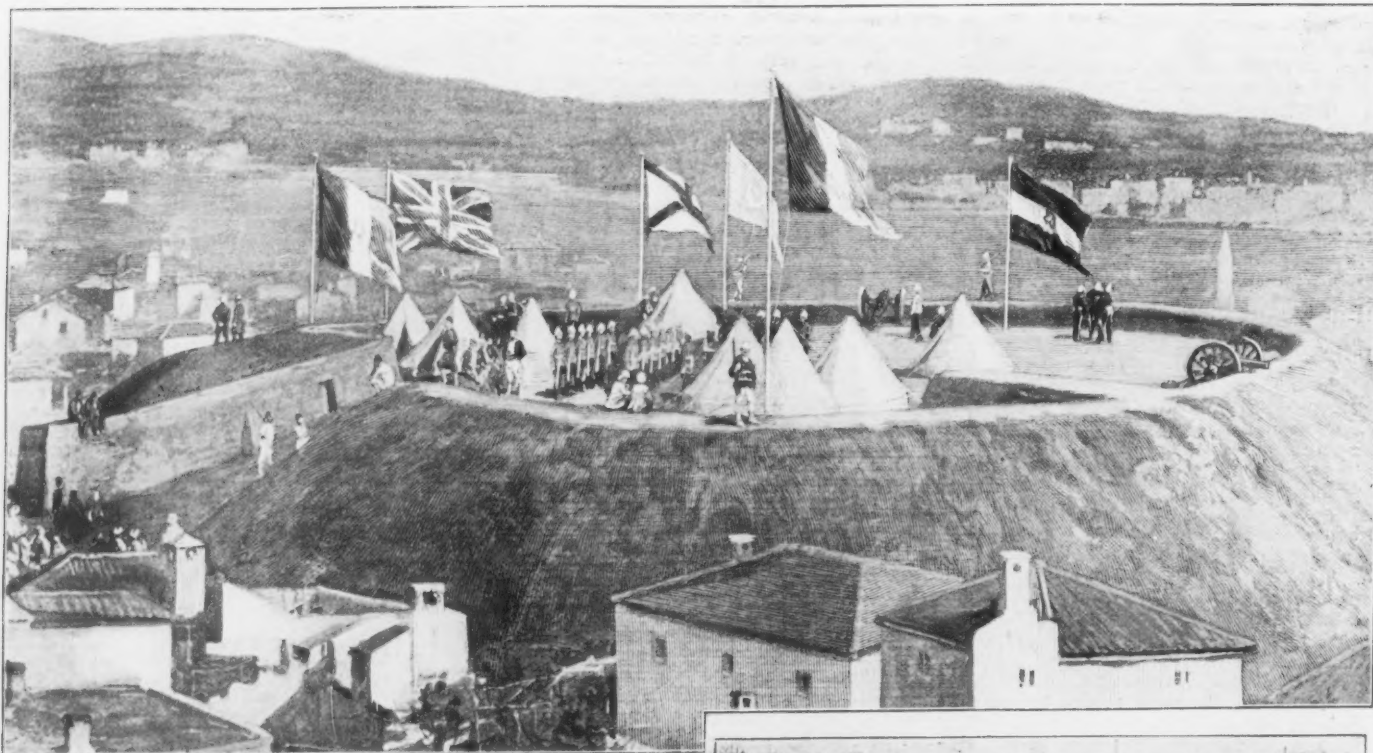
THE Mississippi River is indulging in its customary annual disturbance of the peace and prosperity of dwellers on its borders. In this respect the stream has but a single rival—the great "Yellow River" of China, which it greatly resembles in the nature of banks and the number of its tributaries. The stories of devastation and death that come frequently from China could be matched here were we as destitute as the Chinese of steam vessels, good roads and other means of escape from an overflow. Scores of millions of dollars have been expended by the National Government, the States and planters to restrain the waters of the Mississippi, and apparently hundreds of millions must yet be spent before this great receiving ditch of half the streams in the land can have permanent bounds made for it. The sufferers by the present flood are reported to be of the commoner class of negroes, but the next overflow may be in the richest plantation district on the river, for there seldom is any certainty as to where the waters will break through the levee, and the breaking process seldom stops until the opening is as wide as the river itself.

The present writer recalls a fort in which he and some of his comrades took much interest thirty odd years ago. It was a new earthwork, in course of construction on a point of land within a couple of hundred feet of the Mississippi, and the officers and men who were erecting it were glad when it was near completion, for earthworks of fort size contain an immense quantity of earth, and pick, shovel and human nature are the only excavating machinery carried by armies. One morning the officer in charge invited his comrades out to look at the platforms he was placing, for heavy artillery; but the party was unable to find the platforms, or the fort itself, for the entire structure, with several neighboring acres, had dropped into the river during the night.

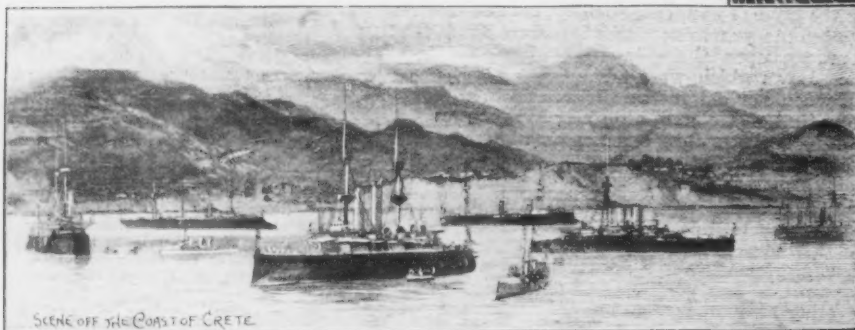
The latest theory about bicycling will provoke an immense amount of discussion, for it is that one physical effect of pedaling is to make the riders less graceful as dancers. Young men will not be affrighted at this, for as a class they never displayed grace in dancing; but young women can't contemplate the subject from any such standpoint, and should they become satisfied that the statement is true the market is likely to be glutted with second-hand wheels for women. The many good people, however, who regard dancing as a sin will have new cause for rejoicing; some of them have already learned that bicycling has lessened the fondness of many young people for dancing, and that between an afternoon a-wheel in the open air and an evening of dancing in a warm room the more spirited girls prefer the former and will part with the dance rather than with the wheel, if choice must be made.

## MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

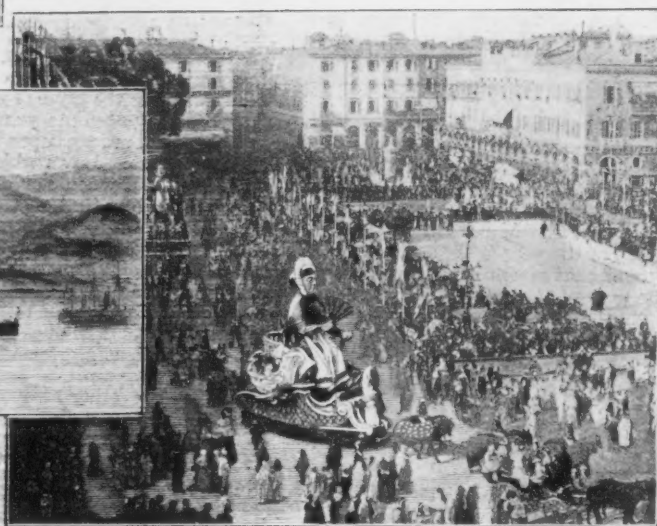
IN "When the World Was Younger" Miss M. E. Braddon has entered what for her is a new field, that of the historical novel. There is, we scarcely need to say, no province of prose fiction in which success is more difficult. Few and far between are the works in which an adequate knowledge of history has been evinced in conjunction with the display of imaginative power. In the small list of felicitous experiments most of us would only include two or three of the novels of Walter Scott, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth." The novels of Freytag and of Ebers, although historically accurate, lack vitality. If in "When the World Was Younger" Miss Braddon can hardly be said to have attained the highest plane of excellence, it is certain that she has given proof of careful and extensive research with regard to the period of the Stuart Restoration (1660-1688), and that she has depicted the reign of Charles II. with a high degree of verisimilitude. The plot of the story depends upon an intricate and ingenious complication of events and circumstances, and the ease with which these are made to further the author's purpose is noteworthy. On the analysis of character no particular stress is laid. Miss Braddon's descriptions, those, for instance, of Chilton Abbey with its excess of splendor and almost Rabelaisian plenty, and of Hadley Grange with its low tone of color and Quaker-like precision of form, are as vivid as one could wish for. No one can read "When the World Was Younger" without letting his sympathies go out to Angela, the pure, modest girl, of whom it may be said that, if her heart inclined toward one whom it was misery to love, still it was with an affection as spotless and ethereal as was the love of the disguised girl in Fletcher's play.



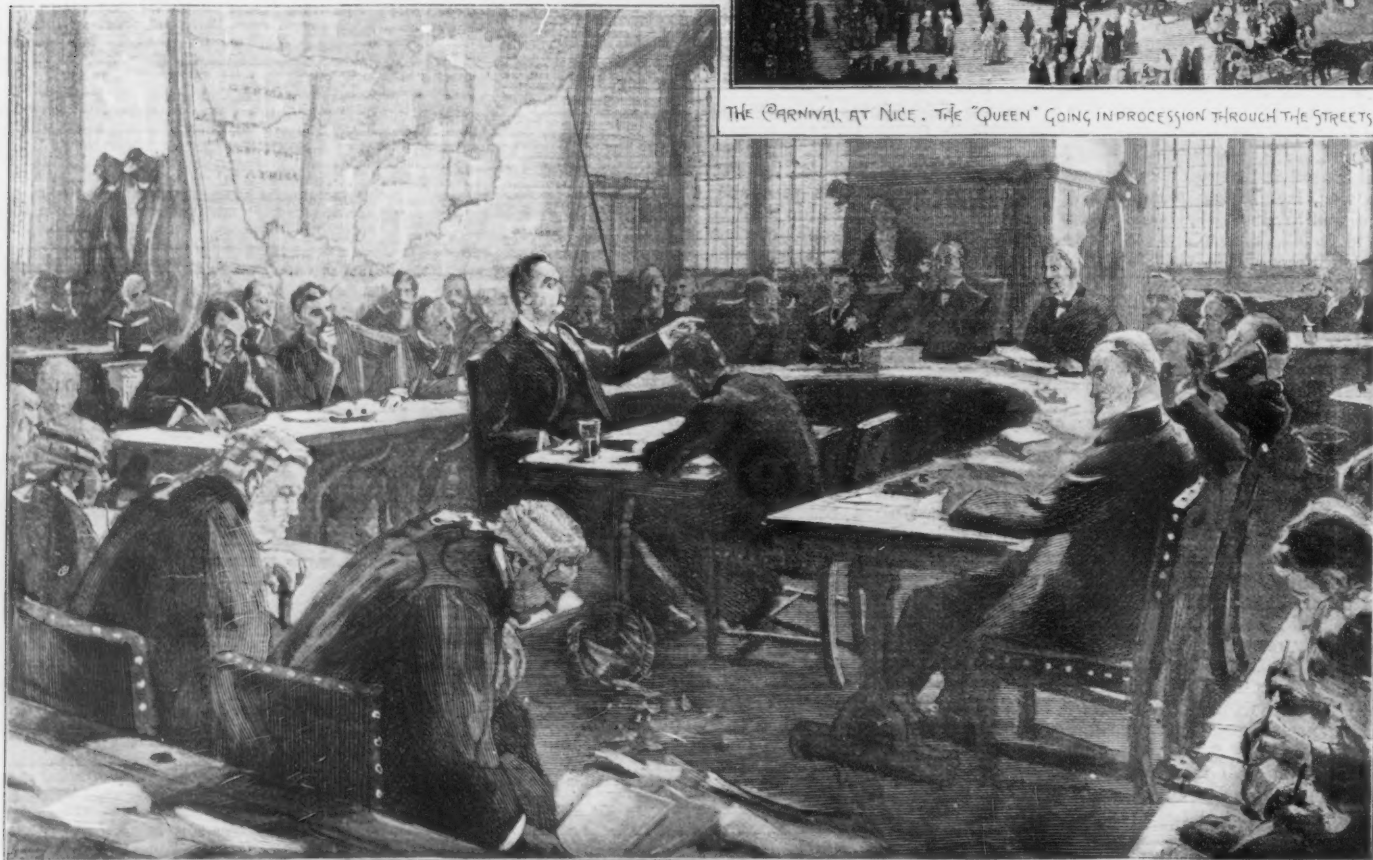
OCCUPATION OF CRETE. THE FLAGS OF THE GREAT POWERS ON BATTLEMENTS



SCENE OFF THE COAST OF CRETE

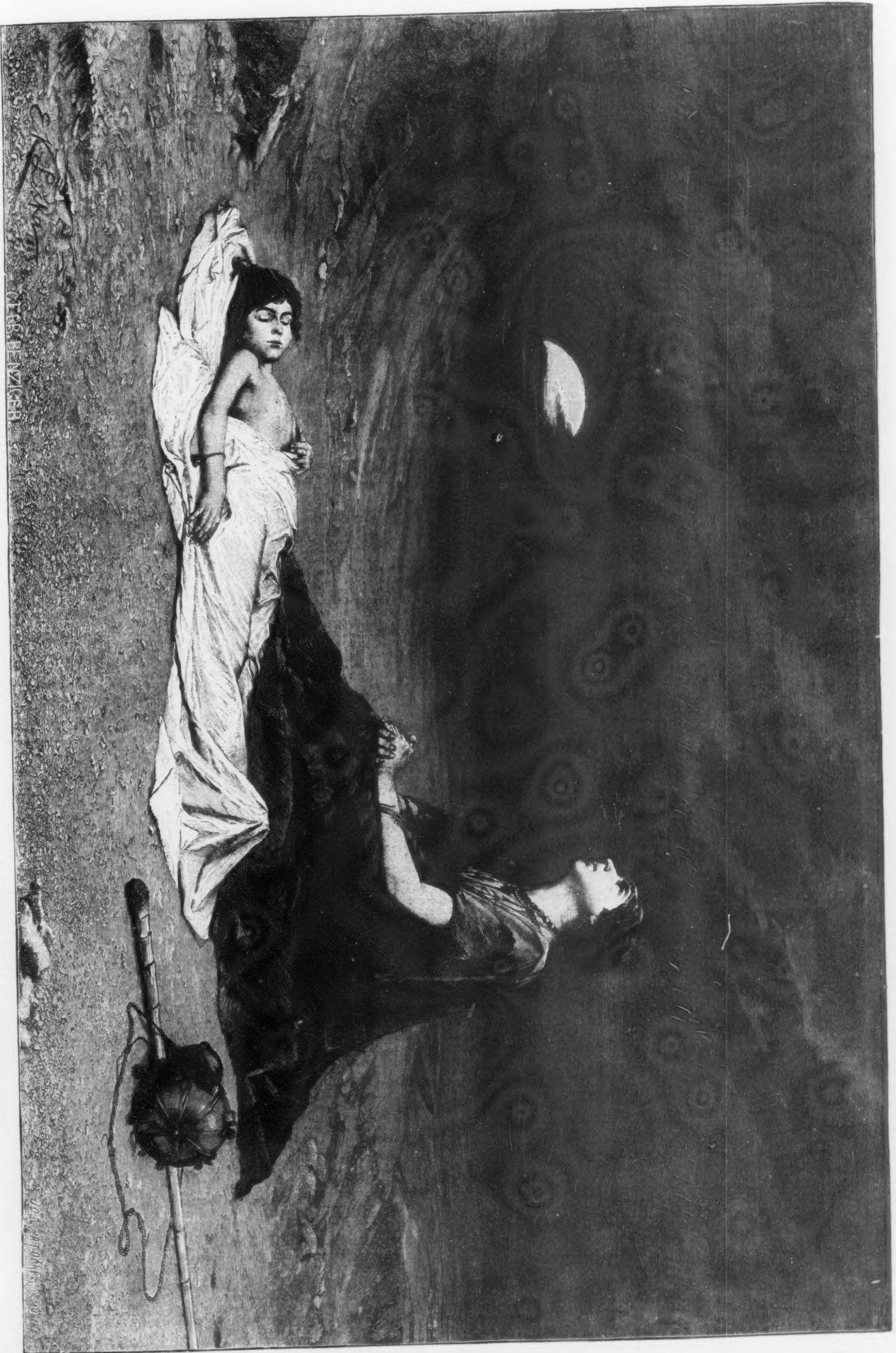


THE CARNIVAL AT NICE. THE "QUEEN" GOING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS



"A LESSON IN EMPIRE MAKING." THE SOUTH AFRICAN ENQUIRY: MR. CECIL RHODES EXPLAINING HIS POSITION TO SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT





HAGAR AND ISHMAEL IN THE DESERT.—PAINTED BY K. E. LISKA.

## OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago to a day there appeared a work by W. R. Greg, entitled "The Enigmas of Life." Now from Goldwin Smith we have a book entitled "The Riddles of Existence." In the one as in the other the chief preoccupation is death. To Mr. Greg immortality was a hope—nothing less. To Dr. Smith it is a possibility—nothing more. In the circumstances a momentary examination of this problem, which has perplexed not alone these gentlemen but the world since the world began, may be permitted. In documents which possess such inherent beauty that only the unpoetic question their inspiration it is stated and restated that death is an illusion, a mask of the continuity of life. There is, Jeremy Bentham taught, a mathematical possibility in favor of the validity of any given statement; and, as a consequence, on this subject there have been, and presumably always will be, a number of decorous people who balance their judgment in perfect equipoise. The atheist—for there are atheists—is more precise, so too is the Christian. Both are dogmatic, yet with this distinction, the dogmatism of the former is unimaginative, while that of the latter populates a world to be. But this is an unpoetic epoch. Religion is suffering less from the attacks of its opponents than from the indifference of its adherents. The epoch is not alone unpoetic, it is remorseless. It is one in which the activity displayed in getting the most out of money and the most out of life is so absolute that it presupposes the insolence of a poet to say "I dream, I love and I believe."

In view of these premises it is at once significant and interesting to note that one of the chief features of the Paris Exposition is to be representation of the creed of Christendom, a grand panoramic display of its history from Bethlehem to the Vatican. M. Auguste Delaigue, a commissioner appointed by the French Government, who arrived here a few days ago, has been good enough to give me certain details. I am informed by him that the project has received the sanction of the Pope, and that the sympathy and co-operation of Spain and Italy have already been enlisted. It is the purpose of the committee to exhibit reproductions of all the great religious paintings of the old masters, to provide auditions of the best symphonies and oratorios and to erect a cathedral beside which St. Peter's will be dwarfed. Precisely as the Eiffel Tower was the prime attraction at the last exhibition, so, M. Delaigue maintains, the charm of the one which is to occur three years hence will reside and center in the beauty and magnificence of this edifice. In addition visitors are to behold the struggles of the primitive church, its growth and conquests. They will see how the blue victorious eyes of its children peered down at Rome, how they fell upon her, and how the colossus tottered, startling the universe with the uproar of her agony, calling to gods that had vacated the skies; calling to Jupiter, calling to Isis; calling in vain. They will see, too, the substitution of the crucifix for the thunderbolt, and they will assist at the splendid clash and clatter of the Crusades. If the programme is adhered to, the exposition of 1900 will be more interesting than I had thought.

The effort of a Topeka legislator to codify the Ten Commandments is one of those things which could happen in no other country except our own. In England, in France, wherever civilization exists and legislators are, there is an attempt continuous, determined, though perhaps mistaken, to guard and heighten the welfare of a nation. With the individual, good or bad, the concern is slight. Since the memory of man runs not to the contrary there have been laws which inhibit an inhabitant from injuring his neighbor, laws that are punitive on torts however slight. With those laws Europe is content. Now and then in deference to popular sentiment it may happen that some one or another of these enactments is modified. In Paris there have been barricades in the streets at the mere menace of their increase. All of which, of course, would be unbecoming in a people as progressive as ourselves. Europeans, proverbially, are downtrodden, and we, proverbially, are free. The wave of repression which is passing over the country is evidence of our desire to demonstrate it. The sagacity which is being manifested in Topeka is on a par with the wisdom which is shown in New York. A fortnight ago a shop-girl, returning from her work, was accosted by a stranger. Being a woman she listened, and he being a detective arrested her for that crime. I may be in error, I frequently am, but it seems that there is an incident in which we may take a national pride. Coincidentally a man, old, needy, homeless and ill, tried to kill himself. By way of sympathy and encouragement he was sent to prison for eighteen months. There is another incident in which we may delight. A little while ago some countrymen came to town. With a desire perhaps to see it, they entered a hall which the city had licensed. The police entered it too, and took them to jail. One of them asked the reason. The question was construed into disorderly conduct and in addition to a night's imprisonment he got fined as well—why not electrocuted? It would have been just as logical, just as demonstrative that this is indeed the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Announcement is made of the prospective marriage of Miss Astor to the Duke of Manchester, and incidentally of that of her father, Mr. W. W. Astor, to a princess of the blood. What is true in the announcement is not new, and what is new is not true. The possibility of a marriage between the young people was largely discussed, though not indeed in the newspapers, fully six months ago. At the time it was generally agreed that the Duke of Manchester could not do better but that Miss Astor might. That, however, is as may be.

It would be easy, of course, for this young woman to connect herself with a finer house and with a higher title, but I am quite sure that, among the English nobility at least, she could not find a lad better suited to her in every way. Half American, he has all his mother's good qualities and thus far he has shown no evidence of any of his father's defects. He is a wholesome, unaffected, nice-mannered boy, without, it is true, a penny to his name; but as Miss Astor is not looking for money that is a minor matter. Should a marriage between them take place it ought to be advantageous and pleasant to both. On the other hand a marriage between Mr. Astor and one of the royal princesses is an impossibility. Officially such a union would, on the part of the lady, bemorganatic, and, as such, not of a nature to heighten the Queen's enjoyment of her jubilee. Mr. Astor once courted the Muse. I recommend him to return to his first love. He might go farther and fare worse, particularly in royal domains.

Apocryphos to the Muse, her footfall is nowadays so infrequent in Mr. Swinburne's home, that when it occurs it is worth attention. The following sonnet, which he wrote to George Frederick Watts on the latter's eightieth birthday, and which appears in the current issue of the London "Athenæum," lacks that splendor of metaphor which we used to get, lacks too that amplitude of rhythm which made him the foremost singer of the age. But if inferior to his best it is in technique and manipulation sufficiently superior to be read once and even twice:

"High thought and hallowed love, by faith made one,  
Begot and bare the sweet strong-hearted child,  
Art, nursed of Nature; earth and sea and sun  
Saw Nature then more godlike as she smiled.  
Life smiled on death, and death on life; the Soul  
Between them shone, and soared above their strife,  
And left on Time's unclosed and starry scroll  
A sign that quickened death to deathless life.  
Peace rose like Hope, a patient queen, and bade  
Hell's firstborn, Faith, abjure her creed and die;  
And Love, by life and death made sad and glad,  
Gave Conscience ease, and watched Good Will  
pass by.  
All these make music now of one man's name,  
Whose life and age are one with love and fame."

Zola recently brought suit against an alleged pirate. The ground of course was infringement of copyright, and it is amusing in considering the facts to consider too how seriously they have been taken. The pirate published a pamphlet entitled "Zola against Zola." It consisted of extracts without comment from the latter's novels—a brief collection of gems of the impurest water—the idea being to show that Zola by his own showing was not a proper person to sit among the Forty of the Academy of France. In the action, not for defamation but for piracy, which ensued, Zola has been non-suited, the court holding that there had been no infringement inasmuch as the publisher's intention was not to fraudulently reproduce the literary property of another, but to expose its highly demoralizing character and the consequent impossibility of the author's admission to a seat among the elect. So far so good. But Zola has never expected such a seat. His permanent candidacy is merely a permanent advertisement. It keeps his name in the papers and his personality alive. The grievances which he brought into court were for the gallery—that was all. It was but another advertisement, unimagined and commercially excellent, which had happened to come his way. He made use of it as he makes use of everything that in any way, shape or form can cause his wares to be discussed. The value of those wares is a side-issue. It is the business enterprise behind them, and of which this is an instance, that makes them sell.

Mr. F. Lewis Patter is a gentleman with whom I should like to be better acquainted. In an article in "The Dial," he says that "the discovery of America was an unprecedented event"—a statement which it is impossible to refute and yet which in its artlessness is simply adorable, one of those pearls of thought that promote digestion and the love of life. "America," Mr. Patter adds, "was almost literally a new world. Man never went to live in an environment more strange." No doubt. It must have been curious for the early Spanish emigrants in Mexico and in Peru to find themselves confronted by a civilization anterior to their own, one which had splendors unknown to them but which were quite familiar to the Egyptians of long ago. For America, I may inform Mr. Patter, was not at that time almost literally a new world; it was a world so old that its decadence had already set in; so old that in certain regions that decadence was complete, in others it had eaten that civilization away. "Three hundred years of this environment," Mr. Patter continues, "have produced a peculiar people." I should say so. I should say rather that a peculiar people had been produced, though whether because of "three hundred years" or "this environment" or both, I am incompetent to state, though privately I have at times suspected the climate. "The History of Western America reads like a page from the 'Arabian Nights,'" Mr. Patter concludes, and then, in after-thought, with forceful logic asks: "Can we never achieve our literary independence?" What page of the "Arabian Nights" Mr. Patter had in mind when he delivered himself of that remark I would cheerfully give a choice red pipkin to know. So too, I take it, would he. But his question I can answer. We need but one or two original essayists like himself and then shall our literary independence be complete.

A young gentlewoman whom I have not the honor of knowing has sent me a very pretty note in which she asks me to tell her whether the female branch of the Imperial House of Russia may succeed to the throne and in that case whether the little Grandduchess Olga is the next heir, provided there are no other children. In reply I may state that who the next heir is depends wholly on the Tsar. Not officially alone but *de facto* he is an autocrat. As such he has the power of appointing his successor. Though his empire is hereditary, there is no other right of succession than such as is vested in his will. It was the same thing with the young emperors of old Rome. Hadrian, for instance,

intended to appoint his lackey Antinous, but, fortunately for the nation, the lad was drowned. In the case of the present incumbent should he die young, and without other children than the Grandduchess Olga, the presumption is that during the minority of that little girl his wife would be found to have been previously appointed as regent. On the other hand, if it so pleased him there is nothing in the world to prevent him from nominating his *chef de cuisine*. But being an amiable if taciturn young man, it may be taken for granted that he will do nothing unusual and that, barring a possible male heir, his daughter eventually will rule.

A lady, regrettably anonymous but presumably English, has, in a recent issue of the London "Daily News," made remarks sundry and diverse on the subject of New York journalism, in the course of which she produces this plum: "During the past summer Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, figured as a society reporter at Bar Harbor and Edgar Saltus won new laurels as a police reporter in New York." Mr. Hawthorne being at present on his way to India, I cannot ask him whether the statement regarding him is true. But from information and belief I am ready to affirm that it is false. Mr. Saltus tells me that he never was in a police court in his life, a fact which for his sake I regret. During the trial of Mrs. Fleming I learned more of human nature than I ever did from Homer, and I can fancy that in a police court even deeper knowledge might be gained. But the point is elsewhere. The lady to whom I am indebted for these remarks evidently regards the position of reporter as derogatory. And she is quite right. The amount of bad copy which reporters turn out is sickening. Her own is an example. But, on the other hand, there are some whose copy is above praise. There is Sir Edwin Arnold, for instance; there is Senator Ingalls. I mention two, I might mention two hundred. In the circumstances it seems to me that this lady should have informed us not whether Mr. Hawthorne reported this and Mr. Saltus reported that, but whether what they reported they reported well. For there all the honor lies. In view, then, of this lady's inaccuracies and omissions I may assure her that if ever I become editor of a paper she will not be employed as a reporter by me.

At Mrs. Bradley Martin's recent entertainment an observer noted that of the stones worn pearls were in the majority, a circumstance which is interesting in view of the great demand at the time for artificial gems. In Paris such a demand could have been supplied with ease. The imitation rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds which are manufactured there would never deceive an expert, but to the untrained eye they are as lustrous as the real. It is the imitation pearl alone that the expert cannot detect, unless, of course, he has the opportunity for private examination, and it is for that reason that they are more largely exported than other of the hand-made jewels. Festoons and loops of them that present a really superb effect are to be had, not perhaps for a song, but quite within the means of any one considering fancy dress and even ordinary ball apparel. At such functions, particularly when there is apt to be a crowd, in which embroideries might become entangled and torn, women of position wear them with unconcern, secure in the consciousness that their real pearls are under lock and key at home. But they don't, as I have seen asserted, wear imitations of any other kind. The diamonds and rubies you may notice here and there are, however prodigal, always real; I was about to say so too are the opals, but an imitation opal is an article which no one yet has had the ability to create. There is a flame in its oscillant heart which it is impossible to reproduce. An opal is a pearl with a soul.

The "Revue Scientifique," which, if not always erudite, is invariably technical, has, to its own surprise, succeeded in tracing the origin of the bicycle back a hundred and fifty-three years when a chap named Mailard presented to the Academy two rolling chairs propelled by pedals. But with every deference to a periodical so exact, the origin of the bicycle is much more remote. From the lips of Achilles himself there occurs in "Troilus and Cressida" the injunction, "Attend me where I wheel." What machine he used is not mentioned in the late Richard Grant White's exhaustive foot-notes, yet it may be presumed that it was of the same make as that of Margaret's, who, in "Much Ado About Nothing," confides to Hero that she likes "the new tire excellently." But these are modern instances. In Ecclesiastes there is mention of a wheel broken at a cistern, and there were others, of better quality, that are praised by Ezekiel for their appearance and their work. Cf. Eccl. 12. 6, and Ezek. 1. 16. The Egyptians used the telephone, and there is not a reason in the world to suppose that they did not use the bicycle too. Though I have no text to support the assumption, I have at least a pretext, and that is the recurrence of cycles in the monographs of their time. It is nonsense to regard the bike as a recent invention, and it is absurd for an academic sheet like the "Revue Scientifique" to try and palm off spurious archaeology as an original find.

A company has been formed in New York, with offices up town and down, for the purpose of providing the public with conveyances essentially end-of-the-century. Already it offers for hire several electric hansom at the legal rate of ordinary cabs, and presently there will be at your disposal electric broughams as well. For the fun of the thing I tooled about in one of them recently, and though for the first time in my existence I found myself an object of interest, the result otherwise was satisfactory in the extreme. To begin with the motion of the conveyance was very pleasant. There was no rumble, no noise, none of that vibration which is inseparable from a petroleum motor, and none of the beastly smell. The ease with which it started, proceeded and stopped was noteworthy. It seemed to glide along like a thing enchanted, with a speed that could be diminished and increased at will. The batteries of these vehicles afford, I am told, power sufficient



to propel them from eighteen to twenty-five miles, according to the condition of the road. With a private plant they may be charged at an expense of from ten to twelve cents, and it is estimated that the cost of their running can be limited to a penny a mile. In the circumstances they cannot fail to be serviceable and popular. Moreover, one does not need to be prophetic to assume that they will complete what the bicycle has begun—they will be productive of good roads, and on those roads they will scatter good inns.

Musically, the interest of the past week has centered in the production at the Metropolitan of the "Nibelungen"—of the "Niegelungen" as in Berlin, ages ago, I heard the tetralogy described. But the critics have grown wiser since. Wagner used to be a jest to them. There was an epoch even when they refused him any notice at all. The first text of the "Nibelungen," published in 1863, was completely ignored. When it ceased to be it was insulted. Yet that was natural. It was Heine who said wherever a great mind gives utterance to its thoughts there also is Golgotha. But the world would cease to be the world if that which is new and original did not irritate general mediocrity. For there is nothing so vexatious to the commonplace as the assurance of genius, there is nothing that exasperates skepticism so much as faith. Wagner irritated, vexed and exasperated. He had everything and everybody against him. The success of his works is due to their beauty, to the faith which his genius had in their strength. The "Nibelungen" is a mythological poem set to music and put on the stage. Its origin is uncertain. What we know of the folk lore of the Teutons comes to us through the sagas of the Norse. Their gods were the same; they were the gods of the Aryans, the gods of the primitive earth. But in their migrations through Scythia and over the Baltic they lost the nimbus they had got on the uplands of Asia and with which they glittered in India, in Persia and in Greece. With tattered furs and tangled hair, monstrous and gloomy, they emerged from Iceland in that chaotic cosmogony the Edda. Yet even through that mist it is easy to recognize Jupiter in Odin, Venus in Freia. Around them in the wind and tempests flit their nine daughters the Walkure. On one side are terrible giants, on the other malignant dwarfs, while, like an aurora borealis in the gloom of a Northern night, suddenly there gleams the legend of Siegfried awaking Brunehilde asleep behind a rampart of flame. It is in this wise that in the Norse myth the solar radiance of Aryan conceptions becomes centered on Siegfried, god of Spring, transformed into hero, and Brunehilde, daughter of divinities, changed into heroine. Before this brilliant couple the old gods retreat and retire. It is the twilight in which they disappear. Wagner was the first who tried to dramatize this mythology, and in the effort he dowered it not alone with life but with sense, with a magic of harmony unsurpassed and with a plastic splendor that is royal.

"Never Again," produced the week before last at the Garrick, must have been amazing in the original, a combination of incoherent situations shuttled with coruscations of French wit. In the process of translation the situations remain, but the wit has evaporated. When the play is done you feel that your dinner was spoiled. That bit of lamb was of the best quality, but there was no mint in the sauce; and that salad of celery and apples would have been tip-top had it only been dressed. But though the cuisine might be improved there is enough and plenty to eat. The tricks of the guileful janitor—already expounded in this column—would amuse a mute, and the mishaps of his victims are sufficiently unexpected to convulse any critic however vicious. Presumably there is a plot, but it would take another Champollion to elucidate it. My own powers are unequal to the task. The main impression I received was that of a dozen or more people in a tremendous hurry to be anywhere else except where they were, and whose flights and escapades the serenity of a young beauty and the placidity of a middle-aged cellist constantly stirred. The beauty was Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the cellist was Mr. Gottschalk. Both were admirable. Miss de Wolfe's role is meager, but she brought to it the perfection of finish and two or three of the sweetest frocks that I have seen since I last trod the Rue de la Paix. Mr. Gottschalk is delightful. I have cast about for a better word, but delightful he is and delightful will do.

#### INTEREST AND WAGES.

The New York "Sun" gives a striking illustration of the distribution of interest in the operations of a large corporation. It is furnished by the case of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The capital stock of this company is \$35,000,000, divided among 4,335 holders, or an average of not quite 81 shares to each holder. In addition this company has outstanding bonds to the amount of \$5,000,000, in the hands of 400 holders. Thus the total capital invested is \$40,000,000, owned by 4,735 individuals.

In the year 1896 the total payments in the way of interest and dividends upon this capital amounted to \$2,800,000, and in the current year, by reason of the reduction in the rate of dividend, they will amount to \$2,100,000.

In the year 1896 the total amount paid out by the company for labor was \$9,189,004. The number of employees among whom this sum was divided was 18,500. In the past five years the company has paid out to such employees the sum of \$44,041,687, a sum more than \$4,000,000 greater than the entire capital invested in the business. During the same five years the total payments to stock and bond holders for dividends and interest amounted to \$14,051,590.

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## EAT NOT THY HEART

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"Eat not thy heart."—Pythagoras

BY

JULIEN GORDON

Author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man," "Vampires," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

It is difficult to remain on any height. The bluest sky breeds tempest.

A cloud appeared athwart Archibald Marston's visual ray as he threw open his shutter, and looked down on his fair terraces early one morning. This cloud was found to be somewhat larger than a man's hand. It was also found to be of a vivid crimson. Under close inspection it proved to be of mousseline de laine and to assume the outline of a woman's polonaise. It obscured, to him at least, the entire horizon. Because of it he could not eat an egg the butler brought him, nor drink his coffee with appetite. After this unsuccessful meal he returned to his window. Yes, it was still there, flagrant, indecent, insolent.

Upon his terrace, not thirty feet from columned portico, there was a stone seat, a favorite one to his guests, many of whom could see it from their windows. Upon this seat, arrayed in this peremptory, harsh, cruel color—it was of that magenta red which gives the toothache—sat Mrs. Bucknell, and by her side, in black not red, this lady's husband.

He rubbed his eyes, did Mr. Marston, to be sure he was not dreaming. But no, they were too real. There could not be a doubt. He told himself that they would linger but a moment, that it was a mistake, some horrid blunder they would speedily repent of and be gone. But no! what did he now perceive? She rose and spread a shawl down on the grass, on which she squatted. She pulled some worsted from her pocket, she began to knit, while Bucknell, stretching himself at full length upon his stomach on the seat, pushed back his hat between his ears and began to sleep. Before assuming this attitude he had slowly removed his shoes, which lay on the grass near to his wife's knees. His large brown cotton socks rose between Mr. Marston and the view.

Ringling hastily for his valet, Mr. Marston gave him to understand that there were some strangers in front of the house, that they must be at once informed that it was inhabited, the grounds private, and that they must . . . er . . . move on . . . or, rather, off.

The valet speeded to fulfill his mission. He found Mr. Bucknell too sleepy to disturb, and therefore addressed himself to Madame. He came back shaken with laughter, hardly able to assume that decorous demeanor which Mr. Marston exacted from domestics. When he recovered speech, it was to say that Mrs. Bucknell had informed him that they were no strangers, but friends, the sister and brother of Mr. Bush, and would do no damage. They continued to snore and knit. Mrs. Bucknell even turned around, and from under her big bonnet grinned and waved her hand at Mr. Marston, while the valet delivered her message, as much as to say:

"It's all right. We are all one family. Don't worry. Ta-ta!"

Mr. Marston was transfixed. Hurrying into his dressing-gown, oblivious of his bath, he almost ran across the hall and tapped at the door of his wife's apartment.

Lola was having her hair combed by her maid before the mirror. Her husband's wild uncomeliness gave her a start.

"Why, my dear, what is it?"

"Come!" he said. His eyes were glued to hers with an ominous glitter like a snake's charming a bird.

"Come, why where?" asked Lola, still more mystified. But he continued to beckon with one finger and to repeat, "Come!"

Hastily tying the ribbons of her white robe de chambre, her hair upon her shoulders, Mrs. Marston followed her unshaven husband. He almost pushed her to the window, where from behind the curtain they watched the Bucknell pair, still sleeping, knitting, and immovable.

"Well!" said Mrs. Marston, with a short gasp.

"It's a picnic!" said Mr. Marston. "I think they've brought their dinner. They evidently mean to spend the day, possibly the night. Mrs. Ayrault's windows open just here, do they not, my dear?"—his voice was unnaturally pleasant and urbane—"and Ackley's, and the Count's, and others? Oh, yes, Mrs. Sanford's." (Mrs. Sanford was the author.) "Pretty sight, isn't it?"

"Have you sent out?" asked Mrs. Marston.

"Yes, I've sent out. I sent Marvin. And they didn't go."

"They didn't go, Archibald?" said Mrs. Marston, tragically. "I've said this all through, and you wouldn't listen."

"All through! What are you talking about, Lola?" Mr. Marston paced the floor impatiently. He was certainly not handsome. The sense that he was not at his best, but at a disadvantage, increased his irritability.

"That Americans wouldn't do."

"Nonsense! What has Americans to do with it?"

"They don't know their place. They are impossible. I ought to have insisted."

"I say nonsense!" Mr. Marston spoke with that sharp, short anger of the habitually amiable. He was in fact exceedingly annoyed, not exactly with his wife, but with everybody who might be about. I once saw a child fall and hurt herself. She ran across the room and slapped her brother's face. Humanity's revenges are not more logical. The Anarchist who cannot kill the God he defies, curses and slays his creature man.

"If they don't know their place they've got to learn it. Of course, I won't put up with this thing a moment longer. I'll have Bush sent in and either dismiss him . . ."

"He is such a nice man," said Lola. "So sweet and patient over Archie's garden. Ackerman never would plant it in rows as he wants; and children like to carry out their own little ideas, and I think it's a good thing."

It makes them self-reliant; and then Daggett did drink so, and Joseph is quite sober. He works early and late. He is very industrious. Daggett was frightfully lazy."

The magenta polonaise fluttered on the wind.

"Oh, of course, my dear, if you like this huggermugger style of living with chumps like these eating clams on our front piazza steps I have not another word to say. Perhaps you wish to ask Mrs. Bush to dinner to-night, or else we'd better turn this into a tramps' lodging-house at once."

Mr. Marston's sarcasm was lost on his wife, for her head was out of the window.

"She's got on the queerest sort of a bonnet, and Archie—heavens!" Mrs. Marston gave a muffled scream. "He's got his boots off! You didn't tell me that, and she's nursing them! She's got them in her lap!"

Mr. Marston drew near with the face of one led to execution.

"You'll have to go down, dear!"

"Just as I am?"

"Without one plea!" laughed Lola.

"I'll be damned if I do! I beg your pardon, my dear, but really . . ."

"Then I will," said Lola. She knew her husband well. She knew he would fume and fret, but when there was anything to be done that required moral courage she did it. There was a reason for this. True moral courage braves opinion. Herein lay all the difference between their characters. Mr. Isham had guessed it. It was one reason why the satire which he could point so mercilessly was never directed at Mrs. Marston. He addressed her always with deferential courtesy, listening for her answer with respect.

Fortunately the Long Island mosquito, just then borne on a gust from the falling tides, blew inland, and began to whizz, and buzz, and sting about the head and face of the reposeful Bucknell. From their post of vantage Mr. and Mrs. Marston watched the attack, saw Mrs. Bucknell's waving arms charge in gallant defense, smiled at her final slow but sure defeat. The crimson lady stumbled to her feet, picked up her shawl, folded her knitting, shook her slumberous lord, not overtly, gave a parting scowl—the sun was in her eyes—at the colonnade, and the offenders, unconscious of their misdemeanor, pattered down the steps.

Lola heaved a sigh of relief. "But it's only put off," she said. "Of course, somebody's got to speak to Bush."

Notwithstanding his Anglo-Saxon dislike of "scenes," anger did sometimes give to Mr. Marston a force which in milder moments was unknown to him. Physically he was as brave as a lion, morally he was a poltroon.

Enough occurred on this unfortunate day to let loose the dogs of war, and of his wrath. Later, while walking in a portion of his woods especially reserved for his family's uses, he caught sight of a man and woman sauntering leisurely before him. Their heads were half concealed by a blue parasol, the woman's gown trailed in the leaves. Yes, it must be his wife. His wife and the Congressman, to whom she had promised a stroll about the place. He called. They stopped. They turned. They faced him.

"Ah, how are you, Oakes?" he said in his bland tones, as of a good king to his subject, from which the other shrank as from a blow. "How are you, Mrs. Bush?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you; and you, Mr. Marston?" said Beth.

"So, so. Pleasant afternoon, isn't it?"

"I don't seem to care for the climate here," said Mrs. Bush, in her slowest drawl. "It ain't anything like so cool as Pontifex."

"It's entirely a matter of taste," said Mr. Marston, who wished to be disagreeable, but did not know exactly what measures to adopt. "I should advise people who do not fancy Long Island to live elsewhere. In fact, to avoid it. They can be spared. Ha! ha!"

There was no mistaking his meaning; and before Oakes! Elizabeth trembled, blank with resentment.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Marston," she said, shortly, and walked on. Oakes followed her with a gloomy bow to the master, his step weighed with import. At the same time his anger was more directed against Elizabeth than against Mr. Marston. Too entirely devoid of humor to gauge her follies and laugh at them, the young man was not lacking in certain instincts of propriety, which had suggested to him that very afternoon that they should bend their steps in another direction. He had proposed a different walk. Beth had not listened. If he entertained the hope of meeting Mrs. Marston face to face, it was certainly not under such conditions, dancing attendance on her former wife. Of course, the growing antipathy between Mrs. Bush and her employers, the tumult of contradictory emotions which filled Beth's breast, the conflicts of her mind, were quite unknown to him. There are those to whom we find it difficult to repeat the unkind comments they inspire. If this springs from some special personal dignity Percival Oakes possessed it. Beth had never dared reveal to him the words with which Mrs. Marston had seemed to degrade him. No, she could not! Therefore this intrusion upon the lady's grounds was more excusable. Nevertheless, unsophisticated in such matters, ignorant, he had protested, and now the whole unwelcome situation suddenly dawned upon and sickened him. Before a man belonging to the class that he abhorred, he had been placed in what a false position! And he owed it all to her! As he looked now at the thin outline of her mouth, and watched the nervous clutch with which she grasped her parasol, he thought her hideous. In fact, for a moment Beth had become so. That he should have lent himself so long to her persistent claims upon his time may seem peculiar, for after all he was far, far above her. His restless, ardent mind had wider ambitions than hers, for she thought only of herself and of her child; he harbored hopes for the race. Yet it perhaps was not all mystery. Hidden agencies work subtle spells. Percival Oakes was young. He was not wise. He was alone in the world. He was conceited, egotistic, arrogant in spirit, but he was loving. It is not easy with all these attributes to be a stoic. It must be remembered that if he had no happy, joyous outlet for his affections, he had no impure one. He lived chastely. He had no mistress, and no sweetheart. The

(Continued on page 11.)



MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN IN THE COSTUME OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



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BY MISS BRADDON.

Author of "Ishmael," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Wyandott's Weird," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

## A HARBOR FROM THE STORM.

THE wind howled across the level fields, and flying showers of sleet rattled against the old leathern coach as it drove through the thickening dusk. A bitter winter, this year of the royal tragedy.

A rainy summer, and a mild rainy autumn had been followed by the hardest frost this generation had ever known. The Thames was frozen over, and tempestuous winds had shaken the ships in the Pool, and the steep gable ends and tall chimney-stacks on London Bridge. A never-to-be-forgotten winter, which had witnessed the martyrdom of England's king and the exile of her chief nobility, while a rabble Parliament rode rough-shod over a cowed people. Gloom and sour visages prevailed, the May-poles were down, the playhouses were closed, the bear-gardens were empty, the cockpits were desolate; and a saddened population, impoverished and depressed by the sacrifices that had been exacted, and the tyranny that had been exercised in the name of Liberty, were ground under the iron heel of Cromwell's red-coats.

A pitiless journey from London to Louvain, a journey of many days and nights, prolonged by accident and difficulty, spun out to uttermost tedium for those two in the heavily moving old leathern coach. Who and what were they, these wearied travelers, journeying together silently toward a destination which promised but little of pleasure or luxury by way of welcome—a destination which meant severance for those two?

One was Sir John Kirkland, of the Manor Moat, Bucks, a notorious Malignant, a gray-bearded cavalier, aged by trouble and hard fighting; a soldier and servant who had sacrificed himself and his fortune for the king, and who must needs begin the world anew now that his master was murdered, his own goods confiscated, the old family mansion, the house in which his parents died and his children were born, emptied of all its valuables, and left to the care of servants, and his master's son a wanderer in a foreign land, with little hope of ever winning back crown and scepter.

Sadness was the dominant expression of Sir John's stern, strongly marked countenance, as he sat staring out at the level landscape through the unglazed coach window, staring blankly across those wind-swept Flemish fields where the cattle were clustering in sheltered corners, a monotonous expanse crossed by ice-bound dikes that looked black as ink, save where the last rays of the setting sun touched their iron hue with blood-red splashes. Pollard willows indicated the edge of one field, gaunt poplars marked the boundary of another, alike leafless and unbecoming, standing darkly out against the dim gray sky. Night was hastening toward the travelers, narrowing and blotting out that level landscape, field, dike, and leafless wood.

Sir John put his head out of the coach window, and looked anxiously along the straight road, peering through the shades of evening in the hope of seeing the crocketed spires and fair cupolas of Louvain in the distance. But he could see nothing save a waste of level pastures and the gathering darkness. Not a light anywhere, not a sign of human habitation.

Useless to gaze any longer into the impenetrable night. The traveler leaned back into a corner of the carriage with folded arms, and, with a deep sigh, composed himself for slumber. He had slept but little for the last week. The passage from Harwich to Ostend in a fishing smack had been a perilous transit, prolonged by adverse winds. Sleep had been impossible on board that wretched craft; and the land journey had been fraught with vexation and delays of all kinds—stupidity of postillions, dearth of horseflesh, badness of the roads—all things that can vex and hinder.

Sir John's traveling companion, a small child in a cloak and hood, crept closer to him in the darkness, nestled up against his elbow, and pushed her little cold hand into his leathern glove.

"You are crying again, father," she said, full of pity. "You were crying last night. Do you always cry when it grows dark?"

"It does not become a man to shed tears in the daylight, little maid," her father answered gently. "Is it for the poor king you are crying—the king those wicked men murdered?"

"Ay, Angela, for the king; and for the queen and her fatherless children, still more than for the king, for he has crowned himself with a crown of glory, the diadem of martyrs, and is resting from labor and sorrow, to rise victorious at the great day when his enemies and his murderers shall stand ashamed before him. I weep for that once so lovely lady—widowed, disrowned,

needy, desolate—a beggar in the land where her father was a great King. A hard fate, Angela, father and husband both murdered."

"Was the queen's father murdered too?" asked the silver-sweet voice out of darkness, a pretty piping note like the song of a bird.

"Yes, love."

"Did Bradshaw murder him?"

"No, dearest, 'twas in France he was slain—in Paris; stabbed to death by a madman."

"And was the queen sorry?"

"Ay, sweetheart, she has drained the cup of sorrow. She was but a child when her father died. She can but dimly remember that dreadful day. And now she sits, banished and widowed, to hear of her husband's martyrdom; her elder sons wanderers, her young daughter a prisoner."

"Poor queen!" piped the small sweet voice. "I am so sorry for her."

Little had she ever known but sorrow, this child of the Great Rebellion, born in the old Buckinghamshire manor-house, while her father was at Falmouth with the Prince—born in the midst of civil war, a stormy petrel, bringing no message of peace from those unknown skies whence she came, a harbinger of woe. Infant eyes love bright colors. This baby's eyes looked upon a house hung with black. Her mother died before the child was a fortnight old. They had christened her Angela, "Angel of Death," said the father, when the news of his loss reached him, after the lapse of many days. His fair young wife's coffin was in the family vault under the parish church of St. John in the Vale, before he knew that he had lost her.

There was an elder daughter, Hyacinth, seven years the senior, who had been sent across the Channel in the care of an old servant at the beginning of the troubles between king and Parliament.

She had been placed in the charge of her maternal grandmother, the Marquise de Montrond, who had taken ship for Calais when the court left London, leaving her royal mistress to weather the storm. A lady who had wealth and prestige in her own country, who had been a famous beauty when Richelieu was in power, and who had been admired by that serious and sober monarch, Louis the Thirteenth, could scarcely be expected to put up with the shifts and shortcomings of an Oxford lodging-house, with the ever-present fear of finding herself in a town besieged by Lord Essex and the rebel army.

With Madame de Montrond, Hyacinth had been reared, partly in a mediæval mansion, with a portcullis and four squat towers, near the Chateau d'Arques, and partly in Paris, where the lady had a fine house in the Marais. The sisters had never looked upon each other's faces, Angela having entered upon the troubled scene after Hyacinth had been carried across the Channel to her grandmother. And now the father was racked with anxiety lest evil should befall that elder daughter in the war between Mazarin and the Parliament, which was reported to rage with increasing fury.

Angela's awakening reason became conscious of a world where all was fear and sadness. The stories she heard in her childhood were stories of that fierce war which was reaching its disastrous close while she was in her cradle. She was told of the happy peaceful England of old, before darkness and confusion gathered over the land; before the hearts of the people were set against their king by a wicked and rebellious Parliament.

She heard of battles lost by the king and his partisans; cities besieged and taken; a flash of victory followed by humiliating reverses; the king's party always at a disadvantage; and hence the falling away of the feeble and the false, the treachery of those who had seemed friends, the impotence of the faithful.

Angela heard so often and so much of these things—from old Lady Kirkland, her grandmother, and from the gray-haired servants at the manor—that she grew to understand them with a comprehension seemingly far beyond her tender years; but a child so reared is inevitably older than her years. This little one had never known childish pleasures or play, childish companions or childish fancies.

She roamed about the spacious gardens full of saddest thoughts, burdened with all the cares that weighed down that kindly head yonder; or she stood before the pictured face of the monarch with clasped hands and tearful eyes, looking up at him with the adoring compassion of a child prone to hero-worship—thinking of him already as saint and martyr—he whose martyrdom was not yet consummated in blood.

King Charles had presented his faithful servant, Sir John Kirkland, with a half-length replica of one of his Vandeyke portraits, a beautiful head, with a strange inward look—that look of isolation and aloofness which we who know his story take for a prophecy of doom—which the sculptor Bernini had remarked when he copied the royal head for marble. The picture hung in the place of honor in the long narrow gallery at the Manor Moat, with trophies of Flodden and Zutphen, arranged against the blackened oak paneling above it. The Kirklands had been a race of soldiers since the days of Edward the Third. The house was full of warlike decora-

tions—tattered colors, old armor, memorials of fighting Kirklands who had long been dust.

There came an evil day when the rabble rout of Cromwell's crop-haired soldiery burst into the manor-house to pillage and destroy, carrying off curios and relics that were the gradual accumulation of a century and a half of peaceful occupation.

The old dowager's gray hairs had barely saved her from outrage on that bitter day. It was only her utter helplessness and afflicted condition that prevailed upon the Parliamentary captain, and prevented him from carrying out his design, which was to haul her off to one of those London prisons at that time so gorged with Royalist captives that the devilish ingenuity of the Parliament had devised floating jails on the Thames, where persons of quality and character were herded together below decks, to the loss of health, and even of life.

Happily for old Lady Kirkland, she was too lame to walk, and her enemies had no horse or carriage in which to convey her; so she was left at peace in her son's plundered mansion, whence all that was valuable and easily portable was carried away by the Roundheads. Silver plate and family plate had been sacrificed to the king's necessities.

The pictures, not being either portable or readily convertible into cash, had remained on the old paneled walls.

Angela used to go from the king's picture to her father's. Sir John's was a more rugged face than the Stuarts, a harder expression; but the child's heart went out to the image of the father she had never seen since the dawn of consciousness. He had made a hurried journey to that quiet Buckinghamshire valley soon after her birth—had looked at the baby in her cradle, and then had gone down into the vault where his young wife was lying, and had stayed for more than an hour in cold and darkness alone with his dead. That lovely French wife had been his junior by more than twenty years, and he had loved her passionately—had loved her and left her for duty's sake. No Kirkland had ever faltered in his fidelity to crown and king. This John Kirkland had sacrificed all things, and, alone with his beloved dead in the darkness of that narrow charnel-house, it seemed to him that there was nothing left for him except to cleave to those fallen fortunes and patiently await the issue.

He had fought in many battles and had escaped with a few scars; and he was carrying his daughter to Louvain, intending to place her in the charge of her great-aunt, Madame de Montrond's half-sister, who was head of a convent in that city, a safe and pious shelter, where the child might be reared in her mother's faith.

Lady Kirkland, the only daughter of the Marquise de Montrond, one of Queen Henrietta Maria's ladies-in-waiting, had been a papist, and, albeit Sir John had adhered steadfastly to the principles of the Reformed Church, he had promised his bride and the Marquise, her mother, that if their nuptials were blessed with offspring, their children should be educated in the Roman faith, a promise difficult of performance in a land where a stormy tide ran high against Rome, and where popery was a scarlet specter that alarmed the ignorant and maddened the bigoted. And now, duly provided with a safe conduct from the regicide, Bradshaw, he was journeying to the city where he was to part with his daughter for an indefinite period. He had seen but little of her, and yet it seemed as hard to part thus as if she had prattled at his knees and nestled in his arms every day of her young life.

At last across the distance, against the wind-driven clouds of that stormy winter sky, John Kirkland saw the lights of the city—not many lights or brilliant of their kind, but a glimmer here and there—and behind the glimmer the dark bulk of masonry, roofs, steeples, watch-towers, bridges.

The carriage stopped at one of the gates of the city, and there were questions asked and answered, and papers shown, but there was no obstacle to the entrance of the travelers. The name of the Ursuline Convent acted like a charm, for Louvain was papist to the core, in these days of Spanish dominion. It had been a city of refuge nearly a hundred years ago for all that was truest and bravest and noblest among English Roman Catholics, in the cruel days of Queen Elizabeth, and Englishmen had become the leading spirits of the University there, and had attracted the youth of Romanist England to the sober old Flemish town, and before the establishment of Dr. Allen's rival seminary at Douai, Sir John could have found no safer haven for his little ewe lamb.

The tired horses blundered heavily along the stony streets and crossed more than one bridge. The town seemed pervaded by water a deep narrow stream like a canal, on which the houses looked, as if in feeble mockery of Venice—houses with steep crows' nest gables, some of them richly decorated; narrow windows, for the most part dark, but with here and there the yellow light of lamp or candle.

The convent faced a broad open square, and had a large walled garden in its rear. The coach stopped in front of a handsome doorway, and after the travelers

had been scrutinized and interrogated by the portress through an opening in the door, they were admitted into a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble, and adorned with a statue of the Virgin Mother, and thence to a parlor dimly lighted by a small oil lamp, where they waited for about ten minutes, the little girl shivering with cold, before the Superior appeared.

She was a tall woman, advanced in years, with a handsome but melancholy countenance. She greeted the Cavalier as a familiar friend.

"Welcome to Flanders!" she said. "You have fled from that accursed country where our Church is despoiled and persecuted."

"Nay, reverend kinswoman, I have fled but to go back again as fast as horses and sails can carry me. While the fortunes of my king are at stake my place is in England, or it may be in Scotland, where there are still those who are ready to fight to the death in the royal cause. But I have brought this little one for shelter and safe-keeping, and tender usage, trusting in you who are of kin to her as I could trust no one else—and, furthermore, that she may be reared in the faith of her dead mother."

"Sweet soul!" murmured the nun. "It was well for her to be taken from your troubled England to the kingdom of the saints and martyrs."

"True, reverend mother; yet those blasphemous leopards who call us 'Malignants' have dubbed themselves 'Saints.'"

"Then affairs go no better with you in England, I fear, Sir John?"

"Nay, madam, they go so ill that they have reached the lowest depth of infamy. Hell itself hath seen no spectacle more awful, no murder more barbarous, no horrid triumph of wickedness than the crime which was perpetrated this day smitten at Whitehall."

The nun looked at him wistfully, with clasped hands, as one who half apprehended his meaning.

"The king?" she faltered, "still a prisoner?"

"Ay, reverend lady, but a prisoner in paradise, where angels are his guards, and saints and martyrs his companions. He has regained his crown; but it is the crown of martyrdom, the aureole of slaughtered saints. England, our little England that was once so great under the strong rule of that virgin-queen who made herself the arbiter of Christendom, and the wonder of the world—"

The pious lady shivered and crossed herself at this praise of the heretic queen—praise that could only come from a heretic.

"Our blessed and peaceful England has become a den of thieves, given over to the ravening wolves of rebellion and dissent, the penniless soldiery who would bring down all men's fortunes to their own level, seize all, eat and drink all, and trample crown and peerage in the mire. They have slain him, reverend mother, this impious heretic—they gave him the mockery of a trial—just as his Master, Christ, was mocked. They spurned and spat upon him, even as our Redeemer was spurned; and then, on the Sabbath day, they cried aloud in their conventicles 'Lord, hast Thou not smelt a sweet savor of blood?' Ay, these murderers grieved in their crime, bragged of their gory hands, lifted them up toward heaven as a token of righteousness!"

The Cavalier was pacing to and fro in the dimness of the convent parlor, with quick, agitated steps, his nostrils quivering, grizzled brows bent over angry eyes, his hand trembling with rage as it clutched his sword-hilt.

The reverend mother drew Angela to her side, took off the little black silk hood, and laid her hand caressingly on the soft brown hair.

"Was it Cromwell's work?" she asked.

"Nay, reverend mother, I doubt whether of his own accord Cromwell would have done this thing. He is a villain, and a—villain—but he is a glorious villain. The Parliament had made their covenant with the king at Newport—a bargain which gave them all, and left him nothing—save only his broken health, gray hairs, and the bare name of king. He would have been but a phantom of authority, powerless as the royal specters Æneas met in the under-world. They had got all from him—all save the betrayal of his loyal friends. There he budged not, but was firm as rock."

"Twas likely he remembered Strafford, and that he prospered no better for having flung a faithful dog to the wolves," said the nun.

"Remembered Strafford? Ay, that memory has been a pillow of thorns through many a sleepless night. No, it was not Cromwell who sought the king's blood—though it has been shed with his sanction. The Parliament had got all, and would have been content; but the faction they had created was too strong for them. The levelers sent their spokesman—one Pride, an ex-drayman, now colonel of horse—to the door of the House of Commons, who arrested the more faithful and moderate members, imposed himself and his rebel crew upon the House, and hurried on that violation of constitutional law, that travesty of justice, which compelled an anointed king to stand before the lowest of his subjects—the jacks-in-office of a mutinous commonalty—to answer for having fought in defense of his own inviolable rights."

"Did they dare condemn their king?"

"Ah, madam, they found him guilty of high treason, in that he had taken arms against the Parliament. They sentenced their royal master to death—and seven days ago London saw the spectacle of judicial murder—a blameless king slain by the minion of an armed rabble!"

"But did the people—the English people—suffer this in silence? The wisest and best of them could surely be assembled in your great city. Did the citizens of London stand placidly by to see this deed accomplished?"

"They were like sheep before the sharer. They were dumb. Great God! can I ever forget that sea of white faces under the gray winter sky, or the universal groan that went up to heaven when the stroke of the ax sounded on the block, and men knew that the murder of their king was consummated; and when that anointed head with its gray hairs, whitened with sorrow, mark you, not with age, was lifted up, bloody, terrible, and proclaimed the head of a traitor? Ah, reverend mother, ten such moments will age a man by ten years. Was it not the most portentous tragedy which the earth has ever seen since He who was both God and

Man died upon Calvary? Other judicial sacrifices have been, but never of a victim as guiltless and as noble. Had you but seen the calm beauty of his countenance as he turned it toward the people! Oh, my king, my master, my beloved friend, when shall I see that face in paradise, with the blood washed from that royal brow, with the smile of the redeemed upon those lips!"

He flung himself into a chair, covered his face with those weather-stained hands, which had broadened by much grasping of sword and pistol, pike and gun, and sobbed aloud, with a fierce passion that convulsed the strong muscular frame.

The little girl slipped from the reverend mother's lap, and ran across the room to her father.

"Don't cry, father!" she murmured, with her own eyes streaming. "It hurts me to see you."

"Nay, Angela," he answered, clasping her to his breast. "Forgive me that I think more of my dead king than of my living daughter. Poor child, thou hast seen nothing but sorrow since thou wert born; a land racked by civil war; Englishmen changed into devils; a home ravaged and made desolate; threatenings and curses; thy good grandmother's days shortened by sorrow and rough usage. Thou wert born into a house of mourning, and hast seen nothing but black since thou hast eyes to notice the things around thee. Those tender ears should have heard only loving words. But it is over, dearest; and thou hast found a haven within these walls. You will take care of her, will you not, madam, for the sake of the niece you loved?"

"She shall be the apple of my eye. No evil shall come near her that my care and my prayers can avert. God has been very gracious to our order—in all troublous times we have been protected. We have many pupils from the best families of Flanders—and some even from Paris, whence parents are glad to remove their children from the confusion of the time. You need fear nothing while this sweet child is with us; and if in years to come she should desire to enter our order—"

"The Lord forbid!" cried the Cavalier. "I want her to be a good and pious papist, madam, like her sweet mother; but never a nun. I look to her as the staff and comfort of my declining years. Thou wilt not abandon thy father, wilt thou, little one, when thou shalt be tall and strong as a bulrush, and he shall be bent and gnarled with age, like the old medal on the lawn at the manor? Thou wilt be his rod and staff, wilt thou not, sweet-heart?"

The child flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. It was her only answer, but that mute reply was a vow.

"Thou wilt stay here till England's troubles are over, Angela, and that base herd yonder have been trampled down. Thou wilt be happy here, and wilt mind thy book, and be obedient to those good ladies who will teach thee; and some day, when our country is at peace, I will come back to fetch thee."

"Soon," murmured the child, "soon, father?"

"God grant it may be soon, my beloved. It is hard for father and children to be scattered, as we are scattered; thy sister Hyacinth in Paris, and thou in Flanders, and I in England. Yet it must needs be so for a while!"

"Why should not Hyacinth come to us and be reared with Angela?" asked the reverend mother.

"Nay, madam, Hyacinth is well cared for with your sister, Madame de Montrond. She is as dear to her maternal grandmother as this little one here was to my good mother, whose death last year left us a house of mourning. Hyacinth will doubtless inherit a considerable portion of Madame de Montrond's wealth, which is not insignificant. She is being brought up in the precincts of the court."

"A worldly and a dangerous school for one so young," said the nun, with a sigh. "I have heard my father talk of what life was like at the Louvre when the Bearnais reigned there in the flower of his manhood, newly master of Paris, flushed with hard-won victory, and but lately reconciled to the Church."

"Methinks that great captain's court must have been laxer than that of Queen Anne and the cardinal. I have been told that the child-king is being reared as it were in a cloister, so strict are mother and guardian. My only fear for Hyacinth is the troubled state of the city, given over to civil warfare only less virulent than that which has desolated England. I hear that this Fronde is no drawing-room contest, no war of epigrams and pamphlets, but that men are as earnest and as bloodthirsty as they were in the League. I shall go from here to Paris to see my first-born before I make my way back to London."

"I question if you will find her in Paris," said the reverend mother. "I had news from a priest in the diocese of the coadjutor. The queen-mother left the city secretly with her chosen favorites in the dead of the night on the sixth of this month, after having kept the festival of Twelfth Night in a merry humor with her court. Even her waiting-women knew nothing of her plans. They went to Saint Germain, where they found the chateau unfurnished, and where all the court had to sleep upon a few loads of straw. Hatred of the cardinal is growing fiercer every day, and Paris is in a state of siege. The princes are siding with Mathieu Mole and his Parliament, and the provincial Parliaments are taking up the quarrel. God grant that it may not be in France as it has been with you in your unhappy England; but I fear the Spanish queen and her Italian Minister scarce know the temper of the French people."

"Alas, good friend, we have fallen upon evil days, and the spirit of revolt is everywhere; but if there is trouble at the French court, there is all the more need that I should make my way thither, be it at Saint-Germain or in Paris, and so assure myself of my pretty Hyacinth's safety. She was so sweet an infant when my good and faithful Brown carried her across the sea to Dieppe. Never shall I forget that sad moment of parting, when the baby arms were wreathed round my sweet saint's neck; she so soon to become again a mother, so brave and patient in her sorrow at parting with her first-born. Ah, sister, there are moments in this life that a man must needs remember, even amid the wreck of his country." He dashed away a tear or two, and then turned to his kinswoman with outstretched hands and said, "Good-night, dear and rever-

end mother; good-night and good-by. I shall sleep at the nearest inn, and shall be on the road again at day-break. Good-by, my soul's delight."

He clasped his daughter in his arms, with something of despair in the fervor of his embrace, telling himself, as the soft cheek was pressed against his own, how many years might pass ere he would again so clasp that tender form and feel those innocent kisses on his bearded lips. She and the elder girl were all that was left to him to love and comfort, and the elder sister had been taken from him while she was a little child. He would not have known her had he met her unawares; nor had he ever felt for her such a pathetic love as for this guiltless death-angel, this baby whose coming had ruined his life, whose love was nevertheless the only drop of sweetness in his cup.

He plucked himself from that gentle embrace, and walked quickly to the door.

"You will apply to me for whatever funds are needed for the child's maintenance and education," he said, and in the next moment was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

### WITHIN CONVENT WALLS.

MORE than ten years had come and gone since that bleak February evening when Sir John Kirkland carried his little daughter to a place of safety, in the old city of Louvain, and in all those years the child had grown like a flower in a sheltered garden, where cold winds never come. The bud had matured into the blossom in that mild atmosphere of piety and peace; and now, in this fair springtide of 1660, a girlish face watched from the convent casement for the coming of the father whom Angela Kirkland had not looked upon since she was a child, and the sister she had never seen.

It was five years since Sir John's last appearance at the convent, and Angela's heart beat fast at the thought that he was so near. She was to see him this very day; nay, perhaps this very hour. His coach might have passed the gate of the town already. He was bringing his elder daughter with him, that sister whose face she had never seen, save in a miniature, and who was now a great lady, the wife of Baron Fareham, of Chilton Abbey, Oxon, Fareham Park, in the county of Hants, and Fareham House, London, a nobleman whose estates had come through the ordeal of the Parliamentary commission with a reasonable fine, and to whom extra favor had been shown by the commissioners, because he was known to be at heart a Republican. In the meantime, Lady Fareham had a liberal income allowed her by the Marquise, her grandmother, and she and her husband had been among the most splendid foreigners at the French court, where the lady's beauty and wit had placed her conspicuously in that galaxy of brilliant women who shone and sparkled about the sun of the European firmament—Le roi soleil, or "the king," par excellence, who took the blazing sun for his crest. The Fronde had been a time of pleasurable excitement to the high-spirited girl, whose mixed blood ran like quicksilver, and who delighted in danger and party strife, stratagem, and intrigue. The story of her courage and gayety of heart in the siege of Paris, she being then little more than a child, had reached the Flemish convent long after the acts recorded had been forgotten at Paris: and Saint Germain.

Angela's heart beat fast at the thought of being restored to these dear ones, were it only for a short span. They were not going to carry her away from the convent; and, indeed, seeing that she so loved her aunt, the good reverend mother, and that her heart so clove to those walls and to the holy exercises which filled so great a part of her life, her father in replying to a letter in which she had besought him to release her from her promise, and allow her to dedicate herself to God, had told her that although he could not surrender his daughter, to whom he looked for the comfort of his closing years, he would not urge her to leave the sacre cœur until he should feel himself old and feeble, and in need of her tender care. Meanwhile she might be a nun in all but the vows, and a dutiful niece to her kind aunt, Mother Anastasia, whose advanced years and failing health needed all consideration.

But now, before he went back to England, whither he hoped to accompany the king and the princes ere the year was much older, Sir John Kirkland was coming to visit his younger daughter, bringing Lady Fareham, whose husband was now in attendance upon his Majesty in Holland, where there were serious negotiations on hand—negotiations which would have been full of peril to the English messengers two years ago, when that excellent preacher and holy man, Dr. Flower, of St. Gregory, was beheaded for having intelligence with the king, through the Marquis of Ormond.

The parlor window jutted into the square over against the town hall, and Angela could see the whole length of the narrow street along which her father's carriage must come.

The tall slim figure and the fair girlish face stood out in full relief against the gray stone mullion, bathed in sunlight. The graceful form was undisguised by courtly apparel. The soft brown hair fell in loose ringlets, which were drawn back from the brow by a band of black ribbon. The girl's gown was of soft gray woolen stuff, relieved by a cambric collar covering the shoulders, and by cambric elbow-sleeves. A coral and silver rosary was her only ornament; but face and form needed no aid from satins or velvets, Venetian lace or Indian filigree.

The sweet serious face was chiefly notable for eyes of darkest gray, under brows that were firmly arched and almost black. The hair was a dark brown, the complexion somewhat too pale for beauty. Indeed that low-toned coloring made some people blind to the fine and regular modeling of the high-bred face; while there were others who saw no charm in a countenance which seemed too thoughtful for early youth, and therefore lacking in one of youth's chief attractions, gladness.

The face lighted suddenly at this moment, as four great gray Flanders horses came clattering along the narrow street and into the square, dragging a heavy painted wooden coach after them. The girl opened the casement and craned over her neck to look at the arrival. The coach stopped at the convent door, and a footman alighted and rang the convent bell, to the interested



curiosity of two or three loungers upon the steps of the town hall over the way.

Yes, it was her father, grayer but less sad of visage than at his last visit. His doublet and cloak were handsomer than the clothes he had worn then, though they were still of the same fashion, that English mode which the Cavalier had worn before the beginning of the troubles, and which he never changed.

Immediately after him there alighted a vision of beauty, the loveliest of ladies, in sky-blue velvet and pale gray fur, and with a long white feather encircling a sky-blue hat, and a collar of Venetian lace veiling a bosom that scintillated with jewels.

"Hyacinth!" cried Angela, in a flutter of delight.

The portress peered at the visitors through her spy-hole, and being satisfied that they were the expected guests, speedily opened the heavy iron-clamped door.

There was no one to interfere between father and daughter, sister and sister, in the convent parlor. Angela had her dear people all to herself, the Mother Superior respecting the confidences and outpourings of love, which neither father nor children would wish to be witnessed even by a kinswoman. Thus, by a rare breach of conventual discipline, Angela was allowed to receive her guests alone.

The lay-sister opened the parlor door and ushered in the visitors, and Angela ran to meet her father, and fell sobbing upon his breast, her face hidden against his velvet doublet, her arms claspings his neck.

"What, mistress, hast thou so watery a welcome, now that the clouds have passed away, and every loyal English heart is joyful?" cried Sir John, in a voice that was somewhat husky, but with a great show of gayety.

"Oh, sir, I have waited so long, so long for this day. Sometimes I thought it would never come, that I should never see my dear father again."

"Poor child! it would have been only my desert hadst thou forgotten me altogether. I might have come to you sooner, pretty one; indeed, I would have come, only things went ill with me. I was down-hearted and hopeless of any good fortune in a world that seemed given over to psalm-singing scoundrels; and till the tide turned I had no heart to come nigh you. But now fortunes are mended, the king's and mine, and you have a father once again, and shall have a home by-and-by, the house where you were born, and where your angel-mother made my life blessed. You are like her, Angela!" holding back the pale face in his strong hands, and gazing upon it earnestly. "Yes, you favor your mother; but your face is oversad for fifteen summers. Look at your sister here! Would you not say a sunbeam had taken woman's shape and come dancing into the room?"

"Come and let me hug you, my dearest Puritan," cried Hyacinth, holding out her arms. "Why do you suffer your custodians to clothe you in that odious gray, which puts me in mind of lank-haired psalm-singing scum, and all their hateful works? I would have you sparkling in white satin and silver, or blushing in brocade powdered with forget-me-nots and rosebuds. What would Fareham say if I told him I had a Puritan in gray woolen stuff for my sister? He sends you his love, dear, and bids me tell you there shall be always an honored place in our home for you, be it England or France, in town or country. And why should you not fill that place at once, sister? Your education is finished, and to be sure you must be tired of these stone walls and this sleepy town."

"No, Hyacinth, I love the convent and the friends who have made it my home. You and Lord Fareham are very kind, but I could not leave our reverend mother; she is not so well or so strong as she used to be, and I think she likes to have me with her, because though she loves us all, down to the humblest of the lay-sisters, I am of her kin, and seem nearest to her. I don't want to forsake her; and if it was not against my father's wish I should like to end my days in this house, and to give my thoughts to God."

"That is because thou knowest naught of the world outside, sweetheart," protested Hyacinth. "I admire the readiness with which folks will renounce a banquet they have never tasted. A single day at the Louvre or the Palais Royal would change your inclinations at once and forever."

"She is too young for a court life, or a town life either," said Sir John. "And I have no mind to remove her from this safe shelter till the king shall be firm upon his throne and our poor country shall have settled into a stable and peaceable condition. But there must be no vows, Angela, no renunciation of kindred and home. I look to thee for the comfort of my old age."

"Dear father, I will never disobey you. I shall remember always that my first duty is to you; and when you want me, you have but to summon me; and whether you are at home or abroad, in wealth and honor, or in exile and poverty, I will go to you, and be glad and happy to be your daughter and your servant."

"I knew thou wouldst, dearest. I have never forgotten how the soft little arms clung about my neck, and how the baby-lips kissed me in this same parlor, when my heart was weighed down by a load of iron, and there seemed no ray of hope for England or me. You were my comfort then, and you will be my comforter in the days to come. If I get back to my old meads and woods and the house where I was born, I will sit quietly down in the chimney-corner, and take to cattle-breeding and a pack of harriers for the diversion of my declining years. And when my Angela can make up her mind to leave her good aunt she shall keep house for me."

"I should love to be your housekeeper, dearest father. If it please Heaven to restore my aunt to health and strength, I will go to you with a heart full of joy," said the girl, hanging caressingly upon the old Cavalier's shoulder.

Hyacinth flitted about the room with a swift birdlike motion, looking at the sacred images and prints, the tableau over the mantel-piece which told, with much flourish of penmanship, the progress of the convent pupils in learning and domestic virtues.

"What a humdrum, dismal room!" she cried. "You should see our convent parlors in Paris. At the Carmolites, in the Rue Saint Jacques, for example, the queen-mother's favorite convent, and at Chaillot, the house founded by Queen Henrietta—such pictures, and ornaments, and embroidered hangings, and tapestries worked by devotees. This room of yours, sister, stinks of pov-

erty, as your Flemish streets stink of garlic and cabbage. Faugh, I know not which is worse!"

Having thus delivered herself of her disgust, she darted upon her younger sister, laid her hands upon the girl's shoulders, and contemplated her with mock seriousness.

"What a precocious young saint thou art, with no more interest in the world outside this naked parlor than if thou wert yonder image of the Holy Mother. Not a question of my husband, or my children, or of the last fashion in hood and mantle, or of the new laced gloves, or the French king's latest divinity."

"I should like, dear, to see your children, Hyacinth," answered her sister.

"Ah! they are the most enchanting creatures, the girl a perpetual sunbeam, ethereal, elfish, a creature of life and movement, and with a loquacity that never tires; the boy a lump of honey, fat, sleek, lazily beautiful. I am never tired of admiring them, when I have time to see them. Papillon—an old friend of mine has nicknamed her Papillon because she is never still—was five years old on the 19th of March. We were at Saint Germain on her birthday. You should have seen the toys and trinkets and sweetmeats which the court showered upon her—the king and queen, monsieur, mademoiselle, the Princess Henrietta, her godmother—everybody had a gift for the daughter of La folle Baronne Fareham. Yes, they are lovely creatures, Angela; and I am miserable to think that it may be half a year before I see their sweet faces again."

"Why so long, sister?"

"Because they are at the Chateau Montrond, my grandmother's place near Dieppe, and because Fareham and I are going hence to Breda to meet the king, our own King Charles, and help lead him home in triumph. In London, the mob are shouting, roaring, singing, for their king; and Montague's fleet lies in the Downs waiting but the signal from Parliament to cross to Holland. He who left his country in a scurvy fishing-boat will go back to England in a mighty man-of-war, the 'Naseby'—mark you, the 'Naseby'—christened by that usurper, in insolent remembrance of a rebel victory; but Charles will doubtless change that hated name. He must not be put in mind of a fight where rebels had the better of loyal gentlemen. He will sail home over those dancing seas with a fleet of great white-winged ships circling round him like a flight of silvery doves. Oh, what a turn of fortune's wheel! I am wild with rapture at the thought of it!"

Two lay-sisters brought in a repast of cakes and syrups and light wines, such delicate and dainty food as the pious ladies of the convent were especially skilled in preparing, and which they deemed all sufficient for the entertainment of company, even when one of their guests was a rugged soldier like Sir John Kirkland. When the light collation had been tasted and praised, the coach came to the door again, and swallowed up the beautiful lady and the old Cavalier, who vanished from Angela's sight in a cloud of dust, waving hands from the coach-window.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LETTERS FROM HOME.

THE quiet days went by, and grew into years, and time was only marked by the gradual failure of the reverend mother's health; so gradual, so gentle a decay, that it was only when looking back on St. Sylvester's Eve that her great-niece became aware how much of strength and activity had been lost since the Superior last knelt in her place near the altar, listening to the solemn music of the midnight mass, which sanctified the passing of the year. This year the reverend mother was led to her seat between two nuns, who sustained her feeble limbs. This year the meek knees, which had worn the marble floor in long hours of prayer during eighty pious years, could no longer bend. The meek head was bowed, the bloodless hands were lifted up in supplication, but the fingers were wasted and stiffened, and there was pain in every movement of the joints.

There was no actual malady, only the slow death in life called old age. All the patient needed was rest and tender nursing. This last her great-niece supplied, together with the gentlest companionship. No highly trained nurse, the product of modern science, could have been more efficient than the instinct of affection had made Angela. And then the patient's temper was so amiable; her mind, undimmed after eighty-three years of life, was a mirror of God. She thought of her fellow-creatures with a divine charity; she worshipped her Creator with an implicit faith. For her in many a waking vision the heavens opened and the spirits of departed saints descended from their abode in bliss to hold converse with her. Eighty years of her life had been given to religious exercises and charitable deeds. Motherless before she could speak, she had entered the convent as a pupil at three years of age, and had taken the veil at seventeen.

The lady who would in all probability succeed Mother Anastasia as Superior was a clever, domineering woman, whom Angela loved least of all the nuns—a widow of good birth and fortune, and a thorough Fleming; stolid, bigoted, prejudiced, and taking much credit to herself for the wealth she had brought to the convent, apt to talk of the class-room and the chapel her money had helped to build and restore as "my class-room," or "my chapel."

No; Angela had no desire to remain in the convent when the dear kinswoman should have vanished from the scene her presence sanctified. The house would be haunted with sorrowful memories. It would be time for her to claim that home which her father had talked of sharing with her in his old age. She could just faintly remember the house in which she was born—the moat, the fish-pond, the thick walls of yew, the peacocks and lions cut in box, of which the gardener who clipped them was so proud.

Her heart yearned toward the old house, so distinctly pictured by memory, though perchance with some differences from the actual scene. The mansion would seem smaller to her, doubtless, beholding it with the eyes of womanhood, than childish memory made it. But to live there with her father, to wait upon him and tend him, to have Hyacinth's children there, playing in the gardens as she had played, would be as happy a life as her fancy could compass.

All that she knew of the march of events during those tranquil years in the convent came to her in letters from her sister, who was a vivacious letter-writer, and who prided herself upon her epistolary talent—as indeed upon her general superiority, from a literary standpoint, to the women of her day.

Only in one of those letters was there that which might be called a momentous fact, but which Angela took as easily as if it had been a mere detail, to be dismissed from her thoughts when the letter had been laid aside.

It was a letter with a black seal, announcing the death of the Marquise de Montrond, who had expired of an apoplexy at her house in the Marais, after a supper party at which mademoiselle, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Montausier, the Duchesse de Bouillon, Lauzun, St. Evremont, cheery little Godeau, Bishop of Vence, and half a dozen other famous wits, had been present, a supper bristling with royal personages. Death had come with appalling suddenness while the lamps of the festival were burning, and the cards were still upon the tables, and the last carriage had but just rolled under the porte cochère.

"It is the manner of death she would have chosen," wrote Hyacinth. "She never missed confession on the first Sunday of the month; and she was so generous to the Church and to the poor that her director declared she would have been too saintly for earth but for the human weakness of liking fine company. And now, dearest, I have to tell you how she has disposed of her fortune; and I hope if you should think she has not used you generously you will do me the justice to believe that I have neither courted her for her wealth nor influenced her to my dear sister's disadvantage. You will consider, *très chère*, that I was with her from my eighth year until the other day when Fareham brought me to England. She loved me passionately in my childhood, and has often told me since that she never felt toward me as a grandmother, but as if she had been actually my mother, being indeed still a young woman when she adopted me, and by strangers always mistaken for my mother. She was handsome to the last, and young in mind and in habits long after youth had left her. I was said to be the image of what she was when she rivaled Madame de Chevreuse in the affections of the late king. You must consider, sweetheart, that he was the most moral of men, and that with him love meant a passion as free from sensual taint as the preferences of a sylph. I think my good grandmother loved me all the better for this fancied resemblance. She would arrange her jewels about my hair and bosom, as she had worn them when Buckingham came wooing for his master; and then she would bid her page hold a mirror before me and tell me to look at the face of which Queen Anne had been jealous, and for which Cinq Mars had run mad. And then she would shed a tear or two over the years and the charms that were gone, till I brought the cards and cheered her spirits with her favorite game of *Primero*.

"She had her fits of temper and little tantrums sometimes, Ange, and it needed some patience to restrain one's tongue from insolence; but I am happy to remember that I ever bore her in profound respect, and that I never made her seriously angry but once—which was when I, being then almost a child, went out into the streets of Paris with Henri de Malfort and a wild party, masked, to hear Beaufort address the populace in the market-place, and when I was so unlucky as to lose the emerald cross given her by the great cardinal, for whom I believe she had a sneaking kindness. Why else should she have so hated his Eminence's very particular friend, Madame de Combalet?"

"But to return to that which concerns my dear sister. Regarding me as her own daughter, the Marquise has lavished her bounties upon me almost to the exclusion of my own sweet Angela. In a word, dearest, she leaves you a modest income of four hundred louis—or about three hundred pounds sterling—the rental of two farms in Normandy; and all the rest of her fortune she bequeaths to me, and Papillon after me, including her house in the Marais—sadly out of fashion now that everybody of consequence is moving to the Place Royale—and her chateau near Dieppe, besides all her jewels, many of which I have had in my possession ever since my marriage. My sweet sister shall take her choice of a carenet among those old-fashioned trinkets. And now, dearest, if you are left with a pittance that will but serve to pay for your gloves and fans at the Middle Exchange, and perhaps to buy you an Indian nightgown in the course of the year—for your court petticoats and mantuas will cost three times as much—you have but to remember that my purse is to be yours, and my home yours, and that Fareham and I do but wait to welcome you either to Fareham House, in the Strand, or to Chilton Abbey, near Oxford. The Grange near Fareham I never intend to re-enter if I can help it. The place is a warren of rats, which the servants take for ghosts. If you love a river you will love our houses, for the Thames runs near them both; indeed, when in London, we almost think ourselves in Venice, save that we have a spacious garden, which I am told few of the Venetians can command, their city being built upon an assemblage of minuscule islets, linked together by innumerable bridges."

Another letter from Hyacinth announced the death of Mazarin:

"The cardinal is no more. He died in the day of success, having got the better of all his enemies. A violent access of gout was followed by an affection of the chest which proved fatal. His sick-room was crowded with courtiers and sycophants, and he was selling sinecures up to the day of his death. Fareham says his death-bed was like a money-changer's counter. He was passionately fond of *bocca*, the Italian game which he brought into fashion, and which ruined half the young men about the court. The counterpane was scattered with money, and playing-cards, which were only brushed aside to make room for the last sacraments. My Lord Clarendon declares that his spirits never recovered from the shock of his Majesty's restoration, which falsified all his calculations. He might have made his favorite niece queen of England; but his Italian caution restrained him, and the beautiful Hortense has to put up with a new-made duke—a title bought with her uncle's money—to whom the cardinal affianced her on his death-bed. He was a remarkable man, and so profound a dissembler that his pretended

opposition to King Louis' marriage with his niece Olympe Mancini would have deceived the shrewdest observer, had we not all known that he ardently desired the union, and that it was only his fear of Queen Anne's anger which prevented it. Her Spanish pride was in arms at the notion, and she would not have stopped short at revolution to prevent or to revenge such an alliance."

In a letter of later date Lady Fareham expatiated upon the folly of her sister's spiritual guides.

"I am desolated, ma mie, by the absurd restriction which forbids you to profit by my *cadeau de Noël*. I thought, when I sent you all the volumes of La Scuderi's enchanting romance, I had laid up for you a year of enjoyment, and that, touched by the baguette of that exquisite fancy, your convent walls would fall down, like those of Jericho, at the sound of the trumpet, and you would be transported in imagination to the finest society in the world—the company of Cyrus and Mandane—under which Oriental disguise you are shown every feature of mind and person in Coute and his heroic sister, my esteemed friend, the Duchesse de Longueville. As I was one of the first to appreciate Mademoiselle Scuderi's genius, and to detect, behind the name of the brother, the tender sentiments and delicate refinement of the sister's chaste pen, so I believe I was the first to call the duchesse 'Mandane,' a sobriquet which soon became general among her intimates.

"You are not to read 'Le Grand Cyrus,' your aunt tells you, because it is a romance! That is to say, you are forbidden to peruse the most faithful history of your own time, and to familiarize yourself with the persons and minds of great people whom you may never be so fortunate as to meet in the flesh. I myself, dearest Ange, have had the felicity to live among these princely persons, to revel in the conversations of the Hotel de Rambouillet—not, perhaps, as our grandmother would have told you, in its most glorious period—but at least while it was still the focus of all that is choicest in letters and in art. Did we not hear M. Poquelin read his first comedy, before it was represented by monsieur's company in the beautiful theater at the Palais Royal, built by Richelieu, when it was the Palais Cardinal? Not read 'Le Grand Cyrus,' and on the score of morality? Why, this delightful book was written by one of the most moral women in Paris—one of the chaste—against whose reputation no word of slander has ever been breathed! It must, indeed, be confessed that Sappho is of an ugliness which would protect her even were she not guarded by the ægis of genius. She is one of those fortunate unfortunates, who can walk through the furnace of a court unscathed, and leave a reputation for modesty in a profligate age.

"I fear, dear child, that these narrow-minded restrictions of your convent will leave you of a surpassing ignorance, which may cover you with confusion when you find yourself in fine company. There are accomplishments without which youth is no more admired than age and gray hairs; and to sparkle with wit or astonish with learning is a necessity for a woman of quality. It is only by the advantages of education that we can show ourselves superior to such a hussy as Albe-marle's gutter-bred duchess, who was the faithless wife of a sailor or barber—I forget which—and who hangs like a millstone upon the general's neck now that he has climbed to the zenith. To have perfect Italian and some Spanish is as needful as to have fine eyes and complexion nowadays. And to dance admirably is a gift indispensable to a lady. Alas! I fear that those little feet of yours—I hope they are small—have never been taught to move in a coranto or a contre-danse, and that you will have to learn the alphabet of the Terpsichorean art at an age when most women are finished performers. The great Condé, while winning sieges and battles that surpassed the feats of Greeks and Romans, contrived to make himself the finest dancer of the day, and won more admiration in high-bred circles by his graceful movements, which every one could understand and admire, than by prodigies of valor at Dunkirk or Nord-ligen, which we only read of in the 'Gazette.'"

The above was one of Lady Fareham's most serious letters. Her pen was exercised, for the most part, in a lighter vein. She wrote of the court beauties, the court jests—practical jokes some of them, which our finer minds of to-day would consider in execrable taste—such jests as we read of in Grammont's memoirs, which generally aimed at making an ugly woman ridiculous, or an injured husband the sport and victim of wicked lover and heartless wife. No sense of the fitness of things constrained her ladyship from communicating these court scandals to her guileless sister. Did they not comprise the only news worth anybody's attention, and relate to the only class of people who had any tangible existence for Lady Fareham? There were millions of human beings, no doubt, living and acting and suffering on the surface of the earth outside the stellar circles of which Louis and Charles were the suns; but there was no interstellar medium of sympathy to convey the idea of those exterior populations to Hyacinth's mind. She knew of the populace, French or English, as of something which was occasionally given to become dangerous and revolutionary, which sometimes starved, and sometimes died of the plague, and which was always unpleasant to the educated eye.

"Here everything is on such a small scale, *si mesquin*," she wrote. "Whitehall covers a large area, but it is only a fine banqueting hall and a labyrinth of lodgings, without suite or stateliness. The pictures in the late king's cabinet are said to be the finest in the world, but they are a kind of pieces for which I care very little—Flemish and Dutch chiefly—with a series of cartoons by Raffaele, which connoisseurs affect to admire, but which, did they belong to me, I would gladly exchange for a set of Mortlake tapestries.

"Shall I describe to you one of my latest conquests, sweetheart? 'Tis a boy—an actual beardless boy of eighteen summers; but such a boy! So beautiful, so insolent, with an impudence that can confront Lord Clarendon himself, the gravest of noblemen, who, with the sole exception of my Lord Southampton, is the one man who has never crossed Mrs. Palmer's threshold, or bowed his neck under that splendid fury's yoke. My admirer thinks no more of smoking these grave nobles, men of a former generation who learned their manners at the court of a serious and august king, than I do of teasing my falcon. He laughs at them, jokes with

them in Greek or in Latin, has a ready answer and a witty quip for every turn of the discourse; will even interrupt his Majesty in one of those anecdotes of his Scottish martyrdom which he tells so well and tells so often. Lucifer himself could not be more arrogant or more audacious than this bewitching boy-lover of mine, who writes verses in English or Latin as easy as I can toss a shuttlecock. I doubt the greater number of his verses are scarce proper reading for you or me, Angela; for I see the men gather round him in corners as he murmurs his latest madrigal to a chosen half-dozen or so; and I guess by their subdued tittering that the lines are not overmodest; while by the sidelong glances the listeners cast round, now at my Lady Castlemaine, and anon at some other goddess in the royal pantheon, I have a shrewd notion as to what alabaster breast my witty lover's shafts are aimed at.

"This youthful devotee of mine is the son of a certain Lord Wilmot who fought on the late king's side in the troubles. This creature went to the University of Oxford at twelve years old—as it were straight from his go-cart to college, and was master of arts at fourteen. He has made the grand tour, and pretends to have seen so much of this life that he has found out the worthlessness of it. Even while he woos me with a most romantic ardor, he affects to have outgrown the capacity to love.

"Think not, dearest, that I outstep the bounds of matronly modesty by this airy philandering with my young Lord Rochester, or that my serious Fareham is ever offended at our pretty trifling. He laughs at the lad as heartily as I do, invites him to our table, and is amused by his monkeyish tricks. A woman of quality must have followers; and a pert, fantastical boy is the safest of lovers. Slander itself could scarce accuse Lady Fareham, at thirty years of age, of an unworthy tenderness for a jekannapes of seventeen; for, indeed, I believe his eighteenth birthday is still in the womb of time. I would with all my heart thou wert here to share our innocent diversions; and I know not which of all my playthings thou wouldst esteem highest, the falcon, my darling spaniels, made up of soft silken curls and intelligent brown eyes, or Rochester. Nay, let me not forget the children, Papillon and Cupid, who are truly very pretty creatures, though consummate plagues. The girl, Papillon, has a tongue which Wilmot says is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that he has yet discovered, and the boy, who was but seven last birthday, is full of mischief, in which my admirer counsels and abets him.

"Oh, this London, sweetheart, and this court. How wide those violet eyes would open couldst thou but look suddenly in upon us after supper at Basset, or in the park, or at the playhouse, when the orange girls are smoking the pretty fellows in the pit, and my Lady Castlemaine is leaning half out of her box to talk to the king in his. I thought I had seen enough of festivals and dances, stage-plays and courtly diversions beyond sea; but the court entertainments at Paris or Saint Germain differed as much from the festivities of Whitehall as a cathedral service from a dance in a booth at Bartholomew Fair. His Majesty of France never forgets that he is a king. His Majesty of England only remembers his kingship when he wants a new subsidy, or to get a bill hurried through the Lower House. Louis at four-and-twenty was serious enough for fifty; Charles at thirty-four has the careless humor of a schoolboy. He is royal in nothing except his extravagance, which has squandered more millions than I dare mention since he landed at Dover."

From her father directly, Angela heard nothing, and her sister's allusions to him were of the briefest, anxiously as she had questioned that lively letter-writer. Yes, her father was well. Hyacinth told her; but he stayed mostly at the Manor Moat. He did not care for the court gayeties.

"I believe he thinks we have all parted company with our wits," she wrote. "He seldom sees me but to lecture me, in a sidelong way, upon my folly; for the reprobation he aims at the company I keep hits me by implication. I believe these old courtiers of the late king are Puritans at heart; and that if Archbishop Laud were alive he would be as bitter against the sins of the town as any of the cushion-thumping Anabaptists that preach to the elect in back rooms and blind alleys. My father talks and thinks as if he had spent all his years of exile in the cave of the seven sleepers. And yet he fought shoulder to shoulder with some of the finest gentlemen in France—Condé, Turenne, Grammont, St. Evremont, Bussy, and the rest of them. But all the world is young, and full of wit and mirth since his Majesty came to his own; and elderly limbs are too stiff to trip in our new dances. I doubt my father's mind is as old-fashioned and of as rigid a shape as his court suit, at sight of which my best friends can scarce keep themselves from laughing."

This light mention of a parent whom she revered wounded Angela to the quick; and that wound was deepened a year later, when she was surprised by a visit from her father, of which no letter had forewarned her. She was walking in the convent garden, in her hour of recreation, tasting the sunny air, and the beauty of the many-colored tulips in the long narrow borders, between two espalier rows trained with an exquisite neatness, and reputed to bear the finest golden pippins and Bergamot pears within fifty miles of the city. The trees were in blossom, and a wall of pink and white bloom rose up on either hand above the scarlet and parrot stripes of the tulips.

Turning at the end of the long alley, where it met a wall that in August was tapestried with peach trees, Angela saw a man advancing from the further end of the walk, attended by a lay-sister. The high-crowned hat and pointed beard, the tall figure in a gray doublet crossed with a black sword belt, the walk, the bearing were unmistakable. It might have been a figure that had stepped out of Vandyke's canvas. It had nothing of the fuss and flutter, the heaping up of feathers and finery, the loose flow of brocade and velvet that marked the costume of the young French court.

Angela ran to receive her father, and could scarce speak to him, she was so startled, and yet so glad.

"Oh, sir, when I prayed for you at mass this morning, how little I hoped for so much happiness. I had a letter from Hyacinth only a week ago, and she wrote nothing of your intentions. I knew not that you had crossed the sea."

"Why, sweetheart, Hyacinth sees me too rarely, and is too full of her own affairs, ever to be beforehand with my intentions; and although I have been long heartily sick of England I only made up my mind to come to Flanders less than a week ago. No sooner thought of than done. I came by our old road, in a merchant craft from Harwich to Ostend, and the rest of the way in the saddle. Not quite so fast as they used to ride that carried his Majesty's post from London to York, in the beginning of the troubles, when the loyal gentlemen along the north road would gallop faster with dispatches and treaties than ever they rode after a stag. Ah, child, how hopeful we were in those days; and how we all told each other it was but a passing storm at Westminster, which could all be lulled by a little civil concession here and there on the king's part. And so it might, perhaps, if he would but have conceded the right thing at the right time—yielded but just the inch they asked for when they first asked—instead of shilly-shallying till they got angry and wanted ells instead of inches. 'Tis the stitch in time, Angela, that saves trouble, in politics as well as in thy petticoat."

He had flung his arm round his daughter's neck as they paced slowly side by side.

"Have you come to stay in Louvain, sir?" she asked timidly.

"Nay, love, the place is too quiet for me. I could not stay in a town that is given over to learning and piety. The sound of their everlasting carillon would tease my ear with the thought, lo, another quarter of an hour gone of my poor remnant of days, and nothing to do but to doze in the sunshine or fondle my spaniel, fill my pipe, or ride a lazy horse on a level road, such as I have ever hated."

"But why did you tire of England, sir? I thought the king would have wanted you always near him. You, his father's close friend, who suffered so much for royal friendship. Surely he loves and cherishes you! He must be a base, ungrateful man if he do not."

"Oh, the king is grateful, Angela, grateful enough and to spare. He never sees me at court but he has some gracious speech about his father's regard for me. It grows irksome at last, by sheer repetition. The tune of the sentence varies, for his Majesty has a fine standing army of words, but the phrase is always the same, and it means, 'Here is a tiresome old Put to whom I must say something civil for the sake of his ancient vicissitudes.' And then his phalanx of foppery stares at me as if I were a Topinambon; and since I have seen them mimic Ned Hyde's stately speech and manners, I doubt not before I have crossed the ante-room I have served to make sport for the crew, since their wit has but two phrases—ordure and mimicry. Look not so glum, daughter. I am glad to be out of a court which is most like—such places as I dare not name to thee."

"But to have you disrespected, sir; you, so brave, so noble! You who gave the best years of your life to your royal master?"

"What I gave I gave, child. I gave him youth—that never comes back—and fortune, that is not worth grieving for. And now that I have begun to lose the reckoning of my years since fifty, I feel I had best take myself back to that roving life in which I have no time to brood upon losses and sorrows."

"Dear father, I am sure you must mistake the king's feelings toward you. It is not possible that he can think lightly of such devotion as yours."

"Nay, sweetheart, who said he thinks lightly? He never thinks of me at all, or of anything serious under God's sky. So long as he has spending money, and can live in a circle of bright eyes, and hear only flippant tongues that offer him a curious incense of flattery spiced with impertinence, Charles Stuart has all of this life that he values. And for the next—a man who is shrewdly suspected of being a papist, while he is attached by gravest vows to the Church of England, must needs hold heaven's rewards and hell's torments lightly."

"But Queen Catherine, sir; does not she favor you? My aunt says she is a good woman."

"Yes, a good woman, and the nearest approach to a cipher to be found at Hampton Court or Whitehall. Young Lord Rochester has written a poem upon 'Nothing.' He might have taken Queen Catherine's name as a synonym. She is nothing, she counts for nothing. Her love can benefit nobody; her hatred, were the poor soul capable of hating persistently, can do no one harm."

"And Hyacinth?"

"Hyacinth has a husband to take care of her; a man with a brave headpiece of his own, who lets her spark it with the fairest company in the town, but would make short work of any fool who dared attempt the insolence of a suitor. Hyacinth has seen the worst and the best of two courts, and has an experience of the Palais Royal and Saint Germain which should keep her safe at Whitehall."

Sir John and his daughter spent half a day together in the garden and the parlor, where the traveler was entertained with a collation and a bottle of excellent Beaujolais before his horse was brought to the door. Angela saw him mount, and ride slowly away in the melancholy afternoon light, and she felt as if he were riding out of her life forever. She went back to her aunt's room with an aching heart. Had not that kind lady, her mother in all the essentials of maternal love, been so near the end of her days, and so dependent on her niece's affection, the girl would have clung about her father's neck, and insisted upon going with him wherever he went.

(Continued next week.)

#### SPECIAL NOTE.

"When the World Was Younger" is a novel whose plot and general plan are laid out with minute and elaborate painstaking, as well as with historical accuracy and high artistic conception. It is a story of human interest such as those that formerly engaged the genius of Shakespeare, and later the genius, industry and poetic imagination of Scott. The trials and vicissitudes of the faithful followers of the unfortunate Charles I. are of interest to human sympathies, quite irrespective of the merits of the case as one of the great political crises of history. The story as a whole will be found to be one of extraordinary power and charm.



OUR WHITE SQUADRON IN A STORM.—AN INCIDENT IN THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON.



## EAT NOT THY HEART.

(Continued from page 7.)

vine-embowered cottage, the bright lamp, the cheerful tea-table, the enthusiastic welcome of a very handsome woman, who dressed for him—he knew it—who listened to his words in rapturous admiration, who was zealous to learn all he could teach, whom he felt to be no ordinary person, dizzied his brain a little, not overmuch, but a little. It was the nearest semblance to a home that he had ever known. It stilled in some mean measure his hunger of the heart. There was nothing else. Floribel Pullen had amused him. She had never interested him. Beth was interesting. Her longings, her aspirations, her dissatisfactions, her complaints, nay, her very asperities, raised her to quite a different plane from the giggling schoolgirls and cackling dames of Paradise. Floribel Pullen had laughingly told him that he came to see her so rarely now, she was sure "handsome Mrs. Bush" was cutting her out, and he had felt a slight pleasure at her chaffing; but to-night he felt no pleasure. A brutal desire to revenge himself on the woman beside him for this encounter with Mr. Marston, and the latter's contemptuous parting exclamation, led him to say just the one thing which in her sorry plight Elizabeth could least support.

"I saw Madam Marston driving yesterday," he said, in a dogged voice. "I thought her the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. Pity she married that fool."

"I had heard about Mrs. Marston before I seen her," said Beth, trying to steady her voice, whose tone was indistinct and hoarse. "When I did meet her I wasn't so much struck with her beauty. She ain't exactly what I'd call a reg'lar beauty."

"Oh, there are beauties—and beauties," said Oakes, clearing his throat, taking long swinging strides, and slashing at the leaves mischievously with a stick he had cut. "There are coarse, showy beauties, and there are others like tall lilies that look as if they'd break if you breathed on them."

"Oh, I guess Mrs. Marston's tough enough," said Beth, with heightened color, "for all the training and ramping she does from morning to night, with all the company they keep." She laughed a trifle shrilly. "Why, Joe says they ain't to bed most nights until near morning." Her devouring curiosity about the doings at the "big house" had led her to frequent nocturnal catechisms of her long-suffering Joseph.

"These grand ladies," said Oakes, "have the obligations of their position." He stopped short, amazed at his own Philistinism. How unmercifully he would have sneered at this phrase if launched by another.

A flood of jealousy, not bred in the flesh, not born of passion, but none the less fierce, implacable, ran riot in an instant through Beth Bush's throbbing veins. One of those pristine savage torrents, which no mortal can foretell, no mortal effort quench. The enmity of sex to its own, old as the universe, which in spite of priest, and prayer, and invocation, still sways the human creature, swept her, resistless.

Had Oakes half understood his influence on this woman, the impression and power of his words, their full significance to her, it is certain that with all his boasted inconelastie theories, he would have now been dumb, have ceased to fan her animosity; but he was self-absorbed, young, inexperienced. He therefore continued to exasperate Elizabeth with foolish praises of Mrs. Marston's loveliness.

"Miss Pullen is one of them coarse beauties you speak about perhaps?" she said, ironically. "But the people here say you like her very much, that you're real intimate with her." She looked at him narrowly, with eyes that threw out blind sparks, like a cat's in the dark. She had lingered on the word "intimate."

Oakes raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent. He lacked the breeding to indignantly defend Floribel from intended aspersion, yet was not quite disloyal enough to sully her.

"Why don't you stand up for her?" cried Beth, lashed to fury by his calmness. "It's dirty things the folks here say of her, and them as dangles after her. If I were a man—or half a one—I'd die before I'd let a lot of foul-mouthed witches throw mud at my . . . my . . . sweetheart, and say . . . and say . . . I shared her love with other men who was richer'n me, and winked at it."

She ended almost in a shriek. Even before he had abruptly touched his hat and left her, without a word of farewell or of warning, she realized the enormity of her assault, and that it leveled her in his regard with the lowest of her kind. The vulgarity of her speech, its uncalled-for violence, its disgusting familiarity—unknown to men and women of her class, he said to their honor—and the comparison he would draw forever between her and . . . that other one—not Floribel—upon whom all her rage now centered, against whom he might guess her words were aimed, filled her with infinite despair. In losing him she lost the one higher link between herself and that refined and graceful atmosphere she so much coveted. Was it her fault she was not educated, gently nurtured? Was it a crime her youth had been so hard that it had left its harshness on her features, its roughness on her hands? But now she had put herself outside the pale. She might rail against the inhabitants of Paradise, calling them her inferiors, might boast to him, as she had done, of her insulting slights to Mrs. Marston's servants, to Mr. Rose, but now he was a prince, Pierre Rose, compared to her—she was a fish-wife. One of those bare-legged, unsexed creatures that dug for clams down on the shore, in tattered sunbonnets, with bony arms, and scraping shovels, who swore and quarreled with each other, and stopped to drink at the liquor-seller's on their way home. She staggered into the cottage, and fell upon her face, across the sofa. Her breast was rent with dry and tearless cries.

## CHAPTER XIII.

BY and by her moanings ceased. She picked herself up from a recumbent to a sitting posture; she smoothed out the crumpled breadths of her petticoat with that habit of thrift and of order which is not easily unlearned. Economy of work, that lesson poverty teaches, made her regret the carelessness which would

necessitate the smoothing-iron. She began to pull at the flowers in her hat, whose edges had been crushed in her abandonment. She dusted its edges with her handkerchief; then, pressing this to her burning eyes, she sat down again as if to gather her scattered faculties.

Now Elizabeth was a clever woman, albeit undisciplined and lacking in soundness of judgment, and already in her heated brain the thought was uppermost how to reinstate herself, to regain her scattered self-respect, to return at least to where she had stood before. At the mere memory of Oakes she shuddered. For the first time she comprehended the exaggerated space he had occupied in her horizon, the exalted importance she had attached to his opinions, the almost febrile interest with which she had listened to his oracular discourses, his impractical denunciations. Sobered by the occurrences of the afternoon, remembering but too distinctly Mr. Marston's words, remembering too the home from which she had come, to which she doubtless must return if she left this, her better, wiser self, not penitent, perhaps, yet humbled, warned her to pause, to examine herself well. Such systematic self-examination had been a part of that religious training which the putative influences of her childhood had fostered. It was not unknown to her. Suddenly the mysteries which environed her seemed rent. She saw with physical distinctness a downward path, intoxicating yet pernicious, to which her steps were tending. We often run with astonishing heedlessness down a hill, which we know must be reascended, and it is only when we have nearly reached the bottom we stand aghast at the distance stretching behind. Many, discouraged, remain in the valley; they have not limbs or wind for the return, but Elizabeth's limbs and wind were not yet exhausted. No perversion is immediate. There are no sudden sins. The soil is rotten. The final crumble is opportunity.

She looked about her.

What a heaven of peace was this little house, how snug, how pretty, how dear! She remembered her enchantment when in those early days of spring it had first met her view. How well in health they had been here! Dottie, herself, and Joe, Joe—with compunction she now remembered how small was the time she had given to him lately. He had been indisposed one day with a slight feverishness, and she felt vexed at giving up her lesson on the mandolin with Mr. Oakes because her husband lay upon the sofa in the best parlor while his room was being swept and aired. She had been cross to him, chiding him for imprudence, for sitting out on chilly nights without his coat, contracting malaria, and giving trouble through his own folly. Then . . . Dottie—where was the child now? Surely, surely, it was her supper time. She had not exactly neglected Dottie, but she too in all these new exactions of dress and entertainment, in all these trips to town, and readings, and Spanish madrigals, had been sometimes in the way; once or twice forgotten. Then the money! Beth grew pale when she remembered all the money she had spent, and . . . on herself; her finer underclothing, her dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, gloves, and the parasol with lace upon it! Joe's wages had been stretched, nay overdrawn. There was a bill she could not meet this month. She had not liked to tell him of it lest it should worry him.

"Dottie, Dottie," she cried, with this new rush of contrition upon her, a sort of homesickness to find her child and clasp her for an instant to her breast, and she ran toward the door, "Dottie, Dottie!" As she reached the sill her husband crossed it. Something in his face arrested her, breathless upon its threshold.

Mr. Marston when he left Mrs. Bush and Mr. Oakes to finish their twilight ramble was not in the sweetest of humors. His temper, it might be surmised, was only a trifle less ruffled than theirs. As he crossed his lawn he caught sight of Joe working in the vegetable garden. He quickened his pace and was soon near him upon the other side of the hedge. Stooping over some roots he was conscientiously digging up, Joe raised his head at his master's summons.

"Here, Bush, here."

Wiping his hand on his forehead, and throwing down his trowel, Joe in shirt-sleeves, with his old straw hat rammed down over his ears, prepared to respond.

"Ay, ay, sir." He slowly stepped through the furrows with the measured step of the agriculturist, which is never accelerated, nor would be though the heavens fell.

"Here, come through the upper gate. I'll walk up and meet you. I want to speak to you." Obedient, Joe turned northward. In a few minutes the two men stood side by side in the open field.

"What were you doing?" Mr. Marston's annoyance had cooled a little, the exercise having increased his heart's action, but he was angry at having to be angry. Such details bored him.

"I was diggin' up of them roots."

"A waste of time for you. Let Charlie do that. It's mere child's play. Didn't I tell you I wanted the hay taken in? There's thunder in the air."

"The hay won't get a wetting. Don't you be afeared. There won't be no wet spell at present. I held on to hitch up after loam for the farm road. Farmer Taft's got a fine lot, sir, and it's a short haul. There ain't no rain comin'." It's looked that way every night for three weeks. The drought's on us. I knows it. It won't let up on us yet."

"When I say a thing's to be done it's to be done, you hear, and not to be neglected for something less important," said Mr. Marston, lashing himself. "I don't want explanations or excuses. I'm sick of them."

Joe stopped, astonished. He was unaccustomed to being so addressed, unless indeed by his wife. He was himself so patient that he rarely provoked others, and his wife's "tantrums," as he called them to himself, hardly counted. He had learned to bear them or escape from them with equanimity. "She's kind of excitable," he would say, apologetically. "She don't mean the half she says." He supposed all women to be alike, and their words to mean little. His mother had a high temper too. His experience of the sex was limited.

"I tries to please ye." His eyes, full of melancholy, dwelt for a moment on Mr. Marston, who turned away his own, uncomfortable under their pleading scrutiny. "I know—I know," he said, more kindly. "But there are things that don't please me—not at all—not at

all—which must be spoken about, and it's deuced disagreeable, I can tell you."

Joe pushed back his hat and grunted some inaudible protest. Mr. Marston lowered his tone to a confidential key.

"This morning my wife . . . I . . . we . . . when we looked out of my . . . her . . . our windows . . . hem—upon the terrace, saw some persons . . . er . . . a man and woman sitting close to the house, taking their ease. He had pulled off his shoes. Mrs. Marston was greatly shocked."

"I guess it must have been my sister Mary and her husband," Joe smiled, broadly. He was relieved. He had feared his work did not suit.

"Exactly; it *was* your sister, so my man Marvin tells me. She had on a most extraordinary dress." At the memory Mr. Marston's anger of the morning returned and he scowled. "One which . . . er . . . made her peculiarly conspicuous to our guests even from a great, great distance. Such a costume is a blot on a landscape. I really can't permit it."

"Do you want me to speak to her about that dress?" and a quizzical expression rose to Joe's lips. "Her heart's sot on it. Sister Mary never was tasty like Elizabeth—Mrs. Bush, I mean. Always had a hankering after cryin' colors. Now I never cared for 'em myself."

"Nonsense, Bush!" said Mr. Marston, now thoroughly aroused again. "What have I, what can Mrs. Marston have to do with the accouterments of your family unless indeed . . ." He remembered his wife's animadversions upon Beth's outfit, and wondered if he ought to mention it here. "I mean if they keep out of our sight they can wear anything they please. Your grounds about the cottage are quite large enough for your visitors—quite—" his wrongs whipped him now to say all.

"I'll speak to 'em—to my wife," said Joe. The idea of facing Beth with such a message sent his heart into his boots.

"Really, Bush, your family seem to have no sense of decency, of reserve. Here this very afternoon after the unpleasant—most unpleasant . . . er . . . affair of the morning, I met your wife close to the plateau upon Mrs. Marston's favorite path, with that ridiculous schoolmaster at her heels. He isn't welcome here, do you hear? I won't have him hanging about. I dislike the man. I distrust him. I dislike him excessively. I won't have him on my grounds, and you can tell him so with my compliments."

Joe paled under the tan which made his skin resemble some animal's hide.

"Do you mean," he asked, slowly, "that I'm to tell the schoolmaster he ain't to call on us any more?"

"I said nothing of the kind—nothing. I repeat to you I've nothing to do with your household and its arrangements. You can receive anybody you like unless—unless dangerous characters."

"Dangerous . . . ?"

"I'm alluding now to no one in particular. Of course, this is a gossipy little village—so I'm told. So the maids tell Mrs. Marston. I don't hear any of these things. Nor does she, for that matter—Mrs. Marston, I mean. But a young woman as good-looking as your wife cannot be too careful in such a community. With her husband—her child—the dairy, she should have no time for . . . er . . . frivolity."

"My wife ain't ever been the light kind," said Joe, in changed accents. "Nor has any one ever afore accused her of that in my hearin' as I knows of."

The murmur of the thunderstorm seemed to lower near, enveloping them in its stifling breath.

"My good Joseph, no one does now. I'm talking to you as I would to a friend—to one of my friends." He made a gesture of his hand toward the house which loomed stately against the sky. There was a pause.

"If that's all you have to say to me I'll quit work now, sir. It's six o'clock."

"That's all," Mr. Marston smiled; but there was no responding smile on Joseph's face. Upon it had descended a settled sternness. He pulled his hat down once again over his ears and eyes, and plodded back into the garden to get his tools.

(Continued next week.)

## IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

The United States Supreme Court rendered decisions March 15 affirming the power of States to tax the franchises of corporations, such as express, telegraph and railroad companies. Two Kentucky cases, involving the constitutionality of the State Law of 1892, one affecting the Henderson Bridge and the other the Adams Express Company, were both decided in favor of the State.

A general review of the right of States to enact laws of this character was promulgated through Justice Brewer in an opinion denying a petition by various telegraph and express companies for rehearing in the cases in which the tax acts of the Legislatures of Ohio and Indiana were involved, the law having been sustained by the decisions in these cases rendered at a former sitting.

In the case of the Henderson Bridge Company the law was attacked on the ground that it was in conflict with the Federal Constitution giving to Congress the Power to regulate interstate commerce, the bridge crossing the Ohio River from Henderson, Ky., into the state of Indiana. It was also claimed that it was an interference with the United States postal regulations, and it was set forth that it was not in accord with the spirit of justice to permit the taxation of intangible property. The opinion was read by Chief Justice Fuller, and all the objections were treated as immaterial or unfounded.

Justices Field, Harlan, Brown and White dissented. Justice White, who read the dissenting opinion, said that the law was a direct attempt to tax property outside the State and levy a burden on interstate commerce. He predicted that this decision would be far-reaching in its effect.

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# MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXXV.

WHEN Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" he drew (as I have already said in these columns) an impossible picture. There never was any "Tess" "on sea or land." She is not even consistent romanticism. She is a kind of metaphysical, ultra-psychical milkmaid, the product of her creator's whim no less than of his oddly errant imagination. She cannot live in literature, because she is untrue to life. With her inherited stolidity, with her illiterate past an attempt (often ludicrous) has been made to combine the subtleties of an accomplished *femme du monde*. She is anomalous as a mermaid, impossible as a griffin. One can never too urgently insist that she is neither a real nor an idealized portrait of any woman who ever lived.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has chosen to accept a so-called "version" of Mr. Hardy's novel, and to perform it at the Fifth Avenue Theater. Much that is theatrical in the book has been retained, but all its literary atmosphere has been banished. It is not a bad piece of playwrighting, when you reflect that it means a mere string of "situations" torn from a story whose plethora of analytic digression and scenic description is chiefly responsible for its vogue. Now and then, however, it is rather bad drama—as, for instance, where the religious conversion and subsequent backsliding of Alec are merely talked about by himself and the other characters and are not acted out before the audience. As a novel "Tess" needed an enormous amount of painstaking treatment in order to make its grotesque *donnée* palatable. "Atmosphere" was laboriously gathered into its numerous pages. But the play has no atmosphere to speak of, and sometimes wears the outlines of raw melodrama. This, however, is no drawback to the opportunity afforded Mrs. Maddern. Physically she is not only the opposite of "Tess," but an opposite so glaring as to verge upon the absurd. That there are two or three great tragic chances for her, however, must of course be conceded. And then arises the question—does she grasp them? I should say most emphatically that she does not.

The truth is, she is a nervous, high-strung, intelligent woman, whose sphere is not tragedy at all, but comedy of the best order—comedy, if you please, sparkling with sentiment and shot through with pathos. For violent emotion she is altogether unfitted, and whenever called upon to portray it she substitutes for such portrayal a dread of "staginess," a cold and monotonous realism, which fails wholly to thrill her auditors. She has not a tragic face, so to speak. She is not beautiful, neither is she even pretty; but her features have that composite quality which wakens our interest. They make a picture human and sympathetic; they imply a nature attuned to refinements, exhalations, buoyancies, delicate feminine transports. But by no means are they fitted for the adequate presentment of such heavier and sterner emotions as anguish, despair, remorse—and, least of all, are they fitted for murderous resolve and its passionate attendant execution. In the last act this failing was almost piteously manifest. When "Tess" takes the knife from the table and goes into her betrayer's bedroom for the evident purpose of assassinating him, we have no sense of agonized tension, no hint of delirious, ungovernable impulse. She does not whirl herself along with us in the least; she does not whirl herself along at all. And when she emerges with a blood-stained weapon and a bloodstained hand, we receive no impression of a tortured woman having snatched law and justice into her own wild, momentary keeping, but rather of a woman who has gelidly committed an act of butchery. No; Mrs. Fiske is not, in my belief, a person suited to these painful and heroic rôles. Her charm and power (and of both, I should say, she possesses goodly share if not amplitude) lie in other channels. Both her laughter and her tears are genuine; but in the simulation of either she is prescribed by marked limits. To abide within these limits might bring her stirring success. If somebody could write for her a play as strong of its kind as was "Frou Frou," she might "storm the town" with it no less triumphantly than did Agnes Ethel years ago.

Not wishing to trend upon flippancy, I must still confess that I have a grudge against all plays and stories where naturally good and lovable women are made to plunge knives into the bodies of men who have wronged or offended them. In such cases it is not only an affair of striking a homicidal blow; it is one of striking a false note as well. For if there is anything that a truly lovable woman will do, right on to the end of the chapter, the fall of the curtain, it is—endure. That is precisely what so often renders her different from many a generally praiseworthy man. Her femininity will revolt from this last desperation of revenge; when it does not she is the prey of traits which must long ago have made her unfeminine in circumstances of less drastic incentive. The omniscient critic of the "Tribune" once declared "Tess's" final deed "inevitable." It was not, and to call it so was to deal in gravest error. The best we can say of it is that it *might* have occurred; but considering the vast patience, the dog-like humility which "Tess" had hitherto shown, even this possibility looks remote.

With Miss Wilkins (the idyllic Miss Wilkins!) a sanguinary heroine is a novelty indeed. It is a far cry from her pea-shelling Abigails and her pie-baking Samanthas to her "Madelon" (in the new book of that name), stabbing a man on a lonely roadside because she has been snubbed for another girl at a ball. And stabbing him, moreover, with the idea that he is the real offender, while the violence of her disgust and fury blind her to the fact that he is "somebody else"! Poor "Tess's" behavior becomes positively saint-like, compared with this. Miss Wilkins tries very hard to make us like "Madelon" after she has done an act of unholiness. "Indian ancestry" is dragged in as an excuse, and the "large-

ness" and "generosity" of her nature are repeatedly disclosed. But the sensible reader has his own civilized notions, notwithstanding. It takes a good deal of temper to want to kill a fellow-creature, but it takes a good deal of revolting brutality to push a knife into a fellow-creature's flesh. The trouble with Miss Wilkins's novel is that she makes us shrink from her "Madelon" in its early part, and then afterward endeavors to make us fond of her for the old sacerdotal reason—*quia multum amavit*—because she was "head over heels" in love. This, we feel both artistically and ethically, will not do at all; and we feel it all the more when the young tigress, with claws discreetly sheathed, is married to her "own true love," while the man whom she has murdered, and who insensately worships her, chooses to commit suicide in order that his physician may not allege he has been slowly slain by the dagger-thrust and that "Madelon" may be saved from the scaffold. And saved from it, the same reader asks himself, for what? That she may afterward torment her husband with disclosures of an ungoverned temperament, more or less similar to her deadly assault upon "Lot Gordon," who has killed himself to shield her from the gallows? How dolorous a married life she must have led with "Burr Gordon," we are left to surmise. And it may be added that her barbaric instincts are not only shown once, but that she is again described as poisoning a knife over the form of "Lot," while he lies weak and helpless in his bed, suffering from the mortal wound which she has already given him.

All this sort of thing is cruder melodrama than we had been taught to expect from Miss Wilkins. Unless I am greatly at fault she is not a novelist at all. Her "Jane Field" was a strong thing of its kind, drenched in gloom and sadness, but still markedly strong. Her "Pembroke" was a real novel and showed her at her worst. It was a padded-out short story, no more, and page after page of it was hindered by a dreadful drag. Then came "Madelon," of which I have already spoken. And meanwhile it must be said of Miss Wilkins that she has written from ten to fifteen of the most captivating and felicitous short stories known in the whole recent range of our literature. Why will she not stick to her *métier*? The push and stretch of her talent is essentially one of brevity. She cannot amplify with anything but moderate success. She can abbreviate, compress, condense, with a success that is sometimes almost phenomenal. She has done literally amazing things with that constrained, sordid, vulgar, commonplace New England world in which her first efforts of fiction found their authentic yet authoritative compass. I do not know of any sketch finer in its way than her poignant one of "Sister Lyddy," nor could I conscientiously put the pathos and humor, the tender irony and clear-etched picturesqueness of this tale above "A New England Nun," or "The Revolt of Mother," or many more that have made us the debtors of their magical narrator. But why, if capable of painting miniatures so well, should Miss Wilkins forsake her native methods? It is, most probably, the old story. Discontented with doing small things peculiarly well, she has sought a "larger canvas," a "wider field." She should remember that Meissonnier won a huge fame for painting *in petto*. Sustained effort may have made a Milton, but his "Penseroso" and "Allegro," perfect as they are, would have left him obscure. With Miss Wilkins it is precisely the reverse. Her short stories, thus far in her career, will give her the only real fame that she has shown the least sign of securing.

The Marquise Lanza, in her new novel, "Horace Everett" (G. W. Dillingham & Co.), has kept clear of all dialectic provincialism, as she has also avoided tigerish femininity. This lady's style is large, pure, powerful. It has the facile redundancy of Mr. James's earlier manner; it does not disclaim the polysyllable; it glides along on easy and well-oiled grooves. But it is, nevertheless, a style exceedingly careful, and it ensheathes, gloves, emmanches, a period and a subject which literary fashion has of late striven to make us condemn. Still, Madame Lanza is on the right track, and she knows it, and holds to her metropolitan portraiture and disclosures with most praiseworthy zeal and zest. She knows a great deal about New York life, and though New York life is just now "unpopular," and people prefer their fiction served up to them curried à la Kipling or spiced and sauced à la Anthony Hope, or larded and spigoted à la Stevenson, she keeps unswervingly to her faith that a novelist, if he be worthy at all, should be a worthy chronicler of his own time and land and town, and should not degrade fiction into the mere juvenility of "adventure," the mere puerility of "surprise." Madame Lanza has chosen to tell, in "Horace Everett," an extremely simple story. She has relied almost solely upon revelation of character and management of dialogue. In carrying out either aim she has been distinctly successful, and those who read her latest book on railway trains for the purpose of tickling curiosity or of getting a new, sleepy tingle from jaded nerves, will be sadly disappointed. "Horace Everett" reflects life, in its actuality, and since the mirror is held by a hand of peculiarly unsparing steadiness, we gain certain glimpses from which the mob of cursory readers may turn with the old airy, disrespectful yawn. All makers of true literature must accept this potential doom. Madame Lanza writes with an implacable refusal to placate the vulgar "skimmer." In her way she often reveals evidence of French influence. "I was impressed," says one of her characters, "by the great Liberty holding aloft her torch; the splendid majesty of the bridge; the green islands dotting the blue water, with the burnished haze of the morning falling softly upon them, and beyond, the low hills and cliffs cut like cameos against the sky." This is vivid and fine, and it is in the right descriptive vein as well. It is the finished and conscientious work of the true observer, not of your "historic" and "romantic" yarn-spinner. There are passages that show the influence of earnest meditation on weightiest subjects, as, for example, this forceful exposition of the spiritual state of Horace: "From a tumult of doubts and denials implacable demands manifested themselves, and, not dreaming of resistance, he had met them unflinchingly, overcome by the consciousness of a stupendous Intelli-

gence that unceasingly seeks to make itself understood." Strange indeed is the suggestiveness of those last words, which I have italicized, and opulent indeed is their evidence of the intellectual strength which evoked them. Clara Lanza is a novelist with a past, and it is one strikingly creditable. But she is also a novelist with a future, and if she cares to accept my humble counsel she will hereafter select more dramatic material and bend upon this the rich instincts of her analysis and acumen, which are potent enough to place her still higher on the list of sincere literary artists than she even already stands.

The "Journal" has lately published an alleged interview with M. Victorien Sardou, in which the famous French dramatist is made to declare himself a profound believer in spiritualism. Not only that: Sardou is stated to have received messages from Bernard Palissy, who told him that he is now a resident of Jupiter, and from Mozart and Zoroaster as well, both of whom affirmed themselves dwellers on the same planet. "Bernard Palissy," Sardou is reported to have said, "made me a sketch of his house, then one of Mozart's, and then one of Zoroaster's. I have still the originals of these drawings. There they are, and I intrust them to you, so that you can reproduce them, as you wish to do so. The drawing of the house of Mozart has this peculiarity, that instead of having been made by the pen, like the others, it was traced with burin before a number of persons who denied the possibility of the fact, seeing that I had never known how to draw, much less engrave. My ability as a medium lasted for about eighteen months more, after which it suddenly ceased."

Oh, it did, did it? And what authority have we for believing this preposterous newspaper tale? A "Journal Correspondent" is vaguely mentioned as its originator. Of all the wild fairy-stories ever disseminated by our "new journalism" this strikes me as possibly the most audacious. The chances are that Sardou has never in all his life been a spiritualist, though he may have made investigations into this "craze" when it was occupying the attention of intelligent Frenchmen. That he should have given any "Journal" correspondent the wobbly and inane drawings which were lately "reproduced" in that publication, limits its credibility to the brains of imbeciles. Victorien Sardou is a man who has frequently revealed himself in his dramas. Not always has he so revealed himself at his best, for he has caused, now and then, to be produced under his name mere "marketable" stuff unworthy of his great powers. Nevertheless, these powers are often a splendor and a triumph, and running through both his failures and successes we find a cool, dispassionate rationalism, which belies any such trumpery rumors as those just recklessly dispersed. To believe them of the man who composed that magnificent and penetrant play, "Daniel Rochat" (a play, by the by, which all the pygmy Ibsens and Maeterlincks, from Finland to Greece, might study with profit as something splendidly untheatrical, "symbolic," "impressionistic," or whatever, in their highfalutin up-to-date jargon, they chose to term it), is to believe that this gifted dramatist is a Mussulman, a Brahmin or a Parsee. It is indeed excessively doubtful if any man or woman of well-ordered intellect would to-day be willing to accept the name of "spiritualist." The sect in all our cities is now pitifully small, and the people who indorse its tenets are mostly the sorriest fanatics and "cranks." It is a perished superstition. It is dead and buried. Over its corpse lacrymose Sentimentality may have shed a few facile tears (presumably not crocodile) and round its coffin may have grouped some such faithful pall-bearers as Ignorance, Falsehood and Folly. Bigotry was chief mourner, very likely, yet Common-Sense, I will wager, not only acted as undertaker but paid the funeral expenses besides.

In his recent book, "Masses and Classes," Mr. W. H. Mallock claims to have delved deep among statistics. He claims to have scientifically investigated the condition of the English poor, and to have discovered that they are much "better off" now than in former years. But even our "Evening Post," which is nothing if not an organ of conservatism, says of this highly "hopeful" book: "We do not vouch for Mr. Mallock's calculations, although we are satisfied that many of them are unexceptionable." And again, with reference to the same volume, we read: "Its weak point, as in most such efforts, is its employment of possibly defective and misleading statistics."

"Possibly defective and misleading statistics," quotha! Could there be a politer and yet more withering way of affirming that a writer had dealt in falsehood? If Mr. Mallock, in his earnest and well-known desire to varnish and decorate the case of the English rich against the English poor, has concerned himself with statistics only to present them partially and hence fallaciously, he has committed an almost criminal fault. Does the "Post" quite realize the gravity of its charge against him? If he had not given certain facts and figures he would have been open to no stringent accusation; but even to hint that he has not given these facts and figures for all they are worth and in a spirit of thorough research, is to imply charlatanism as his method of social dissertation and survey.

In many instances the extreme anti-socialism of the "Post" carries it beyond sensible limits. Not long ago it applauded the great generosity of our New York millionaires in terms that rang with deplorable exaggeration. Hatred of Bryanistic doctrines, contempt for all schemes of repudiation, doubt that any bimetallic monetary system can ever internationally obtain, and hardy disapproval of the financial logic whose premises are based upon passion and prejudice, all lie most decorously within the province of a progressive and judicial journal. But to overate our municipal charities with reckless encomium is both perilous and unwise. This, in a late editorial the "Post" did, and its ill-advised action cannot be too strongly regretted. When all is said, New York plutocrats are not charitable. Individual cases of benevolence of course exist. But there is an actual multitude of New Yorkers who "salt down" from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars each year, outside of what they spend in personal pleasures and luxuries. Those who give with a sem-

blance of bounty never even vaguely verge upon self-denial. There is no legal demand upon these to help the horrible sufferings of our poor, nor should there be, nor will there ever be unless some fantastic form of tyranny should prevail. But there is an ethical demand, and this takes colors all the more assertive when we recollect that nine-tenths of the wealthy citizens to whom I allude are professed Christians. For Christianity is either self-denial or it is nothing. Christ said "Leave all and follow Me." Few of our millionaires are Greek scholars; and yet it would seem as if many of them had discovered some fresh subtlety of translation, some nicer trick of the second-aorist or pluperfect, some neglected Sanskrit root of substantive, verb or pronoun, which accommodates them, in this one rather imperious particular, with a newer New Testament, and soothes them with the novel and more comforting exhortation—"Keep all and follow Me, whenever you are so disposed."

Gossip has drifted my way this trifling anecdote, which claims at least the quality of a somewhat effective sarcasm. Jones, a professed religionist, had for years taunted Brown with his unorthodox doubtings. At a certain dinner, given by Jones, he became obstreperously tipsy. Ladies were present, and after they had withdrawn, tittering and not a little scandalized, Jones flung himself, with a lighted cigar, into a chair beside his friend. "Before I die, old chap," he announced, rather thick of tongue, "I'm determined to convert you."

"As to the truth of one dogma," said Brown, "you've certainly done so."

"Which is that?" mumbled Jones, with an almost bacchanal flourish of his cigar.

"The elevation of the host."

And so the Authors' Club is about to give a dinner to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, and their printed invitation declares that "it will be a notable literary event." Moreover it is stated, in this same document, that "there was an instant appreciation of the propriety of such a tribute to this modest and honored veteran, who has served so faithfully for over half a century." We are later informed (through a well-known newspaper) that "the price of the dinner will be five dollars" and that "tickets should be obtained as soon as possible."

For my own part, I wish Mr. R. H. Stoddard as large an assemblage as the dining-hall of the Savoy Hotel may be capable of containing. Those who are vengeful, however, and who bear grudges, will not, I fear, join me in this pardoning mood. Many young American writers were made to suffer from the acrid pen of Mr. Stoddard. Twenty years ago I confess that I sighed and bled from its attacks. It was not an able pen, as I felt certain in those other days, and I have never since had cause to reverse my decision. Mr. Stoddard may be an "honored" veteran—I am not among those who feel empowered to pay him this tribute—but "modest" is an epithet which he wholly fails to deserve. It is notorious among his acquaintances that for years he has been pierced by disappointment. In my own belief he has never possessed more than ordinary capacity as a versifier, and if we grant him the name of an actual poet I don't know what we are going to do with those who merit being thus called. Even the lyric which begins

"There are gains for all our losses,  
There are smiles for all our tears,"

and which has been held up as a specimen of its author's best work, is Tupperian for commonplace. It has not even the advantage of being founded on truth, since they who have envisaged life know too well that there are neither gains nor smiles which can compensate for our losses and tears, though there may be, to such of us as are religious believers, another existence fraught with countless consolations. The lyric is a mere re-harping on the old threadbare theme of lost youth, and in the many pages of Mr. Stoddard's published song it has many companions equally trite. His "Lincoln Ode" is a wooden affair, and all his longer poems, narrative or descriptive, are devoid of the least virile grasp. The contemporary of Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and not only the contemporary but the adoring admirer of Bryant, he is so completely the inferior of all these dead bards, whom he has now survived, that there would be positive pathos in mentioning him as having even vaguely approached their different degrees of excellence. Long ago, when almost a boy, I prophesied of him the poetic oblivion which has now overtaken him; but it was not until considerably later that I discovered how rabidly jealous he had become of every new American versifier who swam into his irritable ken. As far back as the early 'fifties he quarreled with a young poet who has since grown famous—one who has written lovely and durable things, and whose name, should I mention it, would be quickly recognized by thousands. Older than this poet, he had shown toward him an apparent courtesy of encouragement. But one evening, while attending a reception at Mr. Stoddard's home, the writer to whom I refer took from his "patron's" bookshelves one or two presentation copies of his own books. He found there certain marginal notes, full of the most scornful condemnation, and betraying so much clandestine bitterness of ridicule that in a mood of very just and natural wrath he left the house, never again noticing his secret calumniator. The late Bayard Taylor, a man of singularly genial nature, asserted, some time before his death, that if his own child and one of Mr. Stoddard's had not been buried in the same grave, he would forever have ceased to know this former bosom-friend of his, so acute against him was Taylor's sense of grievance for slights and ill-treatment of various kinds.

As a critic of American letters Mr. Stoddard has been for years not only palpably envious but lamentably wrong-headed. Nothing could have been more provincial than his education, such as it is. He has never crossed the Atlantic in his life, and hence the homes and environments of all those foreign writers regarding whom he has so copiously written, are quite, for him, an atmosphere unbreathed. He has studied with seeming care the Elizabethan poets and those of the Restoration. Of Massinger, Webster, Cowley, Lovelace, Donne, Suckling, and Heaven knows how long a list of others,

small, passably important, fairly great or absurdly overrated, he has, I am told, the list at his finger-ends. Close acquaintance with not a few of these might have taught him, one would suppose, to infuse into his own numbers a spirit of truer charm, of more vital force. But no; it has merely taught him to inflict upon his own age and generation—both of which he has forlornly failed to understand—judgments of either a cut-and-dried pedagogical character, or judgments of so carping and irascible a snappishness that venom and virulence are in no sense misnomers for them. He is a veteran, beyond doubt. If a cliency of adherents and supporters feel disposed to affirm him an "honorable" one, the present writer is far from seeking to antagonize this verdict by a dissentient opinion. But that he now stands as a "modest" one I am tempted very earnestly to deny, and for the best of conceivable reasons—a love of justice and a dislike of sham.

Speaking of a poet who is not really a poet at all, suggests to me one who is the best, who is pre-eminently the best, of all the younger English poets, and whom the "Tribune" has lately attacked with churlish vehemence. My incentive for the word "churlish" is explained by the following passage:

"If 'The Year of Shame' needs no adventitious aids, why are those aids brought to the front? The answer is that Mr. Watson's polemical sonnets cannot stand on their own merits. They need a preface, a picture, and dainty type on daintier pages to make them presentable. It would be churlish to deny the sincerity of these sonnets, and we think that the paragraphs have been laying perhaps too much stress upon the personal ambition lying behind Mr. Watson's impassioned criticisms of the recent troubles in the East. Possibly he had the Laureate's crown in his mind when he penned some of these lines. The thought was certainly not ignoble. But when all has been said that can be said for his disinterestedness, his sympathy, his honest scorn of British policy, the fact remains that he made very ordinary verse out of his fermentings. His rhetoric did not desert him. Such lyrical inspiration as may ever have attended his flutings undoubtedly deserted him when he sought to blow a trumpet blast. The invective is shrill, not resonant. The epithets are chosen with a certain clever consciousness of their color and picturesque, but there is nothing inevitable about them; they do not ring in the ears with the accent of unforced, fiery song. There should be a note of power in this book; there is only a note of impotent distress. The sonnets prove that if Mr. Watson is to write any verse at all it should be in the gentle, lyric and sometimes elegiac strain which has hitherto afforded him his most profitable opportunities."

Now, all this is perfectly in keeping with the present critical tone of the newspaper that but yesterday was so ignorant of Mr. Aldrich's "Judith" as to review his fresh version of it from the viewpoint of a wholly new poem. Mr. William Watson is a poet of splendid, vigorous gifts. But the "Tribune" man (or woman) doesn't like him because he writes with eloquence, self-command, and a decent respect for the mighty old literary traditions. If he invented tin-pan jingles about "Danny Deever," "a-angin' in the mornin'," or if he plunged into the hysteria of declaring that an American is the sort of type prone "To match with Destiny for beers," or if he gave us dramatic lyrics with profound and thrilling *entrées en matière*, like

"As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?"  
"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"  
"E's taken my girl out walkin'."  
"An' I've got to tell 'im so—"  
"Gawd—bless—'im!"  
"I've got to tell 'im so,"—

the "Tribune" would no doubt declare him "inevitable"—a word which it is fond of flinging about in its treatises, and which it perhaps loves as dearly as the old lady loved "Mesopotamia," in the sermon which she had so much admired. What the "Tribune" styles "very ordinary verse" is, for the most part, verse very exceptionally beautiful and fine. In saying that "possibly Mr. Watson had the Laureateship in mind when he penned some of these lines," it is guilty of a flippant insult quite worthy of that "new journalism" which I believe it professes to despise. The "Tribune" critic knows nothing more of Mr. William Watson's motive in writing those powerful and brilliant sonnets than I know, and it is highly probable that he is as totally unfamiliar with Mr. Watson's private life as am I. The chances are ten to one that he has never met this writer any more than I have, and that in casting a saucy aspersions upon the sonneteer's honesty and sincerity he is as blamable, for obvious reasons, as I would be under like conditions. Poetry, as we often hear nowadays, is dead. This is not true, yet persons like our "Tribune" critic not only seem to believe it but show an ardent desire to be "in at the death." To such commentators we are indebted for the glorification of almost any grotesque riff-raff because it appears to them "original." They are the lineal descendants of those reckless panegyrists who so loaded Walt Whitman with praise that his rant (at its best pitifully reflecting Emerson's democratic fervors, and no more) has secured a kind of transient vogue, already doomed. It is time that some one should shoot piercing shafts into this big, bulging bladder of so-called "criticism," which is inflated by gaseous declarations to the effect that hysteria and frenzy are proper poetic standards. Mr. Watson has dignity, breadth, sonority, a copious and well-ordered vocabulary, a keen sense of rhythm, a firm and sane worship of beauty, an intellect thoughtful, ratiocinative, secure. His taste is exquisite; he is an artist who has studied what to avoid and what to employ. The people whom he displeases are those who would put Browning's "Festivals of Fancies" or his "Red-Cotton Night-Cap Country" above Tennyson's "Lucretius," "Ulysses," or "Locksley Hall." They are people who know nothing of poetry as an art; who could not, in many instances, tell an anapest from an iamb; who have no ear for the music of verse in any of its subtler meanings; who have never given an hour's heed to the lights and shades achieved by variations of vowel; who are deaf to all the sibilant or otherwise discordant clashes of consonants; who will read a stiff, poker-like pentameter line and one of wil-

low piancy, and discern no difference between them; who turn impatient at marvelous, half-hidden verbal harmonies and cadences, and prefer to these the *klunk-ety-klunk* of some cheap ballad. They are people as offensive to the real lover and student of poetry as are those operative wisecracks to the real musician when they tell him there is more in one act of "Rigoletto" than in all that Wagner ever wrote. And these are the kinds of people who print their "views" upon modern poetry. No wonder it is a lost art! Not that they have ever been capable of destroying it, since it is not actually "lost." But in their stupid hunt after mere vulgar "novelty"; in their hatred of classic reserve and repose and placid power; in their flaunting of the vernacular and colloquial and petty and gushful high over the heroic and meditative and ideal, high over the truly beautiful and truly picturesque and truly melodious and truly artistic and truly divine, one can think of only a single trite yet deserved comment upon their feather-headed madness:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

#### A TRANSFORMATION IN RUSSIA.

Some interesting figures have been published relating to the purchase and sale of land in Russia in the year 1893. Over all the forty-five provinces of European Russia to which they refer—excluding, that is, the Baltic provinces and those of Archangel and Astrakhan—a steady decrease of the landed property in the hands of the nobility has been going on, with a corresponding increase in the amount held by merchants and wealthy peasants. In one year the nobility parted with over five and a half million acres for nine million four hundred thousand pounds sterling, or about one pound thirteen shillings and three pence per acre, and bought, at a fractionally higher price, two million nine hundred thousand acres, a net loss of over two and a half million acres, which have passed into the possession of persons who, a generation ago, were serfs, the absolute property of their lords, to be bought and sold like any other chattels, and advertised for sale in the daily press, precisely as the negro slaves of the United States before the war.

Strictly speaking, the change has taken more than a generation to come about, for, before the emancipation of the serfs, it was customary to allow promising specimens to engage in trade or skilled labor away from the estate to which they belonged, on condition of paying a yearly sum, fixed arbitrarily by them to their masters. These semi-free serfs had, however, no legal rights to any property they might acquire; the master could, if he pleased, as was not infrequently the case, raise the quitrent fee to an impossible sum, or simply recall the successful merchant or artisan from the town where he was plying his trade, and enter into possession of all the products of his individual industry. Those of them who had just masters, or who, in the absence of communications in the country, could keep their lords in ignorance of their growing prosperity, became the successful merchants whose sons are now a not insignificant power in the land.

The figures show, however, that considerably less than half the 2,664,000 odd acres which, in 1893, passed from the hands of the nobles to other persons, have been acquired by the powerful merchant class. Even the peasant communes, which might have been expected to absorb the balance, do not appear to have made large purchases. In short, an analysis shows that another class or caste has sprung up in the past thirty years—namely, the wealthy peasant, unfavorably known sometimes in connection with local grain corners, as the *Kulak*, or "Fist," who, being essentially a peasant of the peasants, contrives by superior cunning, sometimes by the possession of a modicum of education, and, in justice, it must be added, by a comparatively sober course of life amid the general drunken license of the Russian village, to add field to field and rouble to rouble, until sufficient has been amassed to permit of extensive usurious dealings, while taking care to keep the favor of the local authorities. The road to wealth is then plain before him, and it is said that even the proverbial Jew is less hard upon his unhappy victims than the peasant *nouveau riche*, doubtless because the name, race, and faith of the former make him less secure from the inquisitions of the law than his orthodox brother.

#### A CHANCE FOR STUDENTS.

The prosperous "Société de l'Industrie Minière" of Saint-Etienne, France, invites original communications from its members on mining, metallurgy and mechanics, for which the Council will award premiums varying from five hundred to one thousand francs. The subjects to be dealt with are: in the mining section, the working of thick-coal seams, and underground haulage by compressed air or electric locomotives; in the metallurgical section, the methods for removing dust from combustible gases, the manufacture of open-hearth steel, and the utilization of the waste heat of furnaces for steam boilers; and, in the mechanical section, the use of high pressure, cut-off gears, compounding and condensation in winding engines, and the employment of superheating in steam engines. The papers must be written in, or translated into, French, and must be in the secretary's hands by December 31, 1897.

#### AN INTERESTING ITEM.

By reason of its mileage and location The Texas and Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home-seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low-rate Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale to all points in Texas and Louisiana March 2d and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th. Elegant equipment; fast time.

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THE MYSTERY  
OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

THE Underground Station at Charing Cross was the scene of considerable excitement on the night of Tuesday, the 4th of November. As the 9.17 London and North-Western train rumbled up the platform a lady was seen standing at the door of one of the first-class carriages, frantically endeavoring to get out, and screaming wildly.

The station inspector ran up to the carriage and pulled open the door, when the lady literally sprang into his arms. She was in a state of violent hysterics, and it was with difficulty that he assisted her across the platform to a seat.

Meanwhile, a small crowd had gathered round the open carriage door. The guard of the train had come up, elbowing his way through, and entered the carriage. The spectators could see a man sitting in the further corner, apparently asleep, his hat over his eyes, his head sunk forward.

"Drunken brute! he's frightened the lady!"

"Pitch him out, guard, and we'll jump on 'im!"

The guard shook the man roughly, his hat rolled off, and the crowd jeered.

Then, suddenly, the guard came back to the door, waved his flag to a porter, and said hurriedly:

"Block the line behind—quick—and send the inspector."

The porter hurried off, shouted to the inspector, and ran down the train to the signal-box.

The inspector left his charge in care of some ladies, and pushed his way into the carriage. The guard said a word to him, and they bent over the man in the corner. Then, with startled faces and compressed lips, after a momentary hesitation, they stooped and lifted him out of the carriage. The head fell back as they carried him awkwardly across the platform, and the crowd shrunk away, silent and scared, at sight of the ghastly limpness and the stains of blood.

"Where to?" said the guard.

"Upstairs, I suppose," said the inspector; and then added: "Best thing would be to take him right on to Westminster. It's a Scotland Yard job, is this?"

"That's so!" said the guard. "And her, too?" nodding toward the hysterical lady on the seat.

"Yes. Put him in again, and lock the door. I'll see to her. Tell Bob to keep the line blocked till they get the word from Westminster."

They put the body back into the carriage, locked the door, and the guard went off to the signal-box, while the inspector took in hand the more difficult task of getting the lady, still in a state of hysterics, back into a carriage.

Finally he had to have her carried in; he stepped in himself, and the train rolled off through the fog, past the line of scared faces on the platform, into the darkness which led toward Westminster; and the red stern light blinked ghoulishly back at the crowd, and tremulously disappeared up the tunnel like a great clot of blood.

Within seven minutes of the arrival of the train at Westminster, Scotland Yard was in possession of the facts, and of the chief factors in the case—the body, and the lady, by this time in a state of extreme nervous prostration. A couple of detectives were minutely examining the carriage as it sped on its journey, and the traffic on the Underground resumed its normal course.

The morning papers contained a brief announcement of the discovery. The evening papers imaginatively worked up all the details they had been able to obtain, and promoted the item to a prominent position among the day's news, in large type, well spaced out. But with the inquest, held next day, the excitement increased. Briefly, all that was learned was this:

From letters and papers found upon deceased, the body was identified as that of Conrad Grosheim, a financier and speculator in the City. The identification was confirmed by Grosheim's clerk, and by the landlady of the rooms he occupied in King's Road, Chelsea.

The station inspector at Charing Cross and the guard of the train spoke to the finding of the body.

Maud Jones stated that she had had a race to catch the train at Temple Station. She was running up toward the second-class carriages when the train started, and the inspector flung open the door of a first-class and assisted her in, telling her to change at the next station. She had not noticed anything wrong with the gentleman in the corner—thought he was asleep—remembered his cigarette had slipped from his fingers, and was still smoking on the floor, when suddenly her eyes caught sight of blood dripping from his coat, and it flashed upon her that he was dead. She was so horrified that she nearly lost her senses. Was positive the cigarette on the floor was smoking when she got in. No, she did not smell anything like powder—nothing but the cigarette. The window next the dead man was up. She touched nothing in the carriage, and got out of it as soon as she could. She was a waitress at Belloni's Restaurant, in the Strand. She had never seen the gentleman before, and was only sorry she had ever set eyes on him at all.

The inspector at Temple Station confirmed Miss Jones's story as to her being put into the carriage.

The ticket porter at Temple Station swore positively that no one whatever got out of that train. He had watched the young lady helped into the first-class carriage by the inspector, and there was not a single person on the platform when the train went out, except the inspector. Nobody could possibly have got up the stairs while he was watching. He had snapped the ingress gate as the lady passed through, and had not opened the egress one.

Dr. Mortimer stated that he had examined the body, and was of opinion that death had taken place not more than fifteen minutes, certainly not more than half an hour, before his examination. Cause of death was a bullet through the heart. It had entered the body level and straight, passed through the heart causing instant

death, and was found inside the ribs on the right side of the body. Bullet produced. It was of an unusually conical shape, and by impact with the ribs had been slightly flattened. In its natural shape it would be sharper, almost pointed. There were no signs of singeing or burning on deceased's clothing. The bullet made a clean cut through coat and vest, and did its work. If, as he understood, deceased was sitting in the corner of the carriage facing slightly toward the corner which Miss Jones occupied, the shot must have been fired from the seat exactly opposite where deceased sat.

"Or through the window?" queried the coroner.

"Or through the window," granted the doctor. "The exact spot from which the shot was fired would depend upon the angle at which deceased was sitting, but I understood the window was found closed."

"Could the wound have been self-inflicted?"

"It could, of course, but not without singeing the clothing."

"Could deceased have shot himself, thrown the revolver out of the window, and raised the window?"

"Absolutely impossible; death was instantaneous."

Miss Jones, recalled, stated that the window was up when she entered the carriage. She was quite certain of that. It was a close, muggy night, and she felt half-suffocated. The window nearest her was jammed, and she could not let it down. She had looked across at the other, and thought of trying to open it. Then she saw the cigarette smoking on the floor, and then she saw the blood, and then she remembered screaming.

Detective-Sergeant Doane, of Scotland Yard, stated that the case had been placed in his hands; that he had taken possession of the carriage within a few minutes of the discovery of the body. It had been examined most minutely by himself and a colleague, both inside and out. Beyond the cigarette, trampled flat, probably in the removal of the body, and a few drops of blood on the floor, nothing whatever had been found. There was no weapon, no signs of a struggle. The contents of deceased's pockets, including a valuable watch and chain, had not been touched. He had questioned the passengers in the next compartments, but no one had heard a shot, or any sound whatever, except the screams of Miss Jones. Further stated that if Miss Jones was correct in stating that the cigarette was still burning on the floor when she entered, and he had no reason to doubt it, he judged that the deed was committed in the tunnel between Mansion House and Blackfriars, and he arrived at it thus: A cigarette would burn on the floor for five minutes; the train took one and a half minutes to travel from Temple to Charing Cross, half a minute's stoppage at Temple; two minutes from Blackfriars to Temple, half a minute stoppage at Blackfriars took them into the tunnel between Mansion House and Blackfriars, and there the shot must have been fired. That tunnel had been searched inch by inch, so had the others, but nothing whatever had been found. He had his own ideas on the subject, but declined at present to make them public. Deceased's ticket was from Mansion House to Sloane Square.

The jury returned a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown; and so one more was added to the long list of undiscovered crimes of the Metropolis.

## CHAPTER II.

(From the "Link," November 12, 1894.)

## ANOTHER MURDER ON THE UNDERGROUND.

The "Link" Man on the Spot, as usual.

At 9.21 exactly, last night, as the weary "Link" man, having finished his appointed tasks, was patiently traveling in an Underground train to his humble abode at Chelsea, a piece of great good fortune befell him. Great good fortune to one man generally means corresponding bad fortune to some other man, and so it was in this case. Without desiring to appear over-presumptuous, it does seem providential—that is, to the readers of the "Link"—that the "Link" man was right on the spot, and is therefore able to give an eye-witness's account of the very strange occurrence which took place at St. James's Park Station on the Underground Railway last night.

Our contemporaries have published more or less garbled versions of the matter. They have done their best. The "Link," however, was the only paper actually represented, and able, therefore, to give an absolutely exact account of what happened.

The "Link" man entered the train at Blackfriars, traveling third-class, as usual. He always travels third—not, as you might imagine, from necessity, but from choice. He thereby sees and feels, and, in every sense of the word, comes so much more in contact with his fellows than is possible in the cold, refined, varnish-and-saddlebag atmosphere of the first-class. After standing patiently past three stations, the "Link" man had just managed to gently insinuate his person into the sixth place on a seat intended for five, and was jocularly remarking to his scowling neighbors, upon portions of whom he was sitting, that the tighter you sat the less you joggled, when a series of piercing screams from the next carriage forward rent the darkness of the tunnel, and heated all the "Link" man's professional instincts to boiling point. He sprang to the door. Something was happening—something untoward and out of the common. Such screams—off the stage—were an outrage, or implied one.

His first intention was to climb along the footboard till he arrived at the screams. But thoughts of Mrs. "Link"-man and all the little "Link"-men and women deterred him, and he decided not to risk his precious life, but to be first on the scene, all the same.

The screams had ceased. The silence seemed even more pregnant. While the screams continued something was happening. With their cessation, it—whatever it was—had happened. As the train slowed up at St. James's Park, the "Link" man dashed forward to the next carriage—the rearmost first-class—and this is what he saw on opening the door: a lady lying apparently lifeless in the corner seat nearest the platform, and on the floor, face downward, the body of a man.

A crowd rushed to the door almost as soon as the "Link" man, but his were the first eyes that witnessed the scene. The station inspector came up, and was for ordering the "Link" man away, but, upon the latter

disclosing his identity, became the courteous official the "Link" man has always found him, except upon that one unfortunate occasion when he (the inspector) found him (the "Link" man) riding first with a third-class ticket, and only let him off imprisonment for life with a reprimand, which still tingles in the "Link" man's ears, on the "Link" man's proving to him by ocular demonstration that every third-class carriage was carrying thirty per cent more humanity than it had any right to do.

The guard came up, too, and, ex-officio, the "Link" man was privileged to share the labors and cogitations of these officials.

By virtue of her sex, the lady claimed their first attention. She was in a dead faint, and was carefully carried through a double line of curious faces by the "Link" man and the guard to one of the station seats.

The "Link" man left the guard in charge, and hurried back to the carriage.

The inspector was stooping over the prostrate man, and as the "Link" man stepped in, he looked up with scared face, and said, "It's another murder job!"

"Good God!" said the "Link" man, involuntarily, for this was getting exciting. Then he saw blood on the inspector's hands. "Better block the line behind, and wire to Scotland Yard, hadn't you?" he suggested.

"It blocks itself," said the inspector; "but we'll make doubly sure. Stop here in charge, will you, and I'll wire Scotland Yard at the same time." And he went off at a run, leaving the "Link" man in full charge.

Note-book and pencil came out of their own accord, with the following results: "First-class carriage No. 32, London and North-Western train, St. James's Park; time 9.25 P.M. Body dressed in dark-gray overcoat with velvet collar—dark trousers—black diagonal coat and vest—patent leather shoes—Lincoln & Bennett hat, bruised from a fall. Face, so far as visible, dark and pale—age about 45—four-coil snake ring, with ruby and diamond in head, on third finger of left hand. In vest, exactly over heart, small, clean-cut hole, no singeing or burning, no smell of powder—no signs of struggle—window furthest from platform closed. Note.—Exactly a week, to the minute almost, since discovery of the murder at Charing Cross last week. Is this accident or horrible intention?"

"Link" man acknowledges to creepy feeling. Door opens. Inspector returns, and a few minutes later, Scotland Yard, in person of quiet, stern-faced Detective-Sergeant Doane, who has the previous case in hand, arrives with a colleague. They examine carriage minutely, inside and out, rear-side and off-side, under and over. They say little, but make many notes.

Carriage is locked up, and train sent on. "Link" man notices that most carriages are about half as full as when train came in, as though many had conceived sudden distaste for underground travel—that no single travelers are to be seen—general mistrustful gregariousness observable. "Link" man feels himself that sooner than travel in a carriage alone, or with only one other person, he would stop on the platform all night, and sleep on Smith's bookstall.

Body is carried to ambulance. Lady, now reviving, is placed in cab, and all drive off to Scotland Yard.

The unfortunate victim of this second outrage has since been identified as George Villars, commercial traveler, residing at West Kensington. The lady is Mrs. Corbett, manageress of the A.B.C. shop in Albert Street, Westminster.

Her account is simply that she entered the train at Westminster, and had barely got seated when the gentleman opposite lurched forward in his seat, presumably with the shaking of the carriage, and then fell prone on the floor. She saw blood on the floor, and screamed, and then fainted.

What may be the meaning of this exact repetition of the murder at Charing Cross exactly a week ago it is impossible to say.

The time, the manner, the general conditions, are as nearly as possible identical.

Are both murders the act of the same hand? or is Number Two but one more proof of the epidemic nature of abnormal crimes—the result, in fact, of the action of Crime Number One on some weak intellect, with a morbid craving for notoriety?

One thing is certain: travel on the Underground is less attractive than of yore, and the homely 'bus is rising in public estimation.

(Continued next week.)

## WHERE SALT IS A LUXURY.

The greatest of all luxuries in Central Africa is salt. The long-continued use of vegetable food in that country creates so painful a longing for salt that natives deprived of it for a long period often show symptoms of insanity.

THE composer, C. Grammann, who died recently at Dresden, was born at Lubeck. His best-known work is the romantic opera, "Melusine," first performed at Wiesbaden in 1875. Grammann was an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner.

## IT DEPENDS.

You say he was an artist then,  
And now? Well, really, I don't know  
Whether he calls his working den  
An atelier or studio!

## WESTWARD THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

The traveler, tourist or business man is wise when he selects the Rio Grande Western Railway "Great Salt Lake Route" for his route to the Pacific Coast. It is the only transcontinental line passing directly through Salt Lake City, and in addition to the glimpse it affords of the Temple City, the Great Salt Lake and picturesque Salt Lake and Utah Valley, it offers the choice of three distinct routes through the mountains and the most magnificent scenery in the world.

On all Pacific Coast tourist tickets stop-overs are granted at Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Leadville, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden and other points of interest. Double daily train service and through Pullman and Tourist sleeping cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the "Great Salt Lake Route," write L. B. EVELAND, Traveling Passenger Agent, 305 West Ninth street, Kansas City, or F. A. WADLEIGH, General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

The American colony of Topolobambo in Mexico is to be made successful, its founder thinks, if a renewal of the concession can be had. Americans anywhere may be sure of the best wishes of their fellow-countrymen, but it does seem strange that any body of colonists should want to go so far from home as Topolobambo is, when there is within our own national boundaries soil and climate of almost every description—places even as hot, desolate and far from civilization as Topolobambo is said to be.

It seems strange that not until this year have arrangements been made for a memorial to Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." For more than eighty years his poem has been read, declaimed and sung, and the music to which the words are sung has been officially made our national air, yet until next year the song itself will have been the writer's only monument. There has been no lack of appreciation of the man and his work; the trouble seems to be that so many Americans of the past deserve special recognition that monument committees cannot keep pace with them.

Bicyclists in general are as reasonable as other human beings, but sometimes when they get together and free their associated minds they seem to forget that no one class of persons, however estimable, is entitled to the entire earth. Some of the resolutions passed by wheelmen at meetings in New York and elsewhere imply that roads exist for pleasure and exercise rather than for business purposes—an implication which town and county officials will resent until wheelmen themselves pay the greater part of the road taxes—which wheelmen never will.

The genius who drafted the Michigan bill for the taxation of bachelors is about to ruin his scheme by adding a clause requiring that unmarried women also shall be taxed. The man who does not marry has only himself to blame; if a woman will have him, the fault is entirely his own. On the other hand, women are so good and men are so stupid that the women who really are best are likely to longest remain unmarried, partly because men are too stupid to discover who are the best members of the fairer sex, but partly also because the aforesaid best do not receive marriage offers from men good enough for them to accept as companions for life.

Unless many experimenters and observers are lying, we are soon to have the results of photography in colors and a longer step further in art than ever has been made by means of a single discovery. It is true that the clever men and women who paint in oils or water-colors insist that photography is not art; to the millions who look at pictures, however, the promise that faces and scenes are to be reproduced in their natural colors by photography is so delightful that whether or no the pictures will be artistic is a question on which the people will decline to argue. It is said and believed that Americans spend more money on photographic portraits and views than any other people in the world, the natural implication being that they more than any other people have men and women and scenes most worth looking at. Nevertheless, the utter "deadness" of a photographic picture is the cause of much complaining; complexion of individuals, and tints, lights, etc., of scenery are all reduced to a dead level of color by the photographic plate as it is. There are some patriotic and sensible Americans who believe that could an American sunset sky or an American forest in autumn be portrayed faithfully, all of the world that has the passage-money would hurry over here to see for itself, and remain here ever afterward.

There has been much indignation expressed at the sordid spirit of manufacturers who are buying large quantities of wool and sugar for the sole purpose of avoiding payment of the new tariff duties which will be imposed upon these articles, but we hear no criticisms of individuals who are trying to "stock up" with sugar, clothing, etc., before the change of prices comes. If it is unpatriotic for a wholesale buyer to try to escape the higher prices which increase of tariff charge compels, the retail buyer who is moved by the same economical impulse is just as unpatriotic; the difference between the two men is merely a difference in the number of dollars. No way of increasing tariff duties without also increasing prices has ever been devised, nor can it ever be where nations need more money and men do business for profit and not merely to benefit their fellow-men. As wise advertisers are saying, "Now is the time to buy"—whether in large quantities or small, if one wishes to buy at lowest prices.

Mr. Bayard, for the last four years Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, has received the extraordinary honor of being complimented from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, "for his powerful contributions to the peace of the world." As the English Church is part and parcel of the British Government, which does not like to be outdone in any respect, it is to be hoped that some members of the aforesaid Government were in the Cathedral at the time the compliment was expressed, and that they were inspired to deeds of emulation. Were Great Britain honestly interested in the maintenance of peace in the world, there would be very few wars and rumors of wars. Perhaps, however, the Government over there is entirely satisfied with such peace as lets Britain go her own gait, no matter how the rest of the world may be warring.

It is to be regretted that the sectional feeling of the South has been reawakened and that the man who did it was of high position in a great religious denomination. Causes, like individuals, get most of their sentimental adherents after they are dead, so to abuse them then is little better, practically, than to help them while

## LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

they live. Nothing but malevolent self-gratification can be gained by resurrecting the Lost Cause.

Americans being always quick to adopt any foreign innovations that seem good, we may expect soon to hear of the organization of some "silent" clubs, after the model of one that has been started successfully in Vienna. New York already has a silent restaurant, and there are barber shops whose customers pay double prices for the luxury of being shaved without conversation as an accompaniment; but ordinarily quiet is more difficult to find than any other of the comforts which poor humanity sometimes craves.

As it is current belief that great changes of the earth's surface through expansion and shrinking are now out of date, it may be interesting to note that an upheaval of the ocean's bed off the coast of Mexico has recently been reported by vessels that skirt the coast. Where there was water more than a hundred feet deep near the shore there now are miles of rock exposed at low tide. Many seamen of good reputation and sense about other matters insist that upheavals of portions of the ocean's bed are not of rare occurrence, even in countries not afflicted with volcanoes and earthquakes.

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

## THE FRENCH NAVY.

M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU in the March number of the "North American Review" strikes a note of warning with regard to the deplorably inefficient condition of the French navy. With the accession to power of Gambetta's Administration in 1881 hopes were entertained that the new Secretary of the Navy, Commandant Gougeard, would revolutionize that important arm of the service. "He undertook all the reforms—reforms of the staffs, and the material; the creation of a high school for naval war; plans for the construction of fast modern ships, and for placing the harbors and coasts in a condition of defense. And then his successor, Admiral Jaure Guiberry, by a few strokes of the pen, reduced all his patriotic labor to nothing."

M. Clemenceau having given these succinct facts, touches on the Chinese campaign of 1883-85, in which he says: "Our navy distinguished itself by a few acts of heroism, but it must be admitted that it did not meet a fleet worthy of the name." He continues: "During the chase of the Chinese squadron, the ironclad 'La Bayard' displayed a speed superior to that of the Chinese cruisers and kept ahead of the racing platoon, yet the 'Bayard' had never developed a speed higher than thirteen knots. Thus the Chinese campaign fully revealed our inferiority in speed, and also our lack of serviceable cruisers." An impartial observer must own these are humiliating admissions for a patriotic Frenchman. But worse follows: "The official reports of Admiral Courbet are full of complaints in regard to this particular, a fact which was not altogether a surprise to his comrades who had remained in France." But the letter of Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, written to Admiral Courbet on the Chinese coast from the arsenal city, Toulon, appears to us the climax of the situation. It is dated "Toulon, March 12, 1884," and begins "My dear Courbet":

"What shall I tell you about our navy? I do not see a particle of energy anywhere. It seems to me they do not know their own position in regard to shipbuilding. Great speed is absolutely paramount, yet we continue to build ships which are neither fish nor flesh, so to speak."

M. Clemenceau goes on: "The proposals of reform designated 'new ideas' date back at least to 1849, and in 1896 were still uncarried out." Hundreds of millions of francs expended for the defense of the country melted in the crucible of the "Rue Royale"; that is, had been squandered in unproductive outlay.

The voting of two hundred millions of francs decided by the Cabinet for the building of cruisers, gunboats of low-water draught, torpedoes of maximum speed and the establishment of navy yards at Porto Vecchio, Corsica, and Bizerte, Tunis, was never realized because of Admiral Aube's resignation from the Secretaryship of the Navy. His successor, M. Barbey, did not hesitate an instant to give up the extraordinary credits for the renewal of the fleet and the defense of the coasts. The length of time required to build a battleship in France is forcibly given by the following items: "The order for putting in ship 'Le Jaureguiberry,' a battleship of 11,824 tons, dates from April 8, 1891, and it is not yet in service at the time I am writing. The order for 'Le Bouvines,' 6,610 tons, dates back to December 18, 1889, and this ship has not yet been put in service. The order for starting to build 'Le Dupuy de Lôme,' a cruiser of 6,300 tons, was given on November 26, 1887. She was not put in service until 1895."

Contrast with this delay the launching of the British ironclad, "The Majestic," of 14,910 tons, two years after the laying of the first piece of keel; and the launching of the "Kaiser Frederic III.," a German ironclad of 11,500 tons, in July, 1896, within sixteen months after having been keeled on the 5th of March, 1895. A fleet for speed is a desideratum for which M. Clemenceau is working. In conclusion he appeals to his countrymen "to uphold France, to reckon no more on former so-called saviors, sadly embodied nowadays in impotent officials, but on the eager watch, on the stubborn labor of every hour, on the will forever present to give at any time its full effect to the courage of a nation of which the curtailed territory proves that the greatest bravery is powerless to command victory if it is not assisted by systematic preparations during time of peace."

## HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

## MODENE



AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—IN CONSEQUENCE, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the face of the hair, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on the arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPPLIES EVERYWHERE.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a precious boon in Modene, which dissolves away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair on the face, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. C. F. CUMMINGS, Cincinnati, O. U. S. A. (Postage stamps received in lieu of cash.) LADIES' SKIN, LACK OF COLOR, AND OTHER SKIN AFFECTIONS. Cut this advertisement out.

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We offer \$1,000 FOR A BLUR OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. C. F. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

THE Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, which inaugurated the Diamond Jubilee season, was the most brilliant reunion held for years. The presence of the Queen lent a special éclat to the event, and confirmed the most sanguine expectations. Her Majesty has never divested herself of mourning since the death of the late Prince Consort, so she was attired in rich black silk, a headdress and veil of white tulle surmounted by a diadem of pearls and diamonds, pearl ornaments, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, the Royal Red Cross, and the Coburg. The built-up chair was used, which gave the Queen the appearance of receiving those presented to her standing, as in the early days of her reign. The Princess of Wales has been wearing the willow, more or less, since the death of her favorite son, the late Duke Clarence. Her black velvet gown, trimmed with sable, corsage and train to match, black feathers and veil had a funeral aspect at the Drawing-Room, only relieved from utter gloom by her turquoise and diamond ornaments, and the orders Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Danish family and golden wedding orders, and the Jubilee commemorative medal. The Duchess of Albany, widow of the Queen's youngest son, wore black and white brocade, a train of black velvet, white feathers and veil, with diamond ornaments. Princess Victor of Hohenlohe was also robed in a train of black moire, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, with a corsage and petticoat of black satin. The Yeomen of the Guard, under the command of Earl Waldegrave, were on duty in the interior of the palace, while the Queen's body guard of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, under the command of Lord Belper, kept watch and ward over the State salons. The quadrangle of the palace outside was filled by a guard of honor of the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, with the band of the regiment, and another guard of honor of the Second Life Guards, with their band, was in the courtyard of the palace. Along the park opposite the front entrance the royal Horse Guards Guard of Honor was stationed, and enormous crowds thronged the way, at both sides of the Mall, along the Green Park and the palace grounds, watching the different occupants of the stately equipages, which formed one unbroken cortege of hours.

The Queen entered the throne room shortly after three o'clock, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the royal family. A most distinguished array of ladies attended the Queen, the Duchess of Buccleuch foremost, as mistress of the robes, and the whole of the Queen's official household, consisting of the Lord Steward, the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Latham, the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, Viscount Curzon, Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Coventry, Master of the Buckhounds, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir Arthur Bigge, Private Secretary, Lord Harris, Lord in Waiting. Then came the equestrian, the groom in waiting, groom of the robes, and pages of honor. It being St. Matthias' Day, the knights of the different orders appeared in their collars. The diplomatic circle was represented by all the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Court of St. James, from all parts of the world. Mrs. Bayard, wife of the United States Ambassador, presented three ladies, Mrs. and Miss Marshall Fox, and Miss Maynard Butler, all of whom were much admired, and criticised as being the latest addition to Court circles from the New World. At the Drawing-Room held by the Princess of Wales a week later Mrs. Bayard presented Miss Forbes Morgan, Mrs. Frederick Post, Miss Post, and Mrs. Francis Rives. In the absence of the Marchioness of Salisbury, who is on the Riviera, the Duchess of Devonshire introduced the ladies of the diplomatic circle, the lady Mayoress of London, and others. Her Grace of Devonshire was literally a blaze of jewels, not alone the usual ornaments, a coronet, necklace, bracelets, etc., but her train of heliotrope velvet, which fell from both shoulders lined with satin of a paler shade, was adorned with a wide band of silver and diamond embroidery. The corsage and skirt were trimmed with the same costly design, the leaves with diamond centers traced in silver down each seam.

The "double duchess," as she is familiarly called from the fact of her first marriage with the fifth Duke of Manchester, looked exceedingly handsome, despite her over sixty years. Her grandson, the young Duke of Manchester, born March 2, 1877, is supposed to be betrothed to Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of Mr. William Waldorf Astor; but until the young Duke attains his majority next year nothing definite may probably be

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.







He—"Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes—and what do you admire in me?"  
She—"Your good taste."

### ARE YOU A GOOD GUESSER? An Interesting Contest Offered by a Responsible Publishing House

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not to be expected that they should find any cause for uneasiness in such a state of things, for, ever since they became the masters of the fairest countries of the East, it has been their policy and delight to depopulate the regions which they have ruled. The fact is recalled by Mr. Gladstone that the intention has been announced on behalf of the Ottoman ruler, an announcement almost incredible yet true, that when the Greek forces shall have been expelled from the island, the very same Turkish soldiers that are fresh from the butchery of Armenians are to remain as guardians of order in Crete.

We pass to the second phrase by which a studious effort has been made to befog the public mind, "the integrity of the Turkish Empire." We are told by the German Emperor, by the Russian Emperor, and by others, that reforms can only be brought about in Turkey on the condition of maintaining the Ottoman State intact. There was a time, Mr. Gladstone concedes, when the phrase had a meaning and was based upon a theory, but the meaning has been a fluctuating one, and the theory has been renounced. The catch word of "integrity of the Ottoman Empire" has had, indeed, a different significance in almost every decade of the century now expiring. In the first quarter of this century it meant that Turkey, though her system was poisoned and effete, still occupied, in right of actual sovereignty, the whole south-eastern corner of Europe. In 1830 it meant that her baleful sovereignty had been abridged by the excision of Greece from Turkish territory and by the partial liberation of Servia. In 1860 it meant that the Danubian principalities, now forming the kingdom of Roumania, had obtained their emancipation virtually complete. In 1878 it meant that Bosnia and Herzegovina had escaped from any but a merely nominal connection with Turkey; that Servia was enlarged, and that northern Bulgaria was free. In 1880 it meant that Montenegro had crowned its glorious battle of four hundred years by achieving acknowledgment of its independence and obtaining a great accession of territory, and that Thessaly was added to free Greece. In 1886 it meant that southern Bulgaria had been permitted to associate herself with her northern sister. What, asks Mr. Gladstone, is the upshot of all this? The upshot is that eighteen million of human beings, who a century ago were subject to the paralyzing and degrading yoke of the Turkish Empire, are now as free from it as if they were inhabitants of the British islands. Why, then, is it still dimmed into the ears of mankind from the thrones, the foreign offices, and the obsequious presses of a continent, that human beings must not allow their regard for justice, humanity, and freedom of life and honor to bring into question or put to hazard the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire"? What is there left of an integrity, which has never been respected in the past, and why should a catchword so notoriously senseless be expected to have any force in the eyes of reasonable human beings? Are we really, inquires Mr. Gladstone, to commence our twentieth century under the shadow of a belief that conventions, set up by self-seeking governments in pursuance of the policy of the moment, are everything, and that community of blood, religion, history, sympathy and interest, are nothing? In the eyes of the particular powers, primarily responsible for the present scandalous situation, all these things, indeed, count for nothing. By those, however, to whom Mr. Gladstone has especially addressed himself, by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, a different answer will be returned.

In a word, Mr. Gladstone has arraigned the so-called European concert as a combination, some of whose members are not even seeking harmony, but rather the profit that may be gained from the discord they can produce; while others through timidity or less laudable motives allow themselves to be swayed one way or another by the more unscrupulous. When he deals with the way in which the peoples of Europe are shut out by this pretended concert of the powers from all participation in the conduct of affairs, so vitally affecting their own interests, and perhaps even their liberty, he unquestionably sets a finger on the danger-spot of the situation. It may well be that the peril he indicates, and his description of the humiliation of England, pinned to the aprons of "two young men" at the heads of governments that "fight steadily against freedom," may evoke in England at all events, if not also in France and Italy, an expression of

feeling that will tend to give another direction to affairs.

Mr. Gladstone's championship of Greece is only, of course, the natural expression of sentiments that are the outcome of his education and of his general sympathies. To those sympathies he gave a voice when he recommended the annexation of the Ionian Islands to the Hellenic kingdom, and, again, when he insisted upon the cession of Thessaly to Greece. Never, however, had any Philhellenist so impressive an occasion for championship as is now offered. For how stands the case of Crete in relation to Greece? Mr. Gladstone replies by recalling the fact that Ottoman rule in Crete is only a thing of yesterday, whereas Crete was part of Greece, and the Cretan people were a part of the Greek people, at least three thousand years ago. The moral and human ties between them have never been broken, nor have they even lapsed; and it is predicted by their present defender that in the long years and centuries to come, when the bad dream of Ottoman dominion shall have passed away from Europe, that union will still subsist and cannot but prevail as long as a human heart beats in a human bosom. So much for sympathy; an equally strong case can be made on the ground of common sense. Mr. Gladstone submits that, in the midst of high and self-sacrificing enthusiasm, the Greek government and people have shown excellent judgment in pleading that the deliberate and general wishes of the people of Crete shall be suffered to determine the position in which they are to be henceforth placed. Let a plebiscite be taken and let the powers abide by the result, unless their secret intention is to deal with the Cretan Christians, as they dealt with the Armenian Christians, by replacing them under the Turkish yoke. In the demand that the Cretans themselves shall be consulted with respect to the final disposition of their island, the Greeks have taken a position of indestructible strength. They have not insisted on an abstract objection to the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, provided this were deemed essential by the powers. Mr. Gladstone himself sees no conclusive reason why Crete should not be practically united with Greece, and yet not be detached in theory from the body of the Ottoman Empire. He points out that there is an example of such an arrangement in the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which provinces are administered by Austria, but have not been formally severed from the overlordship of the Sultan. Cyprus is similarly administered by Great Britain, and European history is full of corresponding facts. If Mr. Gladstone quotes the precedent of Cyprus, it is because he would like to see the population of that Hellenic island placed by friendly accommodation in organic relations with their brethren of the Greek kingdom and of Crete.

It is finally recognized in the last section of this eloquent pamphlet, that at the present juncture Greece, which some of the powers seem disposed to treat as a criminal and disturber, has in very truth conferred by her bold action a great service upon Europe. She has made it impossible to palter with the Cretan question, as the so-called concert of Europe paltered with the blood-stained question of Armenia. She has extricated it from the meshes of diplomacy, and has placed it on the order of the day for definite and prompt solution. In his experience, which is almost continuous with the annals of the century, Mr. Gladstone can recall no case in which so small a State has conferred so great a benefit. As to the notion that Greece is to be coerced and punished for a great act of virtue and of daring, the author of this pamphlet declares that he hardly likes to sully the page on which he writes by the mention of an alternative so detestable. To coerce Greece would be about as rational as to transport the whole Greek nation, who are in this matter as one man, to Siberia by what is called in the Czar's dominions an administrative order. If any one has such a scheme of policy to propose, Mr. Gladstone advises him to moot it anywhere rather than in England.

Give us, in fine, he says, both light and air. The purport of this invocation is that, all along in this unhappy business, under the color of the "concert of Europe," power and speech have been the monopoly of the governments and their organs. Unquestionably, the nations of Europe are in various stages of training, but Mr. Gladstone, for his part, does not think that there is a single European people, whose judgment, could it be secured, would tolerate the infliction

of punishment upon Greece for the good deeds she has recently performed. Certainly it would not be the French, who even under a reactionary government contributed so largely to the foundation of the Hellenic kingdom; nor would it be the Italians, still so mindful of what they and their fathers have undergone. Least of all, avers Mr. Gladstone, would it be the English, to whom the air of freedom is the very breath of their nostrils, who have already proclaimed their feelings in every way at present open to them, and who, were it now possible to utter them more plainly through a dissolution of Parliament, would show their convictions as they showed them in 1880, by returning a House of Commons which would reflect their wishes with overwhelming emphasis.

This appeal, of course, is not directed, except in a secondary way, to the present Conservative government of the United Kingdom, which still is ostensibly adhering to the European concert, and which for the moment is relying, perhaps too blindly, upon its majority of nearly 150 in the Lower House of Parliament. It is addressed primarily and directly to the great mass of the people in Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States; in all lands, indeed, where the pulse of civilization beats firm and forceful, and where the voice of public opinion is unmuzzled and irresistible. Through all such countries this latest utterance of the eloquent nonagenarian will be carried like a fiery cross.



This being the season in which birds of a feather contemplate migration to other shores I have been honored with a request to outline an ideal trip. But the ideal trip, I may venture to note, was taken but once and that by means of an enchanted carpet. Ocean steamers and foreign railways are not yet quite up to that fantasy of Shahrazad. Then, too, what is ideal to one is apt to be realistic to another. When I was sixteen the everlasting mutton and gooseberry tarts of the old Cunarders were delicious to me. To-day even their memory is loathsome. Apart from that, the ideal trip is, to my thinking, the honeymoon of a charming young couple, too wise not to be occasionally stupid and too much in love to mind what fare they get. To such as they I would suggest the shortest cut to Italy. Ill-advised people go there in winter and wonder in what its charm consists. The time to visit Italy is the spring. Then Capri is a paradise in duodecimo, Como a land of mellow morns and languid dusks, while Rome is fed with memories and with ghosts. But personally I should omit them all. I would go from here to Genoa, from Genoa to Venice, and on her dear lagoons remain. In all the world there is no delight that equals hers. "When we left the station," said Mr. Howells in reference to it long ago, "I was silent, for the wonder of the city was upon me." Said Mr. Henry James a little later: "I asked a friend of mine where he had passed the summer, he told me Venice, and I could have assaulted him for sheer envy." To people in love, whether with themselves or with loveliness, the ideal trip is Venice. In her S in water there is a beauty and a peace which passeth not understanding, perhaps, but all other things earthly.

A subscriber asks what the New Woman is. She is a figment of fancy, the creation of imaginative journalists in whose copy alone she lives, moves and has her being. Elsewhere she is undiscoverable. The term is a label when it is not a libel. The one New Woman was Eve. Succeeding types have been unsuccessful in not resembling her. They are all her daughters. There their newness begins and ends. Occasionally a woman exhibits a masculine trend. But there is nothing novel in that. Sappho did, so did Cleopatra, so did Boadicea, so did a number of other ladies whose names were familiar to us in the nursery. We have but to beckon them out of history, and look them up and down to see that the heroines of the past, like the women of to-day, are quite identical in this, they are every one of them different, and yet absolutely the same. They vary individually and collectively because it is their nature, but the primeval type is unchanged. Woman to-day is as she ever was. It is but her moods and modes that alter. In this country, within the last ten years, for a variety of reasons that extend from higher culture to hard times, a number of young women have dispensed openly, as they ever dispensed privately, with that chaperon who was the melancholy survivor of the duenna of the past. These young women earn their own living, they earn it very well, very decorously, in a fashion entirely becoming. Their various employments—in which may be catalogued everything from decorative art to stenography—are practically new, but the practitioners themselves differ in no other wise from the young women of long ago. Some are sweet, some are not, but the heart of them and the instincts are unaltered.

There is a moral in all things and there was one at Carson. A man who can't take a licking without crying over it is foredoomed to be thrashed. Personally I am delighted that Corbett was. Of all forms of distress self-pity is the most ignoble. It was a righteous termi-



nation to such a spectacle that a big brute should blubber. In days gone by, when there was more science and less money, the prize ring was an institution frequented by the lordliest and the most literary. There were no tears then. No talking either. A succession merely of rattling bouts till the best man won. There the show began and ended. It was an exhibition of self-defense, cool, clever and capable. During a duel in France a few years ago a shower occurred, and one of the principals raised an umbrella. The seconds promptly objected. "Nonsense," said the duelist, "I don't mind being killed, but I won't catch cold." When you come to look at it, it must have been pretty much the same thing at Carson. It was not the loss of the fight that Corbett minded. It was the stakes. That is his idea of the manly art.

A writer on the "Sun" has a different one. In commenting on the spectacle he says it was an exhibition of fighting qualities and not a debauch of blood like the carnivals of Julius Caesar. There is a writer who is a novelist, one whom I could take to my heart. For the Carnival, a festival which originally began on the feast of the Epiphany and continued to Ash Wednesday, when the fast of Lent made an end of the preceding feasting, means literally Farewell to meat, and was about as much observed in the time of Julius Caesar as was Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July. It was in the amphitheater, not in the carnival, that there was a debauch of blood. There, on ascending terraces, a multitude gathered, protected from the sun by a canopy of spangled silk. Beneath was an arena, three acres wide, carpeted with sand, with cinnabar and borax. In it the fighters assembled, Sarmatians, Sicambrians, Parthians and Ethiopians, their different idioms uniting in a single cry—"Caesar, we salute you." The sunlight filtering through the spangled canopy checked their tunics with burning spots, danced on their spears and helmets, dazzled the spectators' eyes. From above descended the caresses of flutes: the air was sweet with perfumes, alive with multi-colored notes, the terraces were parterres of blending hues, and into that splendor a hundred lions, their tasseled tails sweeping the sand, entered obliquely. Leisurely they turned their huge, intrepid heads: to their jaws wide creases came. There was a glitter of fangs, a shiver that moved the mane, a flight of arrows, mounting murmurs, the crouch of beasts preparing to spring, a deafening roar, and, abruptly, a tumultuous mass, the flash of knives, the snap of bones, the cry of the agonized, the fury of beasts transfixed, the shrieks of the mangled, a combat hand to fang, from which lions fell back, their jaws torn asunder, while others retreated, a black body swaying beneath their terrible teeth, and, insensibly, a descending quiet. Perhaps that was the debauch of blood to which this writer referred.

In the last issue of this WEEKLY a recent sonnet of Swinburne's was published. Since then another and fresher poem has appeared. It is too good to pass unnoticed. It has in it flashes of his former splendor, sinews of his former strength. But read and see:

#### FOR GREECE AND CRETE.

Storm and shame and fraud and darkness fill the  
nations full with night:  
Hope and fear whose eyes yearn eastward have but  
fire and sword in sight:  
One alone, whose name is one with glory, sees and  
seeks the light:  
Hellas, mother of the spirit, sole supreme in war and  
peace,  
Land of light, whose word remembered bids all fear  
and sorrow cease,  
Lives again, while freedom lightens eastward yet for  
sons of Greece.  
Greece, where only men whose manhood was as god-  
head ever trod,  
Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith  
her feet are shod:  
Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and  
very God.  
Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph,  
when the fleet  
Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken,  
wake to greet  
Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the  
sacred shores of Crete.  
There was God born man, the song that spake of old  
time said; and there  
Man, made even as God by trust that shows him  
naught too dire to dare,  
Now may light again the beacon lit when those we  
worship were.

I have received, with the compliments of Mr. Arthur Inkersley, a clipping from the San Francisco "News Letter" in which he applies the bastinado for the fashion in which I recently took off my hat to Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. Mr. Inkersley calls it literary log-rolling. He says it is all very well in its way. He adds that we all do it now and then. But, he declares, he cannot repress a feeling of wonder as to whether if the peerless Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger were a poor country postmistress or a schoolma'am instead of the owner of a fine mansion I would be quite as gushing as I am. In order that this gentleman may have no further wonder to repress or express I will end his perturbation by stating that if Mrs. Cruger were a poor country postmistress or a schoolma'am, the gushing she would get from me would find a large and ample playground on the head of a pin. It is not my office, if haply I have one, to gush over nonentities. I fancy that Mr. Inkersley does not consider it to be his office either. I have studied his admirable articles for years. I hope health and strength may be preserved to me in order that these studies may continue. But not once in them yet have I discovered any notice of the unknown. Should ever a postmistress or even a schoolma'am distinguish herself as notably as has Mrs. Cruger I will gush over her in just the same way. But until such an event occurs—*palmam qui meruit ferat*.

Mr. Labouchere in the last issue of "Truth" expresses himself as follows: "Mr. Bradley Martin is one of the

American millionaires at whose behest the game laws are so rigorously enforced in Scotland. At about the time he was making such a vulgar parade of his vast wealth in New York, two poor crofters' sons were being prosecuted at Inverness for snaring a few rabbits on his shooting ground in that locality and were fined thirty shillings each." A list of the American millionaires at whose behest these laws are enforced would be instructive. But the point is elsewhere. Had Mr. Labouchere leased a happy hunting ground he would of course throw it open to all the world. That is the way English editors always do. Mr. Bradley Martin, not being one of the guild, could hardly be expected to follow suit. But even otherwise this particular outrage occurred at a time when he was making a vulgar parade in New York. Necessarily news of such importance was at once cabled to him, whereupon it was his simple duty to have stopped that parade at once. In commenting on these remarks a local writer says that Mr. Labouchere seems to have lost not only his temper but his common sense. Not in the least. Mr. Labouchere never loses either. Moreover, he has plenty of both. But to write one thing and think another happens to all editors, even to the best. Mr. Labouchere is not an exception. He knows perfectly well that there is nothing vulgar in a *bal poudré*. He knows, too, there is nothing of the grinding landlord in Mr. Martin. But there is the Reader to be considered, there is the Rich Man to be attacked. Hence the explosion.

M. Naquet, father of divorce in France, has come to the conclusion that his act wants revising. The record of the business done by the Fourth Chamber of the Paris Civil Tribunal, an institution which corresponds to the one functioning in South Dakota, shows that operations are being performed at the rate of ten per diem. The average is certainly noteworthy, particularly as the patients belong almost wholly to the poorer class. The reason for this may be found in the paternalism of the French Government. Poor people enjoy the prescriptive right of being divorced free. A law enacted long ago, and which is still in force, grants judiciary assistance to all who are unable to pay for it. It was not in any sense intended to facilitate divorce, for divorce did not at the time exist, but its provisions have been found sufficiently elastic to include it, as everything else. All that has to be done is to certify before the Attorney-General of the Republic that you are not in a position to pay for an operation and the surgery is applied on request. In the circumstances it is not surprising that M. Naquet has decided that his act wants revising. Divorce is an old institution now, but at the rate at which it is progressing among the masses in France, marriage will soon cease to be among them what Voltaire said it was, "a few weeks older."

Colonel John Hay's nomination as Ambassador to England, previously predicted in this WEEKLY, is of a nature to satisfy every one acquainted with the requirements of the post. Colonel Hay is in the prime of life, he has had experience in diplomacy, he is a man of letters, and, finally, he is a man of sufficient wealth to enable him to undertake those social duties which latterly have constituted the greater part of the ambassadorial role. Officially an ambassador is still the representative of his country, but as a matter of fact business of any importance with a foreign Power is conducted at Washington by the Secretary of State. The subsidence of war-talk, the certainty that international difficulties must end sooner or later in arbitration, the facilities of communication which the cable has provided, these things, others too, have diminished the ambassador's once towering stature. To-day he is little more than a social envoy whose mission it is to maintain the dignity of his country and to strengthen so far as he may the bonds of comity by dining, being dined, and paying calls on the Queen. These offices are not laborious, but they require tact, which Colonel Hay possesses, and they require wealth, which he possesses as well. In the circumstances it occurs to me, as doubtless it has already occurred to others, that this is an instance of the right man in the right place.

Now that the biking season is about to begin, the notes of the anti-bicyclists are heard in the press. One of the shrillest is that of Dr. Shadwell, an English physician whose lay is neither well-attuned nor sweet. In a recent number of the "National Review" he maintains that while wheeling is advantageous to many, there are yet many others to whom it is distinctly deleterious, resulting, in some cases, in internal inflammation, again in goiter, and particularly in nervous disorders. In his opinion the latter are caused by the instability of the machine, its constant vibration, the continuous effort required to preserve equilibrium, and the consequent strain and tension to which the rider is subjected—views which, while interesting, are otherwise without value. Bicycling is manifestly unsuited to the helpless and the feeble. So, too, is pedestrianism and horseback-riding. Like other forms of excitement, it is not adapted to those whose hearts are weak, and, as in certain varieties of athletics, there is an occasional danger of its being done. But these objections do not apply to those in possession of average sense and strength. On a properly constructed wheel vibration is imperceptible, the effort to preserve equilibrium exists only among beginners, and as for the instability of the machine and the consequent tension on the rider, dear me, if Dr. Shadwell knew how to bike he would know, too, the pleasure of riding on the hind wheel with the front one pawing the air, and the delight which comes when the front one is alone on the asphalt and the rear one is kicking and buck-jumping behind.

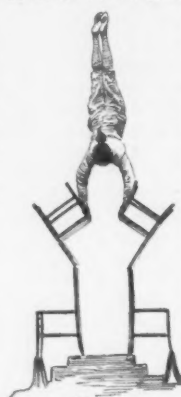
D'Annunzio has been recently interviewed on the subject of the future of fiction. Beyond stating that he is intolerant of pessimism—a theory, parenthetically, which he has worked for all it was worth—and that he believes that life will be rendered beautiful and harmonious by inculcating a universal worship of art—a platitude which has been running about the bookshelves ever since books were shelved—he appears to have been more personal than prophetic. On the subject of what the novel which we all await will be, he is dumb. In the circumstances suppositions may not be wholly idle. It is permissible to fancy that the author

of the future will war with the conventional. Goethe demanded more light, he will need more air, not the atmosphere of a seraglio, but some upland where the lungs are invigorated by that mother of realism, Nature herself. He will study the crowd and its emanations, the individual as well, and then from his knowledge of Nature and his knowledge of man he will be able to explain the duality of the human mind, the influence of surroundings, the changes of views that ensue. Behind the visible act will be the analysis of the invisible cause, the co-ordination of contradictories, the inevitable deduced from chance. And this so clearly, yet so objectively, that the reader who picks up the book for a pastime, suddenly, through the force of accumulated trifles and unobserved effects, will find himself among men and women who no longer seem but are, for whom he suffers and for whose miseries he may attempt to devise a cure. It is this, perhaps, that the novelist of the future will do. In the perspective he may shake the emptiness of philosophies, but in the foreground will be the majesty of the Superterrestrial which our intellect has been impotent to grasp. He will do this, more it may be, for always in his ears will be the mutterings of the Sphinx propounding the eternal riddle. And by way of reward a year or two after his death one publisher will confide to another that Soandso is beginning to sell.

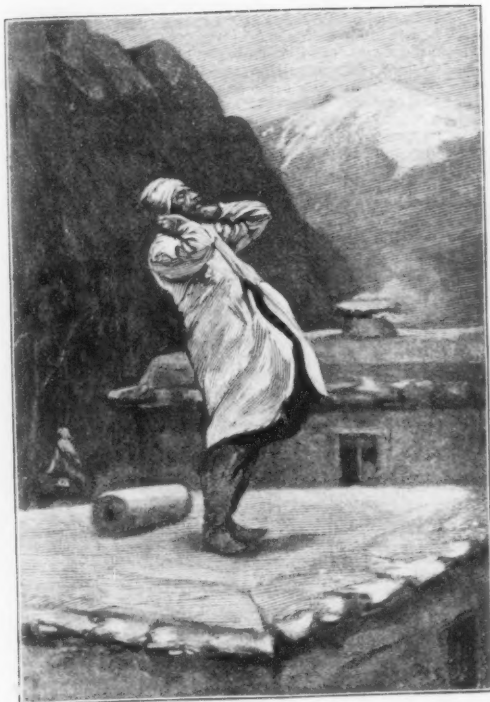
It is now tolerably certain that the process of illustrating books, magazines and even newspapers will be revolutionized by the new photographic method of reproducing colors which was recently outlined in this column. Though the rationale of the method is still a secret, the value of the result is plain. Concerning the process all that is at present known is the fact demonstrated by the inventor that he can transfer to a negative, and thence reproduce on glass or paper, the exact hues of any given object. There are no pigments employed, the plates are not washed with colored solutions, and it is not necessary to view the pictures through any combination of tinted glass. An excellent example exhibited is a sunrise in which the faint flush of dawn is vanishing before the yellow menace of the day. A sketch in water-color could not be more delicate nor yet more clear. In the case of a rock picture also exhibited it is said that when the glass plate on which it was printed was examined under a microscope, mussels were seen, their iridescent hues gleaming distinguishably. Another specimen, representative of a seashore, exhibits the tints of the sand and of the waves not only with admirable fidelity but in a fashion which would tax the highest art of any painter however skilled. Taking one thing with another, it looks as though the pictorial world were to be highly and permanently embellished.

Mr. Hammerstein, proprietor of the Olympia, is an impresario with laudable inspirations. He has noted, as we all have, that in midsummer the temperature of the metropolis is depressing, that the most neighborly escape from it is Coney Island, that there, as often as not, the temperature is more depressing still, that to those condemned to remain in town there is by way of entertainment nothing more refreshing than the roof-garden, and he has planned, devised and executed a scheme for general relief. Every evening during the coming summer there will leave the Battery an immense barge of steel which, under his supervision, will offer a vaudeville show, a table d'hôte dinner, and which, towed by one or two powerful tugs a few miles down the bay, will provide you, amid the salt and savor of the ocean, with the opportunity for a plunge. Mr. Hammerstein declares that the vaudeville is to be superexcellent and the table d'hôte unsurpassed. But seeing will be believing. It is a year and a day since I saw a really good variety entertainment, and out of Europe I have never assisted at a satisfactory table d'hôte in my life. As an offset, however, against possible disappointment in these respects, there is to be a deck devoted to dancing, which will have a superficial area of twenty thousand feet and accommodate five thousand people. If your inclinations are exclusive that portion of the barge you will presumably avoid, and you can do so by taking a private box in which you may view the show, inhale the breeze, and even dine. Season tickets are to be issued, but to those of decorous tastes I can fancy that one trip will be sufficient.

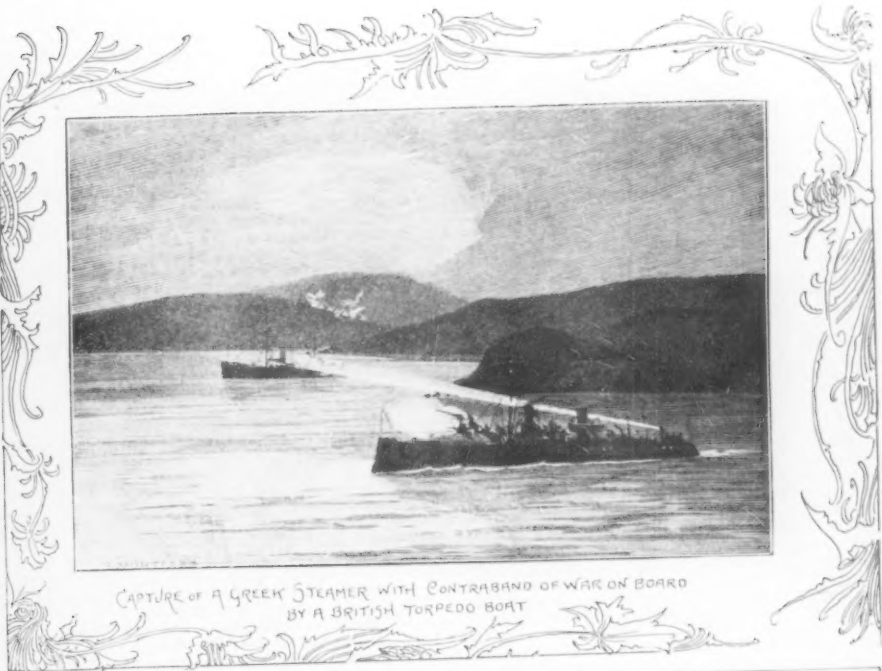
Meanwhile spectators at the Olympia are, I hear, to be gratified and confused by the appearance of Sadi Alfarabi, an equilibrist who has already astonished the politer sections of Europe. A Russian by birth, an acrobat by profession, Alfarabi is a klinker. On the summit of a miniature Eiffel Tower, thirty feet high, he revolves on his hands, his feet in the air, while on the



nape of his neck a lamp glows steadily. Presently, supporting himself with but one hand, with the other he removes the lamp, drops it to an assistant, turns a species of summersault, lights on his feet, and with a pair of billiard cues for stilts promenades about, but supported as before by his hands, his legs perfectly perpendicular in the air. That being insufficient for his diversion, he indulges by way of climax in a miracle of equipoise. On a stand he places two chairs, slightly separated, back to back, on the top of each he puts another, upside down, and instantly, with the ease of a bird, he is again in the air, supporting himself in the fashion shown in the picture. This is not art, but it is the evidence of a dexterity which very closely approaches it, and after dinner, to the accompaniment of slow music, it is by way of entertainment a better aid to digestion than the rowdy songs, the rough and tumble numbers, and stupid paretic jokes with which the average variety stage is encumbered.



ARMENIA AFTER THE MASSACRES: PRIEST CALLING MUSLIMS TO PRAYER



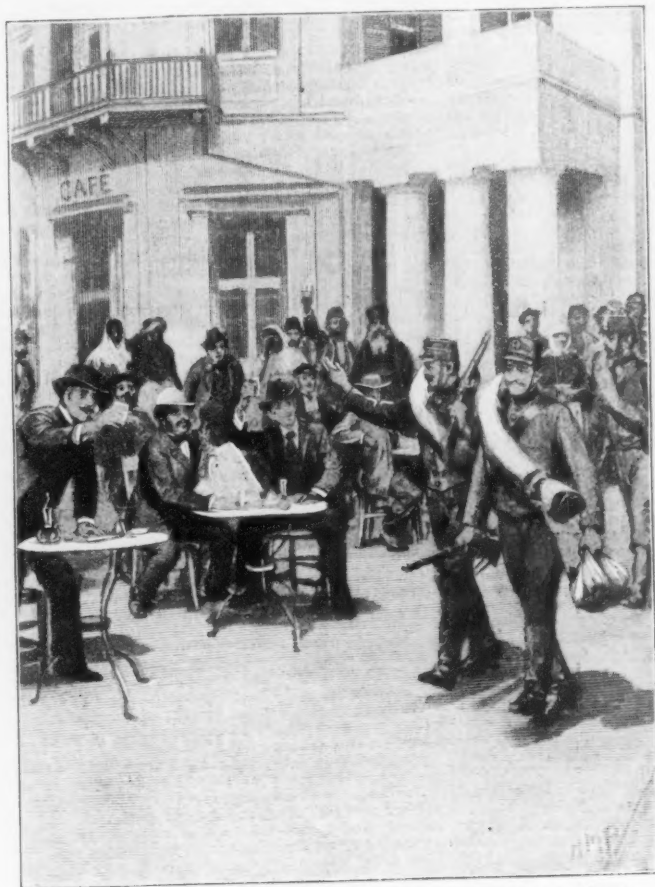
CAPTURE OF A GREEK STEAMER WITH CONTRABAND OF WAR ON BOARD BY A BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT



GOVERNOR'S PALACE VLADIVOSTOK



A RUSSIAN STRONGHOLD IN THE FAR EAST VLADIVOSTOK WITH RUSSIAN WARSHIPS AT ANCHOR



SCENE OUTSIDE A CAFE AT ATHENS. SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO CRETE



THE COMING JUBILEE. QUEEN VICTORIA'S LATEST PORTRAIT

SOME FOREIGN PICTURES OF INTEREST.



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## EAT NOT THY HEART

"Eat not thy heart,"—*Pytho aris*

BY

JULIEN GORDON

Author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man,"  
"Vampires," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"JOSEPH BUSH," said Beth, "what ails you? Is it the chills again?"

Joe entered. He divested himself carefully of his coat, folded it, and placed it upon a chair, but he kept his hat on. They were in the "best parlor," that shaded, cared-for room which had gone through such transformation since Beth first reigned there. Something ominous seemed foreboded by this interview between husband and wife in these official quarters reserved for "company," swept and garnished for days of feasting. Joe sat down by the table, resting his arms upon it, his chin propped by his thumb and index whose dovelike nails sank in his thin jaw.

"No," he said, "I'm some better of them, I ain't got the chills."

"Well, what is it?" His face and manner betokened some unusual occurrence, and there was a kind of desperate resignation in her question unaccompanied by her habitual sharpness of tone.

Now the messages with which Mr. Marston had charged Joe were not calculated to make him look forward with a great degree of equanimity to this meeting with his wife, and to say that it required all his courage to deliver them—and deliver them he would, come what might—is to state the matter moderately.

"What is it?" There was again a note of hopelessness in her words.

From his somewhat dejected pose he looked up, surprised at her unusual meekness.

"Where's Mary?" he asked, looking about him, weakly trying to gain time.

She remembered that the Bucknells had harnessed one of the farm-horses to the carry-all, and had gone for a drive as far as the mill, taking Dottie with them. They had not yet returned. She told him so.

"Ain't they goin' home Tuesday?" he asked, as if preoccupied.

"Yes," said Beth. "Your ma's written the hayin's on, and she wants Azubel Bucknell back."

There fell a silence. Joe was the first to break it.

"It ain't the chills I've got, but my dismissal, or what comes near to it. Mr. Marston—the master—ain't satisfied."

A purple flush of shame rushed to Beth's brow and cheeks and throat. She stooped up before her husband, speechless.

"I guess," went on Joe, in a dull monotone, "I guess he ain't used to our ways nor we to his'n." He looked that she should rant or shriek. Her silence startled him. "I don't know as you've liked it here, though I must say as how we've never had more comforts nor better pay, and the child a-plenty to eat and good air to breathe. It ain't your disposition to be cheerful as some folks is with nothin'. You're terrible ambitious, but I likes the place. I thought as how when you was fitted out, and fixed up, as perhaps we could save and lay away for when we're old and not so fit to toil. The pay is good. I never dreamed to make so much. Ye see, my wife," he went on, "if you was wantin' to be a lady—I mean to live like them high-falutin' ones does over there in the big house, like Miss Marston does—you hadn't ought to've married me. I ain't the kind as ever can give it to ye. I ain't a lazy feller. I works and works and works, but I ain't got the hang of gettin' work out of other men. There's them as has it and them as hasn't it, and there's no use of cryin' over spilt milk."

The familiar quotation seemed to encourage him, and he raised his head and smiled a little.

"Tell the truth, Joe," said Beth, in a low voice, the crimson flush still on her forehead although her lips were white and dry. "It's me the Marstons ain't satisfied with. It ain't you. You done your work perfectly and they know it."

"I seen my duty and I done it," said Joe, evasively; "but it seems with them high-falutin' folks that ain't enough."

"Well?"

"That 'ere dress of Mary's she's so sot on—I bet she's got it on this afternoon—seems she and Azubel went a-tramping around the big house, and sot themselves right down under the portico, and Mary's dress a-farin' and—" Joe scratched his head—"the Marstons' comp'ny could see it a mile off, and it ain't suitable."

"Did they tell Mary Bucknell to leave?" asked Beth, with agitation.

"Now I don't know as they did," said Joe, reflectively, raising his eyebrows; "but Mr. Marston, he says they didn't want any of us to come about their grounds more'n we need."

Beth was strangling, but she gulped down the rising flood of words—where was the use? Mortification at its climax finds speech inadequate.

Joe cleared his throat. The worst was to come, and Beth knew it; but she would not help him. He cleared his throat, but was dumb. He eyed her piteously as if asking her to spare him, or come to his relief.

"There was more he said, and things as hurt me."

"Hurt you?"

"Beth, I ain't been a hard husband to ye, has I?"

Hard to her? He? As she looked at the patient lines about his mouth, and those sad eyes that could not look a lie, and the round shoulders and awkward feet, always so ready to do her errands, a tenderness unusual to her swept her soul. The burning at her heart rose in moisture to her eyes.

"No—no—no—my husband, you ain't been hard!" She laid her hand upon his neck. He took it in his and pressed it gently.

"We've seen good days together and bad ones since we went a-courtin' in your aunt's orchard. Do you remember, Elizabeth? Some of both. I've sometimes thought when Oakes was around, and he and you and Miss Pullen talkin' so smart and lively, as how I'm a

rough sort of a chap for such society. I ain't one as is quick like you, Beth, to pick up ideas. I guess I stick pretty fast to the old ones. Well, I was a-sayin', what with you and Oakes, and your fine dresses, Beth, and all—with my wish to stay here and put by something for ma who is old now and aillin' and worrits with the farm—I ain't got the grit to make a fortune easy—what with it all, seems as if we weren't as happy as we might be."

Something fell and splashed upon his forehead. He looked up at her wondering.

"Don't take on so, Beth."

"Did he say anything against me?"

Then heroically Joe said to her: "He don't like you walkin' around with . . . the schoolmaster . . ."

"Well," said Beth, "he can rest quiet. Mr. Oakes and I will do no more walking around, I guess."

Joe was puzzled. She felt almost pleased that a slight was to be put upon Oakes. She wished Mr. Marston had openly insulted him.

"I thought you and he were mighty good friends," said Joe, emboldened. "Maybe it's as well to give him the slip a bit. I guess he thinks a heap of himself."

"Yes," said Beth. "I guess he does."

"He thought a good deal of you—eh?"

"Pshaw!" said Beth. Her tears were dry now. The color had faded from her cheeks and brow. Her heart beat more quietly.

"Well," said Joe, "I guess I'd better go and clean up for supper." He got up and walked to the door. She followed him.

"Joe," she said, "I'm going to try to get along. You told me how it would be before we came. That we'd be little better than their servants. I wouldn't believe it. I will try to bear it for the child's sake."

To this woman death was preferable to acknowledgment of defeat. Since her other methods were deemed offensive and absurd she thought she might regain some status through excess of sacrifice.

"I will do what I can."

He thanked her with a look, and as they heard the carry-all rumble up and stop with its dusty load, the commonplace once more closed in upon them with its inevitable pall.

Mrs. Marston's dove eyes grew big with approval at her husband's prowess when in his finest ex-cathedra manner he told her of his encounter with Bush.

"I virtually dismissed them if things didn't improve," he said, exaggerating a little.

"Such things are so unpleasant! I'm so grateful to you for taking it off of me."

He continued to boast. He had even attacked the wife and sister-in-law; unpleasant, of course, but necessary. A place like theirs could not be managed without discipline.

She applauded admiringly. "Mrs. Daggett was such a simple person. It seems so odd to have a farmer's wife who needs to be coddled."

"Well, she is very independent. I imagine she hen-pecks poor Joseph. Of course, we need not keep them a moment if they do not suit us. They are only servants after all."

"She hates the idea, the maids tell me. American farmers are not exactly that."

"All nonsense! I pay him—why Rose is a scholar compared to Bush. He speaks several languages."

"I know," said Lola, laughing, "but then he wears a white cap when he is at work. Fancy Bush in a white paper cap!"

The picture sent them both into a peal of merriment.

"The difference is just this," said Lola. "Rose will wear his cap, and so will his son, and his son's son. But Joe's son, if he had one, might be President of the United States. If he took after his mamma, he would certainly try to be."

"It's all folderol! That is the reason of all this discontent and dissatisfaction, every boor trying to ape his betters, to do what is not expected of him. Agriculture is as honorable a career as any other, and a far more healthy one. Why in Heaven's name cannot our farmers' sons be satisfied to till the earth, and not be thirsting to be petty lawyers, doctors, and politicians?"

Lola's visual organs suffered a moment's eclipse, in which, on a dark background, loomed a butcher's cart. She only said:

"Dearest, these hopes are perhaps wholesome. This wish for higher education, for a betterment of both men and women's spheres is robust, and probably vivifying. Such persons are more apt to be industrious and thrifty."

"I don't want people to be stagnant, to remain in ruts," said Mr. Marston. (Had the butcher in some hypnotic current flashed from her mind to his?) "I am always ready to give a helping hand—you know this, my love. Our self-made men are often, nay generally, our best. Some of them indeed, for all we know, may be descended from noble ancestry."

He looked away as if across imaginary continents full of moated granges and turrets and battlements, and heralded escutcheons, where knights sat at the feet of ladies.

"Poverty drove some of them across the seas to found families as powerful as the old . . . er . . . but it is false ambitions whose expressions I resent."

"It is sometimes so difficult," said Lola, "to know which are the false and which are the real."

Then he told her there was to be a political meeting in the village soon for the fall election. It would take place out of doors. He had been asked to speak. He meant to take active interest.

"I haven't any particular gift in that line," he said. "But I couldn't refuse."

"I shall be frightened to death if I go to hear you," said Lola. "I thought you never spoke."

"Oh, I'll try not to make a mess of it. I've got through fairly well once or twice at dinners."

Then he unfolded to her his political tenets, to which she listened dutifully awed.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Mrs. Marston stepped out on the rickety porch after her visit she was surprised to hear pattering drops of rain. She was also surprised to find it already so dark. Her call, this late summer afternoon, had been upon a neighbor, an humble one, whose cottage lay on the edge of the pine copse, a mile from Marston Terrace.

The homeward road was a lonely one. In fact she would shortly leave the public lane, which was itself unfrequented, to strike into a still more isolated pathway across the woods. She knew she had plenty of time before her dinner-hour of half-past eight—for she was a rapid walker—nevertheless she was somewhat horrified to find, on consulting the shimmering morsel, which was caught by a knot of diamonds low on the lapel of her embroidered vest, that it was already nearly eight o'clock. She had sat and chatted regardless of the hour, so rapidly the moments flew in the monotonous droning of old Mrs. Taff's colorless talk. Time passes swiftly when unmarked by shock. She had brought only a lace sunshade, and was shod in light thin shoes, but she picked up her petticoat, raised the insufficient parasol to protect at least her head and hat, and started off almost on a run. A gust of wind shook her garments. It blew her hair wildly about, whisking short locks into her eyes. She looked up. The clouds were heavy. Almost in the zenith they were black as ink. Now and again they emitted a lightning flash, followed by quick reverberating thunder.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. If I can count nine between the flash and the thunder it is not so very near."

But when she had gone a quarter of a mile she had ceased to count. There was such a confusion of flash and roar that she lost her courage. The inky cloud had burst. It rained in torrents, sweeping the country in its white sheet of unchained water.

"I was a dreadful goose to start," thought Lola. "Shall I turn back?"

It seemed better to push forward. They would be anxious about her at home, and then it was such a bore. Her gown sacrificed, damp feet, a crushed bonnet, were not irremediable evils. She did not mind the rain and hurricane. The electric currents in the air alone shook her nerves. She gasped a little.

"I'll go on now whatever happens," she thought.

To accept the tempest without struggle brings a sense of freedom and of excitement. She felt no chill; she was in fact burning up with the movement and exercise. She found the path half hidden under its wet oak leaves. Here the pines grew rare, merging into the oak wood beyond. She met no one. One rarely did; the surroundings were rural, not suburban. The few inhabitants of the adjoining farms were peaceable and decent people. There were no tramps so far from a railroad. She had therefore no fear of men. She plowed on an eighth of a mile more. Her draperies streamed and dripped. On her cheeks flamed two bright stains. The air was stifling, except when the gusts blew their freshening breath upon her. It was just then there came that terrible experience, that horrible lightning stroke ahead of her, that crash and swirl of terror which left her limbs numb, her hands palsied, her heart cold. One thing, however, it revealed to her. Fifty feet from her was the Dougherty house.

Yes, nesting under the foliage, in its scant clearing, with its miserable green shutters, its peeling walls, one or two forgotten hen-coops overturned at its east end, it rose before her.

"Heaven save me," thought Lola. "I can perhaps find shelter in here. Creep into a window possibly." She had made sure that she was not "struck," that her limbs were still her own, and not some one else's, and that Dougherty's cottage was a sanctuary of refuge sent to her by Providence.

Dougherty was a poor Irishman, who had suddenly come into an unexpected inheritance. He had been left a farm and some money by a distant relative. He and his brood had hastened to pull up stakes and rush to the seat of their new acquisitions, and the old house with its patch of land was now offered for sale. Mr. Marston, upon a part of whose domains it infringed, was in treaty for its purchase. As she hurried up through the high weeds, which choked the approach, her hand already raised to force, if possible, an ill-locked latch, the door swung open. A man's tall form appeared upon the threshold—

"Don't be in the least alarmed, Mrs. Marston, it's I—Mr. Oakes—Percival Oakes—the schoolmaster."

But she could bear no more. Her nerves unstrung by her struggle with the elements, her hands still tremulous from her battle with their fury, she gave a faint cry, and fell back against a tree-trunk, panting, with blanched lips and distended pupils.

"I say it's Mr. Oakes," the voice continued, quietly. "This door was locked, of course. I forced it with my knife . . ."

He came up to her quickly, but she could not speak to him. He, seeing her plight, threw one arm about her, and, lifting more than leading her, drew her toward the open doorway through which a flood of light escaped into the gloom. She rested her head against his shoulder looking up into his eyes in helpless weakness.

"I have had a great fright," she said, by-and-by, when she regained her voice. "You must forgive me."

"It's I who need forgiveness for adding to your fears." He had now released her, and was standing at some distance from her. He had made a pillow out of his coat for her head, and had installed her on a rude bench cut in pine which was wedged into the wall and projected toward the open grate, resting on a wooden pin. Some cones and fagots were burning on the hearth, emitting fragrant warmth. It was from these the light had shone upon her entrance. They filled the room with a yellow resinous vapor. A rough table stood in the center of the apartment; too bulky, perhaps, for the general removal, it had been left to be disposed of with the property. Lately whitewashed, the walls were not unclean save from the dust of a few weeks' neglect. But the dust of pines, of dead leaves, and of sand is not the dust of cities. It is purple and golden, and perfumed as if it had blown over flowers. The fitful gleam of the fire cast a mantle of charity over the hut's denuded poverty.

Mrs. Marston noticed that on the table there was a plate, a knife and fork, a flask and glass, some biscuits, an open basket in which was a pile of freshly caught fish.

"Were you preparing your supper?" she asked, smiling.

Oakes was still standing awkwardly close to the table, looking down at her. The storm-clouds seemed to have left their grayness in his eyes, whose gravity

was drowned in shadows. He was still trying to recover from his astonishment, that amazement we feel when our time has arrived at last. But there are joys we find put off lest reaching us they find us unprepared. Would the grains of this hour-glass filter upon his heart and stop its beatings, or would they sift a respite on the violent emotions that swept him, so that he might speak to this sweet lady such words as fitted place and hour?

"Yes," he said, after a pause, during which the storm, for a moment lulled, seemed to burst out in redoubled rage. It rattled the window-panes, bending the trees until they cracked and groaned as if in pain. "Yes, I have spent all day on the Sound. I generally do on Saturdays when we shut up the school. I go down for a long swim and to fish. I had some luck to-day. I was coming home—the storm overtook me here, and as I thought I was in for a good hour of it, I lighted a fire with some dry sticks I found in the woodshed, and I meant to broil my fish. I was hungry." He talked rapidly. Was it to give himself or her confidence?

"I hope my intrusion has not spoiled your appetite. You seem to have quite a little picnic here." Her voice was weak and wavering still. She was very pale. She had taken off her hat and was tossing up her hair, coiling and fastening it with a diamond-tipped arrow which held its twisted meshes.

"I take brandy and crackers with me when I go for all the day." He reached for the flask and poured a small quantity of the liquid into his glass.

"Will you not moisten your lips with this, Mrs. Marston? It will prevent you from taking cold, from feeling faint."

"Yes, I will. Thanks." She made a grimace. "I hate the taste, but now, there—ah! it does give life. It does warm one. I was cold."

"And your shoes. Will you not come nearer the fire—warm your damp feet?"

She leaned down and with a deft gesture resolutely pulled off her low high-heeled tan shoes. They creaked on her open-worked silk stockings. They were saturated. She moved her toes about, and, timidly resting her two hands on the seat, offered them to the flame.

He stooped, picked up her shoes, and standing them up on their slender heels on either side of the hearth, watched them a moment as the humidity ascended from them in a tiny streak of spiral smoke.

"Ah!" he said. "They were wet indeed!"

"Give me a biscuit, and do go on cooking your fish. It looks awfully fresh and nice. Who knows—I see no prospect of a dinner to-night, and I have missed my afternoon tea. I may as well have my supper with you. My family are doubtless at this moment dragging the Sound for my dead body, and beating the woods for my remains. Will you give me some of your fish, Mr. Oakes?" She pouted out her soft lips as she made this last request in her own enchanting way.

Without replying he made a rampart of fresh fagots upon which some red ashes had already fallen, and placed the fish across them. They began to broil and sputter. A delicious odor of the sea seemed to rise between the narrow walls.

As he came and went, Lola watched him. His not ungraceful movements, his quick muscular agility full of that ardor of living which gives the illusion of strength. He wore a gray flannel shirt, and had a blue silk handkerchief knotted carelessly under his collar. He wore knickerbockers, with coarse gray stockings. He had thrown off his sailor's cap. His thick curly golden hair, still moist from his bath, smelled of the brine. His hands sunburned and knotty, the philosophic hand, had certain fingers tapering to artistic shapeliness. The veins of his brown throat throbbed with the exertion as he stepped hither and thither, preparing the impromptu meal.

A sense of warmth, of security, of comfort, a sort of dreamy spell crept over Mrs. Marston's consciousness, and she continued to watch him at his silent work, her head against his coat, her feet to the heat, her hands about her knees.

"You seem to know how to cook," she said, by-and-by. "My mouth is watering already at the aroma of your cuisine."

"I used to prepare all my mother's meals," he said, "when I was young."

She smiled. "Do you speak of your youth in the past tense?"

"Life is not measured by years always, but sometimes by hardships," he said, shortly.

"Was yours a hard youth?" she asked, softly. He was certainly interesting. The thought of Fleno Asch flittered across her mind.

"My mother was always ill and we were miserably poor."

"How sad!"

"Yes, I suppose it was . . . sad," he said, with a slight sarcasm in his tone. "Your friends would think so. They call themselves people of the world, I believe, but I guess, Mrs. Marston, they do not know much about it."

"I dare say not."

"She was ill, and she couldn't eat. I used to make up little messes for her when I was only a shaver of eleven."

"You were a good son."

"Oh, I do not know about that. I was cross to her sometimes. I do not forget it."

"And . . . she died?"

"Yes, she died. Poor woman! The fish is cooked, Mrs. Marston. I'll bring you one." He carried his little plate over to Lola with her fish, some biscuits, and a glass which he had now filled with water—water with which he had provided himself before her arrival, drawn at the well in a rusty pail. She began to eat. He sat down on the floor and ate his own fish as best he could in his fingers, washing it down with a draught from his brandy flask.

"I was very hungry. It tastes good, does it not?" he said.

"Perfectly delicious!"

The rain once more swept the window with its flood. "And you were very young when she died?"

"Twelve. That left me quite alone in the world. I believe I have some cousins in the West. I imagine they do not care about their poor relatives. Most people do not. I was what is called well-born. My mother

and father were educated people. She was the daughter of a clergyman. Not that I care if I had sprung from tramps. It's all the same to me."

"Have you a contempt for all refinements?" asked Mrs. Marston, courageously. She remembered what she had heard of him, and wondered now if he would unfold to her his peculiar views. He was washing his hands in a broken bowl he had found, and wiping them hastily on his handkerchief. He came and stood with his back against the mantel, closer to where she sat. At last he was near her! near that light breath, those soft sighs, the ripples of her hair, the outlines of her mouth, more guessed at than seen in their dim environment, that chaste breast! Those long thin white fingers of hers were near! And near was that melodious mystery of womanhood, that personality differing from all others he had touched; that exquisite intangible aroma of the patrician, of the lady, separating her from other elementary women, marking her a creature of another sphere, almost another sex from Beth Bush and from Floribel Pullen.

"Have you a contempt for all refinements?"

"Not for such as yours." He must have spoken though she should resent the personal note as insult, and slay him for his boldness. Ah, let her slay him! What matter—the hour was here!

"Mine!"

"I mean," he went on, hurriedly, "I hate the vulgar upstarts who think they can patronize such as I, when I do not ask their patronage, or want it. In you, one feels the real lady. One sees it. I mean, the first time I ever saw . . . I beg your pardon!"

But great ladies are sometimes amused at what unsophisticated persons think will offend them. His allusions to upstarts passed unnoticed, for she could not have believed he meant her husband. Lola did not remember to have passed so odd a half-hour in her life. She was alive to her finger-tips. Her nerves swung back into a reaction of mental activity, ripe for impression.

"What do you know about me?"

"Do you ask me that to remind me of the great distance between us?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh, how can you think such things!" she cried; but even as she spoke she weighed the distance, and vaguely wondered what her husband would think of this prolonged and extraordinary tête-à-tête.

"I dare say many of my thoughts would horrify you," he said, gloomily. "What I know of you is all naturally in my imagination. I have a little of that, I scribble verses sometimes. They are said to be fairly good." He could not help telling her this. He would have given his life to sing for her "To Lola." He thought it a fine thing. His voice had the ring of slight conceit in it, which had made Joe Bush declare that he thought a good deal of himself.

"You must send me some of your writings," she said, somewhat perfunctorily, and with that sense of impending weariness which any claim upon one's time or admiration invariably arouses, and which painted itself far too plainly on her transparent features. Fleno Asch did not write poetry. It must be admitted that of the very few things he did do he never spoke. Oakes was disappointed. Floribel Pullen's florid if uncritical enthusiasm seemed almost preferable to this bland invitation.

"Oh, I am more interested in all new movements, in watching the efforts of our unfortunate human race to emancipate itself from the thralldom of habit, from the clutches of snug monopolists, of vulgar demagogues, than in composing poems. When I leave this hole, which will be at the end of the school session, I hope to write on these subjects." There was still the aggressive key.

Mrs. Marston thought, "I could have loved him when he spoke of his dead mother, now all charm is lost."

"Of course," he went on, "my education is insufficient, but a man can learn a good deal from thirty to fifty." He spoke eagerly. "This must be a fruitful period of existence. If I live—I am not sure that I shall think it worth while—I may yet learn something to help my kind."

"These problems which agitate the universe are so profound," said Mrs. Marston, "one must indeed know a great deal to solve them. It needs a man of genius to find the remedy. He has not yet come forward."

"If he did he would not be recognized. They would stone him to death."

"You take a very sad view, Mr. Oakes."

"Oh, to be supreme for a moment!" cried the school-master.

"And yet you would suppress all supremacies?" she ventured. "Is that logical?"

"They are admirable, but not to their victims," he answered. "But I said for a moment. Just time to readjust."

"He is really adroit," she thought. "Really clever."

"I fear we are all arrogant and self-willed, and it was so intended, Mr. Oakes. The leveling processes that socialists insist upon would cripple individual ambition and paralyze the very progress that they preach."

"That is what the priests tell us," he said, contemptuously. "That everything bad was 'intended.'"

"I know so little about such things. I am, I know, very stupid."

"When women have a voice in the conflict it will be heard and felt. You will think more of these things. The time is nigh. I mean to espouse the cause of woman, trampled upon and cheated as she is. You, Mrs. Marston, will know better and care more one of these days for the wrongs of your sisters." He was almost eloquent. As her eyes met his as if in question, he suddenly smiled.

"Why, he has a beautiful face!" she thought. "I do care," she murmured. "I want to help them."

"Do you?" He continued to gaze at her, still smiling, and for some unaccountable reason her eyelids fluttered under his gaze, and she blushed.

"She is one of those women that no man could betray—betray or forsake," he thought.

"You see I have strange ideas, Mrs. Marston. I look upon the average marriage as upon licensed prostitution," said this very modern young gentleman.

Then, as she did not answer him—"Perhaps you think me coarse," he said. "You must forgive me, I am not accustomed to speaking with ladies of your

class." The last word came forth like the crack of a whip. She bent her head as if she had been struck with it across the cheek.

"I am no prude," she said, haughtily. "And in the world in which I move, men and women speak freely to each other. Too freely, sometimes, perhaps."

"If I have offended you, pardon me," he repeated. "Go on," she said. "I like to hear you speak."

It was his turn now to flush. The dark red blood mounted to his hair at this encomium.

"Yes, I view the ordinary marriage as a crime against your sex, Mrs. Marston. Man's vanity and wickedness have invented that possession attaches the woman while it detaches the man. It is a lie. I'll wager one hundred women to every man wrecks her delusions in the common life; but being more virtuous, more modest than man, she clings wildly to the one to whom she has given all, and he in his asinine brutishness and folly mistakes a woman's despair for her love. Man has subjugated woman. He plumes himself on having won her."

Did his words arouse some far-away faint echo in the young woman's breast? some vague remembrance or regret? some inner consciousness of the murder in herself of some quivering and exquisite thing? She shifted her seat uneasily, and withdrew more into the shadow so that he could not see her face.

"Yes," he continued, "when women protest, insist that they are happy, they often make one think of children singing in the dark to prove they are not afraid of ghosts."

"Where is the balm?" she breathed rather than said.

"We have nothing to do with the remedies," he answered, with fatuity. "We destroy—pull down. Let the next generation rear up its temples on the ruins of the past. Sufficient unto us is to point the way, to clear away the debris, dig the foundations upon which they shall build. This is our work. Let them find theirs."

He threw back his hair with one hand, his attitude, his gesture were full of exaltation. Fleno Asch lying in the hammock, her husband enjoying his placid cigar, reading his evening paper, flashed between them with an incongruity which almost moved her to laughter. She felt as if they—as if her husband—required some apology.

"There are men—good men—who only want to have the way shown to them. I assure you—I assure you—they are only waiting to be told what to do. You, yourself, if you had inherited capital, riches and power would find it difficult—it is difficult! We . . . they want to do right."

"Do you think the ambulant fashion models who surround you—such a man, for instance, as I saw near you yesterday in the train—I do not know his name—has he one?—have distinct aspirations for relieving the race, have any knowledge of the injustice that broods at a stone's throw from their gloved hands? I ask for information. I am one of the . . . the people, the mass, an obscure unknown identity, valueless, yet groping in darkness, suffering with a brain to think, a soul to feel, and I sometimes ask myself what such people imagine they were created for."

The impertinence of his speech almost staggered her, its shocking lack of taste. What right had he to cavil at her friends, to sound again that personal cry which she had purposely and tactfully avoided, to vex her with a question as difficult to answer as it was insolent to pose?

Yet if Percival Oakes desired to stand out before this woman, to force her to recognize that he was not the village schoolmaster as Opydyke was the doctor, and Mrs. Fesser postmistress, he had succeeded. Never again could she pass him by indifferently. She might despise or hate him, but he had sprung into an individuality, real, persistent, palpable. He had detached himself from the rest; but there was an impatience against him within her which must find vent.

"You must not judge people superficially, Mr. Oakes. I am surprised that you who look at all subjects so deeply should do so. The favored classes, as they are called, those who happen to have good clothes, and look to be amusing themselves, are often quite as unhappy as the rest. They cannot escape physical ills, nor treachery, calumny, ingratitude which make us distrustful and cynical, and in injuring our characters inflict upon us irremediable harm. It is folly to imagine that the lack of money is the only misfortune. Only that which hurts what is best in us is of consequence. Can you, who are so intelligent, suppose that the poor have a monopoly of all the virtues, and that the rich, as they are called, lie forever on roses?"

She left her bench, and, reaching for her shoes, began to draw them on. She found the process difficult. They were hard and dry, having shrunk in the heat.

"I think the storm is passed. I must go."

"Will you permit me to help you?" he said, humbly.

"No, thanks. It is not necessary."

She adjusted her hat, and settled her light open jacket with a jerk.

"There, that will do. My veil is a ruin. I leave it on the table for the mice, with the remnant of our excellent meal."

"You will permit me to walk with you as far as your gate? I have no watch, but it must be nearly nine. It is quite dark."

"Yes, I have one. It is nine. Yes, certainly walk with me to the gate—see," she pushed open the door and stepped down into the grasses, "the storm is over, and the wind is so high it has nearly dried this sandy soil already." The moon was rising. It looked blood-red through the trees.

"I am glad it is drying," he said, with a short laugh. "I took refuge here not to wet my feet," and as she looked at him, surprised, "I didn't want to spoil my shoes," he said, simply. "They are the only decent ones I have, they are new. The old ones let in too much light."

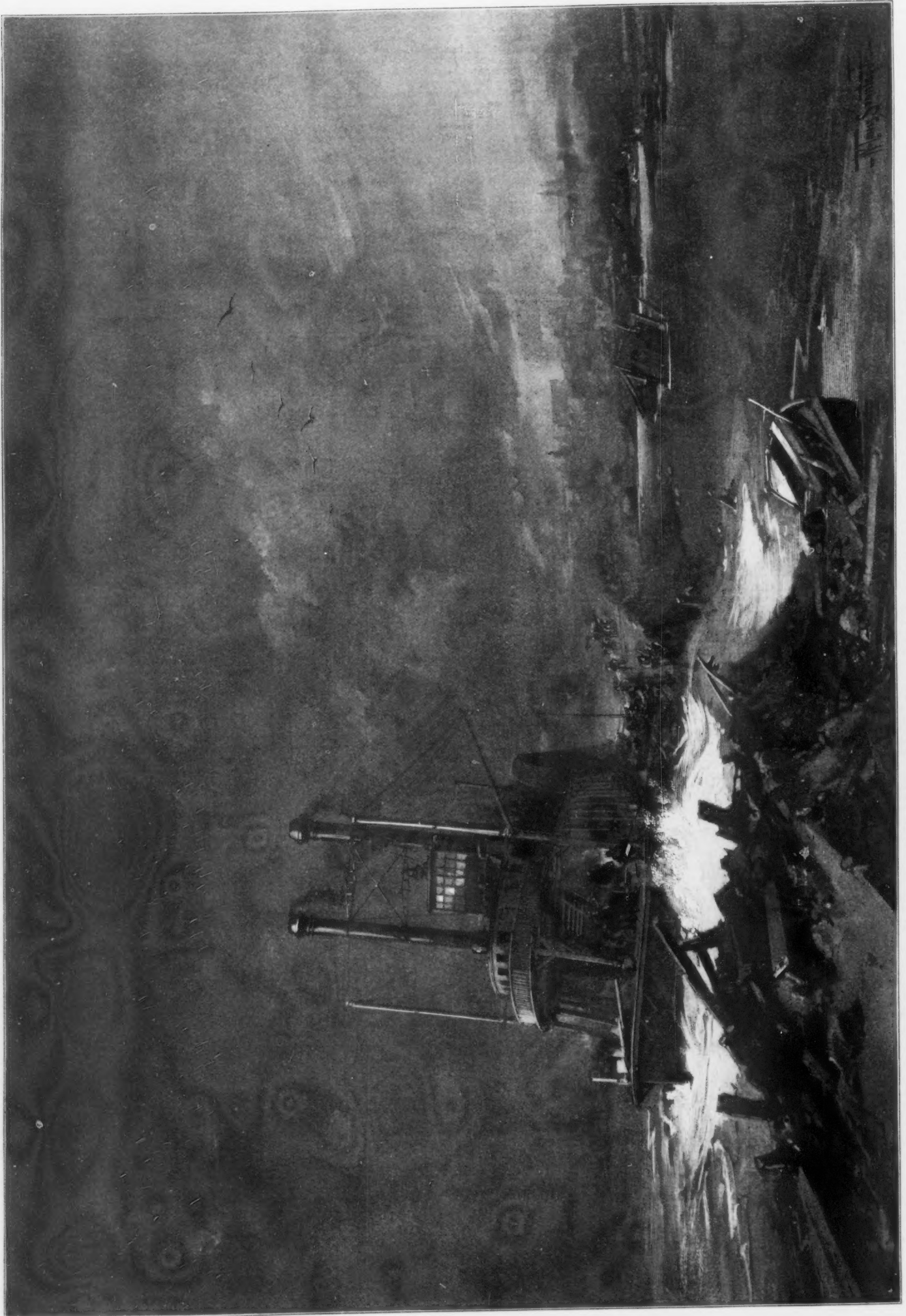
She forgave him instantly, everything.

"I was very much interested in what you told me about your childhood, and your mother," she said, gently. "Some day perhaps I shall see you again, and you will tell me more."

She could not ask him to come and see her. She instinctively felt it would be unwise.

(Continued on page 18.)





THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—BREAKING OF A LEVÉE BELOW MEMPHIS.

# WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNGER,

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Ishmael," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Wyllard's Weird," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

The reverend mother lingered till the beginning of summer, and it was on a lovely June evening, while the nightingales were singing in the convent garden, that the holy life slipped away into the great unknown. She died as a child falls asleep; the saintly gray head lying peacefully on Angela's supporting arm; the last look of the dying eyes resting on that tender nurse with infinite love.

She was gone, and Angela felt strangely alone. Her contemporaries, the chosen friend who had been to her almost as a sister, the girls by whose side she had sat in class, had all left the convent. At twenty-one years of age, she seemed to belong to a former generation; most of the pupils had finished their education at seventeen or eighteen, and had returned to their homes in Flanders, France, or England. There had been several English pupils, for Louvain and Douai had for a century been the chosen refuge of English Romanists.

The pupils of to-day were Angela's juniors, with whom she had nothing in common, except to teach English to a class of small Flemings, who were all but unteachable.

She had heard no more from her father, and knew not where or with whom he might have cast in his lot. She wrote to him under cover to her sister, but of late Hyacinth's letters had been rare and brief, only long enough, indeed, to apologize for their brevity. Lady Fareham had been at London or at Hampton Court from the beginning of the previous winter. There was talk of the plague having come to London from Amsterdam, that the Privy Council was sitting at Sion House, instead of in London, that the judges had removed to Windsor, and that the court might speedily remove to Salisbury or Oxford. "And if the court goes to Oxford, we shall go to Chilton," wrote Hyacinth; and that was the last of her communications.

July passed without news from father or sister, and Angela grew daily more uneasy about both. The great horror of the plague was in the air. It had been raging in Amsterdam in the previous summer and autumn, and a nun had brought the disease to Louvain, where she might have died in the convent infirmary but for Angela's devoted attention. She had assisted the overworked infirmarian at a time of excess of sickness—for there was a good deal of illness among the nuns and pupils that summer—mostly engendered of the fear lest the pestilence in Holland should reach Flanders. Doctor and infirmarian had alike praised the girl's quiet courage and instinct for doing the right thing.

"You are the stuff we want in hospitals," the doctor said to Angela. "and it is a pity there are so few of the same temper."

Remembering all the nun had told of the horrors of Amsterdam, Angela awaited with fear and trembling for news from London; and as the summer wore on, every news-letter that reached the convent brought tidings of increasing sickness in the great prosperous city, which was being gradually deserted by all who could afford to leave it. The court had moved first to Hampton Court, in June, and later to Salisbury, where again the French ambassador's people reported strange horrors—corpses found lying in the street hard by their lodgings—the king's servants sickening. The air of the cathedral city was tainted—though deaths had been few as compared with London, which was becoming one vast lazaret house—and it was thought the royalties and ambassadors would remove themselves to Oxford, where Parliament was to assemble in the autumn, instead of at Westminster.

Most alarming of all was the news that the queen-mother had fled with all her people, and most of her treasures, from her palace at Somerset House—for Henrietta Maria was not a woman to fly before a phantom fear. She had seen too much of the stern realities of life to be scared by shadows; and she had neither establishment nor power in France equal to those she left in England. In Paris the daughter of the great Henri was a dependent. In London she was second only to the king; and her court was more esteemed than Whitehall.

"If she had fled, there must be reason for it," said the newly elected Superior, who boasted of correspondents at Paris, notably a cousin in that famous convent the Visitation de Chaillot, founded by Queen Henrietta, and which had ever been a center of political and religious intrigue, the most fashionable, patrician, exalted, and altogether worldly establishment.

Alarmed at this dismal news, Angela wrote urgently to her sister, but with no effect; and the passage of every day, with occasional rumors of an increasing death-rate in London, strengthened her fears, until terror nerved her to a desperate resolve. She would go to London to see her sister; to nurse her if she were sick; to mourn for her if she were dead.

The Superior did all she could to oppose this decision, and even asserted authority over the pupil who, since her eighteenth year, had been rather only a boarder, subject but to the lightest laws of the convent. As the great-niece and beloved child of the late Superior, she had enjoyed all possible privileges; while the liberal sum annually remitted for her pension gave her a certain importance in the establishment.

And now on being told she must not go, her spirit rose against the Superior's authority.

"I recognize no earthly power that can keep me from those I love in their time of peril!" she said.

"You do not know that they are in sickness or danger. My last letters from Paris stated that it was only the low people whom the contagion in London was attacking."

"If it was only the low people, why did the queen-

mother leave? If it was safe for my sister to be in London, it would have been safe for the queen."

"Lady Fareham is doubtless in Oxfordshire."

"I have written to Chilton Abbey as well as to Fareham House, and I can get no answer. Indeed, reverend mother, it is time for me to go to those to whom I belong. I never meant to stay in this house after my aunt's death. I have only been waiting my father's orders. If all be well with my sister, I shall go to the Manor Moat, and wait his commands quietly there. I am homesick for England."

"You have chosen an ill time for homesickness when a pestilence is raging."

Argument could not touch the girl, whose mind was braced for battle. The reverend mother ceded with as good a grace as she could assume on the top of a very arbitrary temper. An English priest was heard of who was about to travel to London on his return to a noble friend and patron in the north of England, in whose house he had lived before the troubles, and in this good man's charge Angela was permitted to depart, on a long and weary journey by way of Antwerp and the Scheldt. They were five days at sea, the voyage lengthened by the almost unprecedented calm which had prevailed all that fatal summer. A weary voyage in a small trading vessel, on board which Angela had to suffer every hardship that a delicate woman can be subjected to on board ship. A wretched berth in a floating cellar called a cabin, want of fresh water, of female attendance, and of any food but the coarsest. These deprivations she bore without a murmur. It was only the slowness of the passage that troubled her.

The great city came in view at last, the long roof of St. Paul's dominating the thickly clustered gables and chimneys, and the vessel anchored opposite the dark walls of the Tower, whose form had been made familiar to her by a print in an old history of London, which she had hung over many an evening in Mother Anastasia's parlor. A rowboat conveyed her and her fellow-traveler to the Tower stairs, where they landed, the priest being duly provided with an efficient voucher that they came from a city free of the plague. Yes, this was London. Her foot touched her native soil for the first time after fifteen years of absence. The good-natured priest would not leave her till he had seen her in charge of an elderly and most reputable waterman, recommended by the custodian of the stairs. Then he bade her an affectionate adieu, and fared on his way to a house in the city, where one of his kinsfolk, a devout Catholic, dwelt quietly hidden from the public eye, and where he would rest for the night before setting out on his journey to the north.

After the impetuous passage through the deep dark arch of the bridge, the boat moved slowly up the river in the peaceful eventide, and Angela's eyes opened wide with wonder as she looked on the splendors of that silent highway, this evening verily silent, for the traffic of business and pleasure had stopped in the terror of the pestilence, like a clock that had run down. It was said by one who had seen the fairest cities of Europe, that "the most glorious sight in the world, take land and water together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster;" and to the convent-bred maiden how much more astonishing was that prospect.

After passing the queen-mother's desolate palace the boat crept along near the Middlesex shore, till it stopped at the bottom of a flight of stone steps, against which the tide washed with a pleasant rippling sound, and above which there rose the walls of a stately building facing southwest; small as compared with Somerset and Northumberland houses, midway between which it stood, yet a spacious and noble mansion, with a richly decorated river-front, lofty windows with sculptured pediment, fluted cornice, and two side towers topped with leaded cupolas, the whole edifice gilded by the low sun, and very beautiful to look upon, the windows gleaming as if there were a thousand candles burning within, a light that gave a false idea of life and festivity, since that brilliant illumination was only a reflected glory.

"This, madam, is Fareham House," said the boatman, holding out his hand for his fee.

Angela paid the man his price without question. She stepped lightly from the boat, while he deposited her two small leather-covered trunks on the stone landing-place in front of the Italian terrace which occupied the whole length of the facade. She went up a flight of marble steps, to a door facing the river. Here she rang a bell which pealed long and loud over the quiet water, a bell that must have been heard upon the Surrey shore. Yet no one opened the great oak door; and Angela had a sudden sinking at the heart as the slow minutes passed and brought no sound of footsteps within, no clanking or bolt to betoken the opening of the door.

"Belike the house is deserted, madam," said the boatman, who had moored his wherry to the landing-stage, and had carried the two trunks to the doorstep. "You had best try if the door be fastened or no. Stay!" he cried, suddenly, pointing upward. "Go not in, madam, for your life! Look at the red cross on the door, the sign of a plague-stricken house."

Angela looked up with awe and horror. A great cross was smeared upon the door with red paint, and above it some one had scrawled the words, "Lord have mercy upon us!"

And the sister she loved, and the children whose faces she had never seen, were within that house sick and in peril of death, perhaps dying—or dead! She did not hesitate for an instant, but took hold of the heavy iron ring which served as a handle for the door, and tried to open it.

"I have no fear for myself," she said to the boatman; "I have nursed the sick and the fever-stricken,

and am not afraid of contagion—and there are those within whom I love. Good-night, friend."

Seeing her enter the house, the old Cromwellian shrugged his shoulders, shook his head despondently, shoved the two trunks hastily over the threshold, ran back to his boat, and pushed off.

"God guard thy young life, mistress," he cried, and the wherry shot out into the stream.

Angela looked about her full of fear, and seeing a silver bell upon the table, she took it up and rang it loudly.

She had no lack of courage, this pupil of the Flemish nuns, and her footstep did not falter as she went quickly up the broad staircase until she found herself in a spacious gallery, and amid a flood of light, for the windows on this upper or noble floor were all unshuttered, and the sunset streamed in through the lofty Italian casements.

The folding doors of a spacious saloon stood wide open, and Angela entered a room whose splendor was a surprise to her who had been accustomed to the sober simplicity of a convent parlor, and the cold gray walls of the refectory, where the only picture was a pinched and angular Virgin by Memling, and the only ornament a crucifix of ebony and brass.

Angela made but a hasty survey of this apartment; but she noted the card-table and its indications, which did but jump with Hyacinth's account of long nights at basset, and of fortunes that changed hands at a sitting.

While she stood in the dying light, wavering for a moment, doubtful which way to turn—since the room had no less than three tall oak doors, with richly sculptured heads, two of them ajar—there came a pattering upon the polished floor, a pattering of feet that were lighter and quicker than those of the smallest child, and the first living creature Angela saw in that silent house came running toward her. It was only a little black-and-tan spaniel, with long silky hair and drooping ears, and great brown eyes, fond and gentle, a very toy and trifle in the canine kingdom; yet the sight of that living thing thrilled her awe-stricken heart, and her tears came thick and fast as she knelt and took the little dog in her arms and pressed him against her bosom, and kissed the cold muzzle, and looked, half laughing, half crying, into the pathetic brown eyes.

"At least there is life near." This dog would not be left in a deserted house," she thought, as the creature trembled against her bosom, and licked the hand that held him.

The pattering was repeated in the adjoining room, and another spaniel, which might have been twin brother of the one she held, came through the half-open door, and ran to her, and set up a jealous barking which reverberated in the lofty room, and from within that unseen chamber on the other side of the door there came a groan, a deep and hollow sound as of mortal agony.

She set down the dog in an instant, and was on her feet again, trembling but alert. She pushed the door a little wider and went into the next apartment, a bedroom more splendid than any bedchamber her fancy had ever depicted when she read of royal palaces.

The walls were hung with Mortlake tapestries, that seemed to have been worked but yesterday, so fresh and glowing were the colors, tapestries representing in four great panels the story of Perseus and Andromeda, and the Rape of Proserpine. To her who knew not the old Greek fables, those figures looked strangely diabolical. Naked maiden and fiery dragon, flying horse and Greek hero, Demeter and Persephone, hell-god and chariot, seemed alike demoniac and unholy, seen in the dim light of expiring day. The high chimney-piece, with its Oriental jars, blood-red and amber, faced her as she entered the room, and opposite the three tall windows stood the state bed, of carved ebony, the posts adorned with massive bouquets of chased silver flowers, the curtains of wine-colored velvet, heavy with bullion fringes. One curtain had been looped back, showing the amber satin lining, and on this bed of state lay a man, writhing in agony, with one bloodless hand plucking at the cambric upon his bosom, while with the other he grasped the ebony bed-post in a paroxysm of pain.

Angela knew that dark and powerful face at the first glance, though the features were distorted by suffering. This sick man, the sole occupant of a deserted mansion, was her brother-in-law, Lord Fareham. A large high-backed armchair stood beside the bed, and on this Angela seated herself. She recollected the Superior's injunction just in time to put one of the anti-pestilential lozenges into her mouth before she bent over the sufferer, and took his clammy hand in hers, and endured the acrimony of his poisonous breath. That anxious gaze, the dark yellow complexion, and those great beads of sweat that poured down the pinched countenance too plainly indicated the disease which had desolated London.

The sick man looked at Angela with awful unseeing eyes, and then burst into a wild laugh—

"See them run, the crop-headed clod-hoppers!" he cried. "Ride after them—mow them down—scatter the rebel clot-pots! The day is ours!" And then, passing from English to French, from visions of Lindsey and Rupert, and the pursuit at Edgehill, to memories of Condé and Turenne, he shouted with a voice that was like the sound of a trumpet, "Boutte-selle! boutte-selle! Monte à cheval! monte à cheval! à l'arme, à l'arme!"

He was in the field of battle again. His wandering wits had carried him back to his first fight, when he was a lad in his father's company of horse, following the king's fortunes, breathing gunpowder, and splashed with blood for the first time—when it was not so long since he had been blooded at the death of his first fox. He was a young man again, with the prince, that Bour-



bon prince, and hero whom he loved and honored far above any of his own countrymen.

Fever gave force to gesture and voice; but in the midst of his ravings he fell back, half fainting, upon the pillow, his heart beating in a tumult which fluttered the lace upon the bosom of his shirt, while the acrid drops upon his brow gathered thicker than poisonous dew. Angela remembered how last year in Holland these death-like sweats had not always pointed to a fatal result, but in some cases had afforded an outlet to the pestilential influences, though in too many instances they had served only to enfeeble the patient, the fire of disease still burning, while the damps of approaching dissolution oozed from the fevered body—flame within and ice without.

#### CHAPTER V. A MINISTERING ANGEL.

ANGELA flung off hood and mantle, and looked anxiously round the room. There were some empty phials and ointment boxes, some soiled linen rags, and wet sponges upon a table near the bed, and the chamber reeked with odor of drugs, hartshorn, and elder vinegar; cantharides, and aloes, enough to show that a doctor had been there, and that there had been some attempt at nursing the patient. But she had heard how in Holland the nurses had sometimes robbed and abandoned their charges, taking advantage of the confusions and uncertainties of that period of despair, quick and skillful to profit by sudden death, and the fears and agonies of relatives and friends, whose grief made plunder easy.

She bent over him, and laid her hand with gentle firmness upon his death-cold forehead.

"What! are there saints and angels in hell as well as devils and sinners?" he cried, clutching her by the wrist, and looking up at her with distended eyes, in which the natural color of the eyeball was tarnished almost to blackness with injected blood. For long and lonely hours, that seemed an eternity, he had been tossing in a burning fever upon that disordered bed, until he verily believed himself in a place of everlasting torment. He had that strange, double sense which goes with delirium—the consciousness of his real surroundings, the tapestry and furniture of his own chamber, and yet the conviction that this was hell, and had always been hell, and that he had descended to this terrible under-world through infinite abysses of darkness. After that one wild question he sank slowly back upon the pillows, and lay faint and weak, his breathing scarce audible. Angela laid her fingers on his wrist. The pulse was fluttering and intermittent.

She remembered every detail of her aunt's treatment of the plague-patient in the convent infirmary, and how the turning-point of the malady and beginning of cure had seemed to be brought about by a draught of strong wine, which the reverend mother had made her give the poor fainting creature at a crisis of extreme weakness. She looked about the room for any flask which might contain wine, but there was nothing there except the apothecary's phials and medicaments.

Her first search must be for light with which to explore the lower part of the house, where in pantry or stillroom, or, if not above-ground, in the cellars, she must find what she wanted. Surely somewhere in that spacious bedchamber there would be tinder-box and matches. There were a pair of silver candlesticks on the dressing-table, with thick wax candles burned nearly to the sockets.

A careful search at last discovered a tinder-box and matches in a dark angle of the fireless hearth, hidden behind the heavy iron dogs. She struck a light, kindled her match, and lighted a candle, the sick man's eyes following all her movements, but his lips mute. As she went out of the door he called after her—

"Leave me not, thou holy visitant—leave not my soul in hell!"

"I will return," she cried. "Have no fear, sir; I go to fetch some wine."

Her errand was not done quickly. Amid all the magnificence she had noted on her journey through the long suite of reception-rooms—the littered treasures of amber and gold, and ivory and porcelain and silver—she had seen only an empty wine-flask; so with quick footfall she had ran down the wide, shallow stairs to the lower floor, and here she found herself in a labyrinth of passages opening into small rooms and servants' offices. Here there were darkness and gloom rather than splendor, though in many of those smaller rooms there was a sober and substantial luxury which became the inferior apartments of a palace. She came at last to a room which she took to be the butler's office, where there were dressers with a great array of costly glass, Venetian and English, and a great many pieces of silver—cups, tankards, salvers and other ornamental plate—in presses behind glazed doors. One of the glass panels had been broken, and the shelves in that press were empty.

The cellars were doubtless below these offices, but the wine-cellars would assuredly be locked, and she had to search for the keys. She opened drawer after drawer in the lower part of the presses, and at last, in an inner and secret drawer, found a multitude of keys, some of which were provided with parchment labels, and among these happily were two labeled "Ye great wine-cellar, S." and "Ye smaller wine-cellar, W."

On her way to the butler's office she had seen a stone archway at the head of a flight of stairs leading down into darkness. By this staircase she hoped to find the wine-cellars, and presently descended, her candlestick in one hand, and the two great keys in the other. As she went down into the stone basement, which was built with the solidity of a dungeon, she heard the plash of the tide, and felt that she was now on a level with the river. Here she found herself again in a labyrinth of passages, with many doors standing ajar. At the end of one passage she came to a locked door, and on trying her keys, found one of them to fit the lock; it was "Ye great wine-cellar, S." and she understood by the initial "S" that the cellar looked south and faced the river.

She turned the heavy key with an effort that strained the slender fingers which held it; but she was unconscious of the pain, and wondered afterward to see her hand dented and bruised where the iron had wrung it. The heavy door revolved on massive hinges, and she

entered a cellar so large that the light of her candle did not reach the furthestmost corners and recesses.

This cellar was built in a series of arches, fitted with stone bins, and in the upper part of one southward-facing arch there was a narrow grating, through which came the cool breath of evening air and the sound of water lapping against stone. A patch of faint light showed pale against the iron bars, and as Angela looked that way a great gray rat leaped through the grating, and ran along the topmost bin, making the bottles shiver as he scuttled across them. Then came a thud on the sawdust-covered stones, and she knew that the loathsome thing was on the floor upon which she was standing. She lowered her light shudderingly, and for the first time since she entered that house of dread the young, brave heart sank with the sickness of fear.

The cellar might swarm with such creatures; the darkness of the fast-coming night might be alive with them! And if yonder dungeon-like door were to swing to and shut with a spring lock, she might perish there in the darkness. She might die the most hideous of deaths, and her fate remain forever unknown.

In a sudden panic she rushed back to the door, and pushed it wider—pushed it to its extremest opening. It seemed too heavy to be likely to swing back upon its hinges; yet the mere idea of such a contingency appalled her. Remembering her labor in unlocking the door from the outside, she doubted if she could open it from within were it once to close upon that awful vault. And all this time the lapping of the tide against the stone sounded louder, and she saw little spirits of spray flashing against the bars in the lessening light.

She collected herself with an effort, and began her search for the wine. Sack was the wine she had given to the sick nun, and it was that wine for which she looked. Of Burgundy and claret, labeled "Clary Wine," she found several full bins, and more that were nearly empty; Tokay and other rarer wines were denoted by the parchment labels which hung above each bin; but it was some minutes before she came to a bin labeled "Sherris," which she knew was another name for the same kind of Spanish wine. The bottles had evidently been undisturbed for a long time, for the bin was full of cobweb, and the thick coating of dust upon the glass betokened a respectable age in the wine. She carried off two bottles, one under each arm, and then with even quicker steps than had brought her to that darksome place she hastened back to the upper floor, leaving the key in the cellar door, and the door unlocked. There would be time enough to look after Lord Fareham's wine when she had cared for Lord Fareham himself.

His eyes were fixed upon the doorway as she entered. They shone upon her in the dusk with an awful glassiness, as if life's last look had become fixed in death. He did not speak as she drew near the bed, and set the wine bottles down upon the table among the drugs and cataplasms.

She had found a silver-handled corkscrew in the butler's room among the relics of the feast, and with this she opened one of the bottles, Fareham watching her all the time.

"Is that some new Alexapharmic?" he asked with a sudden rational air, which was almost as startling as if a dead man had spoken. "I will have no more of their loathsome drugs. They have made an apothecary's shop of my body. I would rather they let me rot by the plague than poison me with their antidotes, or dissolved me to death with their sudorifics."

"This is not a medicine, Lord Fareham, but your own wine; and I want you to drink a long draught of it, and then, who knows, but you may sleep off your malady."

"Ay, sleep in the grave, sweet friend! I have seen the tokens of my breast that mean death. There is but one inevitable end for all who are so marked. 'Tis like the forester's notch upon the tree. It means doom. He was king of the forest once, perhaps; but no matter. His time has come. O Lord, Thou hast tormented me with hot burning coals!" he cried, in a sudden access of pain; and in the next minute he was raving.

Angela filled a beaker with the bright golden wine, and offered it to the sick man's lips. It was not without infinite pains and coaxing that she induced him to drink; but when once his parched lips had tasted the cold liquor, he drank eagerly, as if that strong wine had been a draught of water. He gave a deep sigh of solace when the beaker was empty, for he had been enduring an agony of thirst through all the glare and heat of the afternoon, and there was unspeakable comfort in that first long drink. He would have drunk foul water with almost as keen a relish.

He talked fast and furiously, in the disjointed sentences of delirium, for some little time; and then, little by little, he grew more tranquil; and Angela, sitting beside the bed, with her fingers laid gently on his wrist, marked the quieter beat of the pulse, which no longer fluttered like the wing of a frightened bird. Then with deep thankfulness she saw the eyelids droop over the bloodshot eyeballs, while the breathing grew slower and heavier as sleep clouded the weary brain. The spaniels crept nearer him, and nestled close to his pillow, so that the man's dark locks were mixed with the silken curls of the dogs.

Would he die in that sleep, she wondered?

She knelt upon a Prie-Dieu chair remote from the bed, knowing that contagion lurked amid those voluminous hangings, beneath that stately canopy with its lustrous satin lining, on which the light of the wax candles was reflected in shining patches as upon a lake of golden water. She had no fear of the pestilence; but an instinctive prudence made her hold herself aloof, now that there was nothing more to be done for the sufferer.

She remained long in prayer, repeating one of those litanies which she had learned in her infancy, and which of late had seemed to her to have somewhat too set and mechanical a rhythm. The earnestness and the fervor seemed to have gone out of them in some wise since she had come to womanhood. The names of the saints her lips invoked were dull and cold, and evolved no image of human or superhuman love and power. What need of intercessors whose personality was vague and dim, whose earthly histories were made up of truth so interwoven with fable that she scarce dared believe

even that which might be true. In the One Crucified was help for all sinners, strong Rock of Refuge, gospel and creed, the rule of life here, the promise of immortality hereafter.

The litanies to virgin and saints were said as a duty—a part of that implicit obedience which was the groundwork of her religion; and then all the aspirations of her heart, her prayers for the sick man yonder, her fears for her absent sister, for her father in his foreign wanderings, went up in one stream of invocation to Christ, the Redeemer. To Him, and Him alone, the strong flame of faith and love rose like the incense upon an altar—the altar of a girl's trusting heart.

She was so lost in meditation that she was unconscious of an approaching footstep in the stillness of the deserted house till it drew near to the threshold of the sick-room. The night was close and sultry, and she had left the door open, and that slow tread had crossed the threshold by the time she rose from her knees. Her heart beat fast, startled by the first human presence which she had known in that melancholy place, save the presence of the pest-stricken sufferer.

She found herself face to face with a middle-aged gentleman of medium stature, clad in the sober coloring that suggested one of the learned professions. He appeared even more startled than Angela at the unexpected vision which met his gaze, faintly seen in the dim light.

There was silence for a few moments, and then the stranger saluted the lady with a formal reverence as he laid down his gold-handled cane.

"Surely, madam, this mansion of My Lord Fareham's must be enchanted," he said. "I left a crowd of attendants, and the stir of life below and above stairs, only this forenoon last past. I find silence and vacancy. That is scarce strange in this dejected and unhappy time; for it is but too common a trick of hireling nurses to abandon their patients, and for servants to plunder and then desert a sick house. But to find an angel where I left a hag! That is the miracle! And an angel who has brought healing, if I mistake not," he added, in a lower voice, bending over the sleeper.

"I am no angel, sir, but a weak, erring mortal," answered the girl, gravely. "For pity's sake, kind doctor—since I doubt not you are my lord's physician—tell me where are my dearest sister, Lady Fareham, and her children. Tell me the worst, I entreat you!"

"Sweet lady, there is no ill news to tell. Her ladyship and the little ones are safe at my lord's house in Oxfordshire, and it is only his lordship yonder who has fallen a victim to the contagion. Lady Fareham and her girl and boy have not been in London since the plague began to rage. My lord had business in the city, and came hither alone. He and the young Lord Rochester, who is the most audacious infidel this town can show, have been bidding defiance to the pestilence, deeming their nobility safe from a sickness which has for the most part chosen its victims among the vulgar."

"His lordship is very ill, I fear, sir," said Angela, interrogatively.

"I left him at eleven o'clock this morning with but scanty hope of finding him alive after sundown. The woman I left to nurse him was his house-steward's wife, and far above the common kind of plague-nurse. I did not think she would turn traitor. Her husband has proved a false steward. The house has been robbed of plate and valuables, as I believe, from signs I saw below stairs; and I suppose husband and wife went off together. It was an artful device of those plunderers to paint the red cross on the door, and thus scare away any visitor who might have discovered their depredations. But you, madam, a being so young and fragile, have you no fear of the contagion?"

"Nay, sir, I know that I am in God's hand. Yonder poor gentleman is not the first plague-patient I have nursed. There was a nun came from Holland to our convent at Louvain last year, and had scarce been one night in the house before tokens of the pestilence were discovered upon her. I helped the infirmarian to nurse her, and with God's help we brought her round. My aunt, the reverend mother, bade me give her the best wine there was in the house—strong Spanish wine that a rich merchant had given to the convent for the sick—and it was as though that good wine drove the poison from her blood. She recovered by the grace of God after only a few days' careful nursing. Finding his lordship stricken with such great weakness, I ventured to give him a draught of the best sack I could find in his cellar."

"Dear lady, thou art a miracle of good sense and compassionate bounty. I doubt thou hast saved thy sister from widow's weeds," said Dr. Hodgkin, seated by the bed, with his fingers on the patient's wrist, and his massive gold watch in the other hand. "This sound sleep promises well, and the pulse beats somewhat slow and steadier than it did this morning. Then the case seemed hopeless, and I feared to give wine—though a free use of generous wine is my particular treatment—lest it should fly to his brain, and disturb his intellects at a time when he should need all his senses for the final disposition of his affairs. Great estates sometimes hang upon the breath of a dying man."

"Oh, sir, but your patient! To save his life, that would sure be your first and chiefest thought."

"Ay, ay, my pretty miss; but I had other measures. Apollo twangs not ever on the same bowstring. Did my sudorific work well, think you?"

"He was bathed in perspiration when first I found him; but the sweat-drops seemed cold and deadly, as if life itself were being dissolved out of him."

"Ay, there are cases in which that copious sweat is the forerunner of dissolution; but in others it augurs cure. The pent-up poison, which is corrupting the patient's blood, finds a sudden vent, its virulence is diluted, and if the end prove fatal, it is that the patient lacks power to rally after the ravages of the disease, rather than that the poison kills. Was it instantly after that profuse sweat you gave him the wine, I wonder?"

"It was as speedily as I could procure it from the cellar below stairs."

"And that strong wine, given in the nick of time, reassembled nature's scattered forces, and rekindled the flame of life. Upon my soul, sweet young lady, I believe thou hast saved him! All the drugs in Bucklersbury could do no more. And now tell me what symp-



toms you have noted since you have watched by his bed; and tell me further if you have strength to continue his nurse, with such precautions as I shall dictate, and such help as I can send you in the shape of a stout, honest serving-wench of mine, and a man to guard the lower part of your house, and fetch and carry for you?"

"I will do everything you bid me, with all my heart, and with such skill as I can command."

"Those delicate fingers were formed to minister to the sick. And you will not shrink from loathsome offices—from the application of cataplasms, from cleansing foul sores? Those blains and boils upon that poor body will need care for many days to come."

"I will shrink from nothing that may be needful for his benefit. I should love to go on nursing him, were it only for my sister's sake. How sorry she would feel to be so far from him, could she but know of his sickness!"

"Yes, I believe Lady Fareham would be sorry," answered the physician with a dry little laugh; "though there are not many married ladies about Rowley's Court of whom I would diagnose as much. The servant I send you will bring meat and all needful herbs for making a strong broth, with which you will feed the patient once an hour. There are many who hold with the boiling of gold in such a broth, but I will not enter upon the merits of aurum potabile as a fortificant. I take it that in this case you will find beef and mutton serve your turn. I shall send you from my own larder as much beef as will suffice for to-night's use, and to-morrow your servant must go to the place where the country people sell their goods, butcher's meat, poultry, and garden stuff; for the butcher's shops of London are nearly all closed, and people scent contagion in any intercourse with their fellow-citizens. You will have therefore to look to the country people for your supplies; but of all this my own man will give you information. So now, good-night, sweet young lady. It is on the stroke of nine. Before eleven you shall have those who will help and protect you. Meanwhile you had best go downstairs with me, and lock and bolt the great door leading into the garden, which I found ajar."

"There is the door facing the river, too, by which I entered."

"Ay, that should be barred also. Keep a good heart, madam. Before eleven you shall have a sturdy watchman on the premises."

It was past eleven before the expected succor arrived, and in the interval Lord Fareham had awakened once, and had swallowed a composing draught, having apparently but little consciousness of the hand that administered it. At twenty minutes past eleven Angela heard the bell ring, and ran blithely down the now familiar staircase to open the garden door, outside which she found a middle-aged woman and a tall sturdy young man, each carrying a bundle. These were the nurse and the watchman sent by Dr. Hodgkin. The woman gave Angela a slip of paper from the doctor, by way of introduction.

"You will find Bridget Basset a worthy woman, and able to turn her hand to anything; and Thomas Stokes is an honest, servicable youth, whom you may trust upon the premises, till some of his lordship's servants can be sent from Chilton Abbey, where I take it there is a large staff."

She made her arrangements promptly and decisively. Mrs. Basset was to stay all night with her in the patient's chamber, with such needful intervals of rest as each might take without leaving the sick-room; and Stokes was first to see to the fastening of the various basement doors, and to assure himself that there was no one hidden either in the cellars or on the ground floor; also to examine all upper chambers, and lock all doors; and was then to make himself a bed in a dressing closet adjoining Lord Fareham's chamber, and was to lie there in his clothes, ready to help at any hour of the night, should help be wanted.

And so began Angela's first night-watch by the bedside of her brother-in-law, the man whom she had pictured to herself so vividly as she read of him in her sister's letters, the uncourtly soldier whose character seemed to stand out with a gloomy force from the frivolous intrigues and childish vanities of palace and drawing-room.

Those dark eyes had never looked upon her with the light of reason. Would they ever so look? Would he ever be more to her than a plague-stricken sufferer, or was this sick-room only the ante-chamber to the grave?

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD.

THREE nights and days had gone since Angela first set her foot upon the threshold of Fareham House, and in all that time she had not once gone out into the great city, where dismal silence reigned by day and night, save for the hideous cries of the men with the dead-carts, calling to the inhabitants of the infected houses to bring out their dead, and roaring their awful summons with as automatic a monotony as if they had been hawking some common necessary of life—a dismal cry that was but occasionally varied by the hollow tones of a Puritan fanatic stalking, gaunt and half clad, along the Strand, and shouting some sentence of fatal bodeiment from the Hebrew prophets; just as before the siege of Titus there walked through the streets of Jerusalem one who cried, "Woe to the wicked city!" and whose voice could not be stopped but by death.

In those three days and nights the foulest symptoms of the contagion were subjugated; and those horrible blains and sores which were the most loathsome features of this corruption were put in the way of healing. But the ravages of the disease had left the patient in a state of weakness which bordered on death; and his nurses were full of apprehension lest the shattered forces of his constitution should fail even in the hour of recovery. The violence of the fever was abated, and the delirium had become intermittent, while there were hours in which the sufferer was conscious and reasonable, and in those periods of reason he would fain have talked with Angela more than her anxiety would allow.

He was full of wonder at her presence in that house; and when he had been told who she was, he wanted to know how and why she had come there; by what happy accident, by what interposition of Providence, she had been sent to save him from a hideous death.

"I should have died but for you," he said, "I should

have lain here in my corruption, fouler than dead men in a charnel-house, till the cart fetched my putrid carcass. I should be rotting in one of their plague-pits yonder, behind the old Abbey."

Angela put her fingers on her lip, and with the other hand drew the silken coverlet over the sick man's shoulder.

She had a strong desire to explore that city of which she had yet seen so little, and her patient being now arrived at a state of his disorder when it was best for him to be tempted to prolonged slumbers by silence and solitude, she put on her hood and gloves and went out alone to see the horrors of the deserted streets, of which Nurse Basset had given her so appalling a picture.

It was four o'clock, and the afternoon was at its hottest: the blue of a cloudless sky was reflected in the blue of the silent river, where instead of the flotilla of gayly painted wherries, the procession of gilded barges, the music and song, the ceaseless traffic of court and city, there was only the faint ripple of the stream, or here and there a solitary bark creeping slowly down the tide with ineffectual sail flapping in the sultry atmosphere.

No words could paint the desolation which reigned between the Strand and Whitechapel in that fatal summer, now drawing toward its melancholy close. More than once in her brief pilgrimage Angela drew back, shuddering from the embrasure of a door, or the inlet to some narrow alley, at sight of death lying on the threshold, stiff, stark, unheeded; more than once in her progress from the New Exchange to St. Paul's she heard the shrill wail of women lamenting for a soul just departed. Death was about and around her. The great bell of the cathedral tolled with an inexorable stroke in the summer stillness, as it had tolled every day through those long months of heat and drought and ever-growing fear, and ever-thickening graves.

Eastward there rose the red glare of a great fire, and she feared that some of those old wooden houses in the narrower streets were blazing, but on inquiry of a solitary foot passenger, she learned that this fire was one of many which had been burning for three days, at street corners and in open spaces, at a great expense of sea coal, with the hope of purifying the atmosphere and dispersing poisonous gases—but that so far no amelioration had followed upon this outlay and labor. She came presently to a junction of roads near the Fleet ditch, and saw the huge coal fire flaming with a sickly glare in the sunshine, tended by a lean and spectral figure, half-clad and hungry-looking, to whom she gave an alms; and at this juncture of ways a great peril awaited her, for there sprang as it were out of the very ground, so quickly did they assemble from neighboring courts and alleys, a throng of mendicants, who clustered round her, with filthy hands outstretched, and shrill voices imploring charity. So wasted were their half-naked limbs, so ghastly and livid their countenances, that they might have all been plague-patients, and Angela recoiled from them in horror.

"Keep your distance, for pity's sake, good friends, and I will give you all the money I carry," she exclaimed, and there was something of command in her voice and aspect, as she stood before them, straight and tall, with pale, earnest face.

They fell off a little way, and waited till she scattered the contents of her purse—small Flemish coin—upon the ground in front of her, where they scrambled for it, snarling and scuffling each other like dogs fighting for a bone.

Full of pity and of gravest, saddest thoughts, the lonely girl walked through the lonely town to that part of the city where the streets were narrowest, a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, with a church-tower or steeple rising up amid the crowded dwellings at almost every point to which the eye looked. Angela wondered at the sight of so many fine churches in this heretical land. Many of these city churches were left open in this day of wrath, so that unhappy souls who had a mind to pray might go in at will, and kneel there. Angela peered in at an old church in a narrow court, holding the door a little way ajar, and looking along the cold gray nave. All was gloom and silence, save for a monotonous and suppressed murmur of one invisible worshiper in a pew near the altar, who varied his supplicatory mutterings with long-drawn sighs.

She wandered through the maze of streets and lanes, sometimes coming back unawares to a street she had lately traversed, till at last she came to a church that was not silent, for through the open door she heard a voice within, preaching or praying. She hesitated for a few minutes on the threshold, having been taught that it was a sin to enter a Protestant temple; and then something within her, some new sense of independence and revolt against old traditions, moved her to enter, and take her place quietly in one of the curious wooden boxes where the sparse congregation were seated, listening to a man in a Geneva gown, who was preaching in a tall oaken pulpit, surmounted by a massive sounding-board, and furnished with a crimson velvet cushion, which the preacher used with great effect during his discourse, now folding his arms upon it and leaning forward to argue familiarly with his flock, now stretching a long lean arm above it to point a denouncing finger at the sinners below, anon belaboring it severely in the passion of his eloquence.

He preached of Christ the Saviour with a fullness and a force which were new to Angela. He held up that commanding, that touching image unobscured by any other personality. All those surrounding figures which Angela had seen crowded around the godlike form, all those sufferings and virtues of the spotless mother of God were ignored in that impassioned oration. The preacher held up Christ crucified, Him only, as the fountain of pity and pardon. He reduced Christianity to its simplest elements, primitive as when the memory of the God-Man was yet fresh in the minds of those who had seen the divine countenance and listened to the divine voice; and Angela felt as she had never felt before the singleness and purity of the Christian's faith.

It was the day of hour-long sermons, when a preacher who measured his discourse by the sands of an hour-glass was deemed moderate. Among the Nonconformists there were those who turned the glass, and let the flood of eloquence flow on far into the second hour. The old man had been preaching a long time when Angela awoke as from a dream and remem-

bered that sick chamber where duty called her. She left the church quietly and hurried westward, guided chiefly by the sun, till she found herself once more in the Strand; and very soon afterward she was ringing the bell at the chief entrance of Fareham House. She returned far more depressed in spirits than she went out, for all the horror of the plague-stricken city was upon her; and, fresh from the spectacle of death, she felt less hopeful of Lord Fareham's recovery.

Thomas Stokes opened the great door to admit that one modest figure, a door which looked as if it should open only to noble visitors, to a procession of courtiers and court beauties, in the fitful light of wind-blown torches. Thomas, when interrogated, was not cheerful in his account of the patient's health during Angela's absence. My lord had been strangely disordered; Mrs. Basset had found the fever increasing, and was feared the gentleman was relapsing.

Angela's heart sickened at the thought. The preacher had dwelt on the sudden alternations of the disease, how apparent recovery was sometimes the precursor of death. She hurried up the stairs, and through the seemingly endless suite of rooms which nobody wanted, which never might be inhabited again, perhaps, except by bats and owls, to his lordship's chamber, and found him sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door by which she entered.

"At last!" he cried. "Why did you inflict such torturing apprehensions upon me? This woman has been telling me of the horrors of the streets where you have been; and I figured you stricken suddenly with this foul malady, creeping into some deserted alley to expire uncared for, dying with your head upon a stone, lying there to be carried off by the dead-cart. You must not leave this house again, save for the coach that shall carry you to Oxfordshire to join Hyacinth and her children—and that coach shall start to-morrow. I am a madman to have let you stay so long in this infected house."

"You forget that I am plague-proof," she answered, throwing off hood and cloak, and going to his bedside, to the chair in which she had spent many hours watching by him and praying for him.

No, there was no relapse. He had only been restless and uneasy because of her absence. The disease was conquered, the pest-spots were healing fairly, and his nurses had only to contend against the weakness and depression which seemed but the natural sequence of the malady.

Dr. Hodgkin was satisfied with his patient's progress. He had written to Lady Fareham, advising her to send some of her servants with horses for his lordship's coach, and to provide for relays of post-horses between London and Oxfordshire, a matter of easier accomplishment than it would have been in the earlier summer, when all the quality were flying to the country, and post-horses were at a premium. Now there were but few people of rank or standing who had the courage to stay in town, like the Archbishop, who had not left Lambeth, or the stout old Duke of Albemarle, at the cockpit, who feared the pestilence no more than he feared sword or cannon.

Two of his lordship's lackeys, and his Oxfordshire major-domo, and clerk of the kitchen, arrived a week after Angela's landing, bringing loving letters from Hyacinth to her husband and sister. The physician had so written as not to scare the wife. She had been told that her husband had been ill, but was in a fair way to recovery, and would post to Oxfordshire as soon as he was strong enough for the journey, carrying his sister-in-law with him, and lying at the accustomed inn at High Wickham, or perchance resting two nights and spending three days upon the road.

The pestilence had passed by, and they went out in the sunshine, in the freshness of a September morning, balmy, yet cool, with a scent of flowers from the gardens of Lambeth and Bankside blowing across the river.

The family coach was almost as big as a house, and afforded ample room for the convalescent to recline at his ease on one seat, while Angela and the steward, a confidential servant with the manners of a courtier, sat side by side upon the other.

They had the two spaniels with them, Puck and Ganymede, silky-haired little beasts, black and tan, with bulging foreheads, crowded with intellect, pug noses so short as hardly to count for nose, goggle eyes that expressed shrewdness, greediness, and affection. Puck snuggled cozily in the soft laps of his lordship's shirt; Ganymede sat and blinked at the sunshine from Angela's lap. Both snarled at Mr. Manningtree, the steward, and resented the slightest familiarity on his part.

The next evening they were within half a dozen miles of Oxford before the sun was low. They drove by a level road that skirted the river; and now, for the first time, Angela saw that river flowing placidly through a rural landscape, the rich green of marshy meadows in the foreground, and low wooded hills on the opposite bank, while midway across the stream an islet covered with reed and willow cast a shadow over the rosy water painted by the western sun.

"Are we near them now?" she asked, eagerly, knowing that her brother-in-law's mansion lay within a few miles of Oxford.

"We are very near," answered Fareham; "I can see the chimneys and the white stone pillars of the great gate."

He had his head out of the carriage, looking sunward, shading his eyes with his big doeskin gauntlet as he looked. Those two days on the road, the fresh autumn air, the generous diet, the variety and movement of the journey, had made a new man of him. Lean and gaunt he must needs be for some time to come; but the dark face was no longer bloodless; the eyes had the fire of health.

"I see the gate—and there is more than that in view!" he cried, excitedly. "Your sister is coming in a troop to meet us, with her children, and visitors, and servants. Stop the coach, Manningtree, and let us out."

The postboys pulled up their horses, and the steward opened the coach-door, and assisted his master to alight. Fareham's footsteps were somewhat uncertain as he walked slowly along the waste grass by the roadside, leaning a little upon Angela's shoulder.

Lady Fareham came running toward them in advance of children and friends, an airy figure in blue



and white, her fair hair flying in the wind, her arms stretched out as if to greet them from afar. She clasped her sister to her breast even before she saluted her husband, clasped her and kissed her, laughing between the kisses.

"Welcome, my escaped nun," she cried. "I never thought they would let thee out of thy prison, or that thou wouldst muster courage to break thy bonds. Welcome, and a hundred times welcome. And that thou shouldst have saved my lord's life! Oh, the wonder of it! While I, within a hundred miles of him, knew not that he was ill, here didst thou come across seas to save him! Why, 'tis a modern fairy tale."

"And she is the good fairy," said Fareham, taking his wife's face between his two hands and bending down to kiss the white forehead under its cloud of pale golden curls, "and you must cherish her for all the rest of your life. But for her I should have died alone in that great gaudy house, and the rats would have eaten me, and then perhaps you would have cared no longer for the mansion, and would have had to build another further west, by my Lord Clarendon's, where all the fine folks are going, and that would have been a pity."

"Oh, Fareham, do not begin with thy irony-stop! I know all your organ-tones, from the tenor of your kindness to the bourdon of your displeasure. Do you think I am not glad to have you here safe and sound? Do you think I have not been miserable about you since I knew of your sickness? Monsieur de Malfort will tell you whether I have been unhappy or not."

"Why, Malfort! What wind blew you hither at this perilous season, when Englishmen are going abroad for fear of the pestilence, and when your friend St. Evremond has fled from the beauties of Oxford to the malodorous sewers and fusty fraus of the Netherlands?"

"I had no fear of the contagion, and I wanted to see my friends. I am in lodgings in Oxford, where there is almost as much good company as there ever was at Whitehall."

The Comte de Malfort and Fareham clasped hands with a cordiality which bespoke old friendship; and it was only an instinctive recoil on the part of the Englishman which spared him his friend's kisses. They had lived in camps and in courts together, these two, and had much in common, and much that was antagonistic in temperament and habits. Malfort, lazy and luxurious, when there was no fighting on hand; a man whose one business, when not under canvas, was to surpass everybody else in the fashion and folly of the hour, to be quite the finest gentleman in whatever company he found himself.

The children hung upon their father, Papillon on one side, Cupid on the other, and it was in them rather than in her sister's friend that Angela was interested. The girl resembled her mother only in the grace and flexibility of her slender form, the quickness of her movements, and the vivacity of her speech. Her hair and eyes were dark, like her father's, and her coloring was that of a brunette, with something of a pale bronze under the delicate carmine of her cheeks. The boy favored his mother, and was worthy of the sobriquet Rochester had bestowed upon him. His blue eyes, chubby cheeks, cherry lips, and golden hair were like the typical Cupid of Rubens, and might be seen repeated ad libitum on the ceiling of the Banqueting House.

"I'll warrant this is all flummery," said Fareham, looking down at the girl as she hung upon him. "Thou art not glad to see me."

"I am so glad that I could eat you, as the giant would have eaten Jack," answered the girl, leaping up to kiss him, her hair flying back like a dark cloud, her active legs struggling for freedom in her long brocade petticoat.

"And you are not afraid of the contagion?"

"Afraid! Why I wanted mother to take me to you as soon as I heard you were ill."

"Well, I have been smoke-dried and pickled in strong waters, until Dr. Hodgkin accounts me safe, or I would not come nigh thee. See, sweetheart, this is your aunt, whom you are to love next best to your mother."

"But not so well as you, sir. You are first," said the child, and then turned to Angela and held up her rosebud mouth to be kissed. "You saved my father's life," she said. "If you ever want anybody to die for you let it be me."

"Gud! what a delicate wit. The sweet child is positively quaint," exclaimed a young lady, who was strolling beside them, and whom Lady Fareham had not taken the trouble to introduce by name to any one, but who was now accounted for as a country neighbor, Mrs. Dorothy Lettsome.

Angela was watching her brother-in-law as they sauntered along, and she saw that the fatigue and agitation of this meeting were beginning to affect him. He was carrying his hat in one hand, while the other caressed Papillon. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his steps began to drag a little. Happily the coach had kept a few paces in their rear, and Manningtree was walking beside it; so Angela proposed that his lordship should resume his seat in the vehicle and drive on to his house, while she went on foot with her sister.

"I must go with his lordship," cried Papillon, and leaped into the coach before her father.

Hyacinth put her arm through Angela's and led her slowly along the grassy walk to the great gates, the Frenchman and Mrs. Lettsome following, and unversed as the convent-bred girl was to the ways of this particular world, she could nevertheless perceive that in the conversation between these two, M. de Malfort was amusing himself at the expense of his fair companion. His own English was by no means despicable, as he had spent more than a year at the Embassy, immediately after the Restoration, to say nothing of his constant intercourse with the Farehams and other English exiles in France; but he was encouraging the young lady to talk to him in French, which was spoken with an affected drawl, that was even more ridiculous than its errors in grammar.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### AT THE TOP OF THE FASHION.

Nothing could have been more cordial than Lady Fareham's welcome to her sister, nor were it easy to imagine a life more delightful than the life at Chilton

Abbey in that autumnal season, when every stage of the decaying year clothed itself with a variety and brilliancy of coloring which made ruin beautiful, and disguised the approach of winter, as a court harriard might hide age and wrinkles under a yellow satin mask and a flame-colored domino. The Abbey was one of those capacious, irregular buildings in which all that a house was in the past and that it is in the present are composed into a harmonious whole, and in which past and present are so cunningly interwoven that it would have been difficult for any one but an architect to distinguish where the improvements and additions of yesterday were grafted on to the masonry of the fourteenth century. Here where the spacious plate-room and pantry began there were walls massive enough for the immuring of refractory nuns, and this corkscrew Jacobean staircase, which wound with carved balusters up to the garret story, had its foundations in a flight of cyclopean stone steps that descended to the cellars, where the monks kept their strong liquors and brewed their beer. Half of my lady's drawing-room had been the refectory, and the long dining-parlor still showed the groined roof of an ancient cloister, while the music-room into which it opened had been designed by Inigo Jones, and built by the last Lord Fareham.

To Angela the change from an inclosed convent to such a house as Chilton Abbey was a change that filled all her days with wonder. The splendor, the air of careless luxury that pervaded her sister's house, and suggested costliness and waste in every detail, could but be distressing to the pupil of Flemish nuns, who had seen even the trenchers scraped off to make soup for the poor, and every morsel of bread garnered as if it were gold dust. From that sparse fare of the convent to this Rabelaisian plenty, this plethora of meat and poultry, huge game pies and elaborate confectionery, this perpetual too much of everything, was a transition that startled and shocked her.

It sickened Angela to see the long dining-table loaded, day after day, with dishes that were many of them left untouched amid the superabundance, while the massive Cromwellian sideboard seemed to need all the thickness of its gouty legs to sustain the "regalia" of hams and tongues, pasties, salads and jellies. And all this time the "Weekly Gazette" from London told of the unexampled distress in that afflicted city, which was but the natural result of an epidemic that had driven all the well-to-do away, and left neither trade nor employment for the lower classes.

"What becomes of that mountain of food?" Angela asked her sister, after her second dinner at Chilton, by which time she and Hyacinth had become familiar and at ease with each other. "Is it given to the poor?"

"Some of it, perhaps, love; but I'll warrant that most of it is eaten in the offices—with many a handsome sirloin and haunch to boot."

"Oh, sister, it is dreadful to think of such a troop! I am always meeting strange faces. How many servants have you?"

"I have never reckoned them. Manningtree knows, no doubt; for his wages book would tell him. I take it there may be more than fifty, and less than a hundred. Anyhow, we could not exist were they fewer."

"More than fifty people to wait upon four!"

"For our state and importance, chérie, we are very ill-waited upon. I nearly died last week before I could get any one to bring me my afternoon chocolate. The men had all rushed off to a bull-baiting, and the women were romping or fighting in the laundry, except my own women, who are too genteel to play with the under-servants, and had taken a holiday to go and see a tragedy at Oxford. I found myself in a deserted house. I might have been burned alive, or have expired in a fit, for aught any of those overfed devils cared."

"But could they not be better regulated?"

"They are when Manningtree is at home. He has them all under his thumb."

"And is he an honest, conscientious man?"

"Who knows? I dare say he robs us, and takes a 'pot devin' whenever 'tis offered. But it is better to be robbed by one than by an army, and if Manningtree keeps others from cheating he is worth his wages."

There were musicians in her ladyship's household—youths who played lute and viol, and sang the dainty meaningless songs of the latest ballad-mongers very prettily. The warm weather, which had a bad effect upon the bills of mortality, was so far advantageous that it allowed these gentlemen to sing in the garden while the family were at supper, or on the river while the family were taking their evening airing. Their newest performance was an arrangement of Lord Dorset's lines—"To all you ladies now on land," set as a round. There could scarcely be anything prettier than the dying fall of the refrain that ended every verse—

"With a fa, la, la,  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,  
With a fa, la, la."

The last lines died away in the distance of the moonlit garden, as the singers slowly retired, while Henri de Malfort illustrated that final couplet with Hyacinth's fan, as he sat beside her.

"Music, and moonlight, and a garden. You might fancy yourself amid the grottoes and terraces of Saint Germain."

"I note that whenever there is anything meritorious in our English life Malfort is reminded of France, and when he discovers any obnoxious feature in our manners or habits, he expatiates on the vast difference between the two nations," said his lordship.

"Dear Fareham, I am a human being. When I am in England I remember all I loved in my own country. I must return to it before I shall understand the worth of all I leave here, and the understanding may be bitter. Call your singers back, and let us have those two last verses again. 'Tis a fine tune, and your fellows perform it with sweetness and brio."

The song was new. The victory which it celebrated was fresh in the minds of men. The disgrace of later Dutch experiences—the ships in the Nore, ravaging and insulting—was yet to come. England still believed her floating castles invincible.

To Angela's mind, the life at Chilton was full of change and joyous expectancy. No hour of the day but offered some variety of recreation, from battledore and

shuttlecock in the plaisance to long days with the hounds or the hawks. Angela learned to ride in less than a month, instructed by the stud-groom, a gentleman of considerable importance in the household; an old campaigner, who had groomed Fareham's horses after many a battle, and many a skirmish, and had suffered scant food and rough quarters without murmuring; and also with considerable assistance and counsel from Lord Fareham, and occasional lectures from Papillon, who was a Diana at ten years old, and rode with her father in the first flight. Angela was soon equal to accompanying her sister in the hunting-field, for Hyacinth was following the chase after the French rather than the English fashion, affecting no ruder sport than to wait at an opening of the wood, or on the crest of a common, to see hounds and riders sweep by; or, favored by chance now and then, to signal the villain's whereabouts by a lace handkerchief waved high above her head. This was how a beautiful lady who had hunted in the forests of Saint Germain and Fontainebleau understood sport, and such performance as this Angela found easy and agreeable. They had many cavaliers who came to talk with them for a few minutes, to tell them what was doing or not doing yonder where the hounds were hidden in thicket or coppice; but Henri de Malfort was their most constant attendant. He rarely left them, and dawdled through the earlier half of an October day, walking his horse from point to point, or dismounting at sheltered corners to stand and talk at Lady Fareham's side, with a patience that made Angela wonder at the contrast between English headlong eagerness, crashing and splashing through hedge and brook, and French indifference.

"I have not Fareham's passion for mud," he explained to her, when she remarked upon his lack of interest in the chase, even when the music of the hounds was ringing through wood and valley, now close beside them, anon melting in the distance, thin in the thin air. "If he comes not home at dark plastered with mire from boots to eyebrows he will cry, like Alexander, 'I have lost a day.'"

Never was sister kinder than Hyacinth, impelled by that impulsive sweetness which was her chief characteristic, and also, it might be, moved to lavish generosity by some scruples of conscience with regard to her grandmother's will. Her first business was to send for the best milliner in Oxford, a London madam who had followed her court customers to the university town, and to order everything that was beautiful and seemingly for a young person of quality.

"You will mark the distinction between my sister and your maids of honor, Mrs. Lewin. She is but a debutante in our modish world, and must be dressed as modestly as you can contrive, to be consistent with the fashion."

"Oh, my lady, I catch your ladyship's meaning, and your ladyship's instructions shall be carried out as far as can be without making a savage of the young lady. I know what some young ladies are, when they first come to court. I had fuss enough with Miss Hamilton before I could persuade her to have her bodice cut like a Christian. And even the beautiful Misses Brooks were all for high tuckers and modesty pieces when I began to make for them; but they soon came round. And now with my Lady Denham it is always, 'Gud, Lewin, do you call that the right cut for a bosom? Udsbud, woman, you haven't made the curve half deep enough.' And with my Lady Chesterfield it is 'Sure, if they say my legs are thick and ugly, I'll let them know my shoulders are worth looking at. Give me your scissors, creature,' and then with her own delicate hands she will scoop me a good inch off the satin, till I am fit to swoon at seeing the cold steel against her milk-white flesh."

Mrs. Lewin talked with but little interruption for the best part of an hour, while exhibiting the ready-made wares she had brought, the greater number of which Hyacinth insisted on buying for Angela—who was horrified at the slanderous innuendoes that dropped in casual abundance from the painted lips of the milliner; horrified, too, that her sister could loll back in her armchair and laugh at the woman's coarse and malignant talk.

"Indeed, sister, you are far too generous, and you have overpowered me with gifts," she said, when the milliner had curtsied herself out of the room; "for I fear my own income will never pay for all these costly things. Three pounds, I think she said, was the price of the Mazarine hood alone—and there are stockings and gloves innumerable."

"Mon Ange, while you are with me your own income is but for charities and veils. I will have it spent for nothing else. You know how rich the Marquise has made me—while I believe Fareham is a kind of modern Croesus, though we do not boast of his wealth, for all that is most substantial in his fortune comes from his mother, whose father was a great merchant trading with Spain and the Indies, all through James's reign, and luckier in the hunt for gold than poor Raleigh. Never must you talk to me of obligation. Are we not sisters, and was it not a mere accident that made me the elder, and Madame de Montrond's protégée?"

"I have no words to thank you for so much kindness. I will only say I am so happy here that I could never have believed there was such full content on this sinful earth."

"Wait till we are in London, Angélique. Here we endure existence. It is only in London that we live." "Nay, I believe the country will always please me better than the town. But, sister, do you not hate that Mrs. Lewin—that horrid painted face and evil tongue?"

"My dearest child, one hates a milliner for the spoiling of a bodice or the ill cut of a sleeve—not for her character. I believe Mrs. Lewin's is among the worst, and that she has had as many intrigues as Lady Castle-maine. As for her painting, doubtless she does that to remind her customers that she sells alabaster powder and ceruse."

"Nay, if she wants to disgust them with painted faces she has but to show her own."

"I grant she lays the stuff on badly. I hope, if I live to have as many wrinkles, I shall fill them better than she does. Yet who can tell what a hideous toad she might be in her natural skin? It may be Christian charity that induces her to paint, and so to spare us the sight of a monster. She will make thee a beauty, Ange,



be sure of that. For satin or velvet, birthday or gala gowns, nobody can beat her. The wretch has had thousands of my money, so I ought to know."

Angela could not be in her sister's company for a month without discovering that Lady Fareham's whole life was given up to the worship of the trivial. She was kind, she was amiable, generous even to recklessness. She was not irreligious, heard Mass and made her confession as often as the hard conditions of an alien and jealously treated Church would allow, had never disputed the truth of any tenet that was taught her—but of serious views, of an earnest consideration of life and death, husband and children, Hyacinth Fareham was as incapable as her ten-year-old daughter. Indeed it sometimes seemed to Angela that the child had broader and deeper thoughts than the mother, and saw her surroundings with a shrewder and clearer eye, despite the natural frivolity of childhood, and the exuberance of a fine physique.

Hyacinth loved to ring the changes on her sister's name. Angela was too English, and sounded too much like the name of a nun; but Angélique suggested one of the most enchanting personalities in that brilliant circle on which Lady Fareham so often rhapsodized. This was the beautiful Angélique Paulet whose father invented the tax called by his name, La Paulette—a financial measure which was the main cause of the first Fronde war.

"I only knew her when she was between fifty and sixty," said Lady Fareham, "but she hardly looked forty, and she was still handsome in spite of her red hair. Trop d'âge, her admirers called it; but, my love, it was as red as that scullion's we saw in the poultry-yard yesterday. She was a reigning beauty at three courts, and had a crowd of adorers when she was only fourteen. Ah, Papillon, you may open your eyes! What will you be at fourteen? still playing with your babies, or mad about your shock dogs, I dare swear!"

"I gave my babies to the housekeeper's granddaughter last year," said Papillon, much offended, "when father gave me the peregrine. I only care for live things now I am old."

"And at fourteen thou wilt be an awkward, long-legged wench that will frighten away all my admirers, yet not be worth the trouble of a compliment on thine own account."

"I want no such stuff!" cried Papillon. "Do you think I would like a French fox always at my elbow as Monsieur de Malfort is ever at yours? I love hunting and hawking, and a man that can ride, and shoot, and row, and fight, like father or Sir Denzil Warner—not a man who thinks more of his ribbons and periwig and cannon sleeves than of killing his fox or flying his falcon."

"Oh, you are beginning to have opinions," sighed Hyacinth. "I am, indeed, an old woman! Go and find yourself something to play with alive or dead. You are vastly too clever for my company."

"I'll go and saddle Brownie. Will you come for a ride, Aunt Ang?"

"Yes, dear, if her ladyship does not want me at home."

"Her ladyship knows your heart is in the fields and woods. Yes, sweetheart, saddle your pony, and order your aunt's horse and a pair of grooms to take care of you."

The child ran off rejoicing. "Precocious little devil! She will pick up all our jargon before she is in her teens."

"Dear sister, if you talk so indiscreetly before her—" "Indiscreet! Am I really so indiscreet? That is Fareham's word. I believe I was born so. But I was telling you about your namesake, Mademoiselle Paulet. She began to reign when Henri was king, and no doubt he was one of her most ardent admirers! Don't look frightened! She was always a model of virtue. Mademoiselle Scudery has devoted pages to painting her perfections under an Oriental alias. She sang, she danced, she talked divinely. She did everything better than everybody else. Priests and bishops praised her. And after changes and losses and troubles, she died far from Paris, a spinster, nearly sixty years old. It was a paltry finish to a life that began in a blaze of glory."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### SUPERIOR TO FASHION.

At Oxford Angela was so happy as to be presented to Catharine of Braganza, a little dark woman, whose attire still bore some traces of its original Portuguese heaviness; such a dress—clumsy, ugly, infinitely rich, and expensive—as one sees in old portraits of Spanish and Netherlandish matrons, in which every elaborate detail of the costly fabric seems to have been devised in the research of ugliness. She saw the king also; met him casually—she walking with her brother-in-law, while Lady Fareham and her friends ran from shop to shop in the High Street—in Magdalen College grounds, a group of beauties and a family of spaniels, fawning upon him as he sauntered slowly, or stopped to feed the swans that swam close by the bank, keeping pace with him, and stretching long necks in greedy solicitation.

The loveliest woman Angela had ever seen—tall, built like a goddess—walked on the king's right hand. She carried a heap of broken bread in the satin petticoat which she held up over one white arm, while with her other hand she gave the pieces one by one to the king. Angela saw that as each hunch changed hands the royal fingers touched the lady's tapering finger-tips, and tried to detain them.

Fareham took off his hat, bowed low in a grave and stately salutation, and passed on; but Charles called him back.

"Nay, Fareham, has the world grown so dull that you have nothing to tell us this November morning?" "Indeed, sir, I fear that my riverside hermitage can afford very little news that could interest your majesty or these ladies."

Fareham waited, hat in hand, grave almost to sullenness. It was not for him to do more than reply to his majesty's remarks, nor could he retire till dismissed.

"You have a strange face at your side, man. Pray introduce the lady!" said the king, smiling at Angela, whose vivid blush was as fresh as Miss Stewart's had been a year or two ago, before she had her first quarrel with Lady Castlemaine, or rode in Grammont's glass coach, or gave her classic profile to embellish the coin

of the realm—the "common drudge 'tween man and man."

"I have the honor to present my sister-in-law, Mistress Kirkland, to your majesty."

The king shook hands with Angela in the easiest way, as if he had been mortal.

"Welcome to our poor court, Mistress Kirkland. Your father was my father's friend and companion in the evil days. They starved together at Beverley, and rode side by side through the Warwickshire lanes to suffer the insolence of Coventry. I have not forgotten. If I had I have a monitor yonder to remind me," glancing in the direction of a middle-aged gentleman, stately, and sober of attire, who was walking slowly toward them. "The Chancellor is a living chronicle, and his conversation chiefly consists in reminiscences of events I would rather forget."

His majesty bowed a gracious adieu, yawned, flung another crust to the swans, and sauntered on, the Stewart whispering in his ear, the Castlemaine talking loud to her neighbor, Lady Chesterfield, this latter lady very pretty, very bold and mischievous, newly restored to the court after exile with her jealous husband at his mansion in Wales.

They were gone; Charles to be buttonholed by Lord Clarendon, who waited for him at the end of the walk; the ladies to wander as they pleased till the two-o'clock dinner. They were gone, like a dream of beauty and splendor, and Fareham and Angela pursued their walk by the river, gray in the sunless November.

"Well, sister, you have seen the man whom we brought back in a whirlwind of loyalty five years ago, and for whose sake we rebuilt the fabric of monarchical government. Do you think we are much the gainers by that tempest of enthusiasm which blew us home Charles the Second? We had suffered all the trouble of the change to a republic; a life that should have been sacred had been sacrificed to the principles of liberty. While abhorring the regicides, we might have profited by their crime. We might have been a free state to-day, like the United Provinces. Do you think we are better off with a king like Rowley, to amuse himself at the expense of the nation?"

"I detest the idea of a republic."

"England was never better governed than by Cromwell," he continued. "She was tranquil at home and victorious abroad, admired and feared. Mazarin, while pretending to be the faithful friend of Charles, was the obsequious courtier of Oliver. The finest form of government is a limited despotism. See how France prospered under the sagacious tyrant, Louis the Eleventh, under the soldier-statesman, Sully, under pure reason incarnate in Richelieu. Whether you call your tyrant king or protector, minister or president, matters nothing. It is the man, and not the institution, the mind and not the machinery that is wanted."

"I did not know you were a republican, like Sir Denzil Warner."

"I am nothing now I have left off being a soldier. I have no strong opinions about anything. I am a looker-on; and life seems little more real to me than a stage play. Warner is of a different stamp. He is an enthusiast in politics—godson of Hollis—a disciple of Milton's, the son of a Puritan, and a Puritan himself. A fine nature, Angela, allied to a handsome presence."

Sir Denzil Warner was their neighbor at Chilton, and Angela had met him often enough for them to become friends. He had ridden by her side with hawk and hound, had been one of her instructors in English sport, and had sometimes, by an accident, joined her and Henriette in their boating expeditions, and helped her to perfect herself in the management of a pair of sculls.

"Hyacinth has her fancies about Warner," Fareham said presently, as they strolled along.

There was a significance in his tone that the girl could not mistake, more especially as her sister had not been reticent about those notions to which Fareham alluded.

"Hyacinth has fancies about many things," she said, blushing a little.

Fareham noted the slightness of the blush.

"I verily believe that handsome youth has found you adamant," he said, after a thoughtful silence.

"Yet you might easily choose a worse suitor. Your sister has often the strangest whims about marriage-making; but in this fancy I did not oppose her. It would be a very suitable alliance."

"I hope your lordship does not begin to think me a burden on your household," faltered Angela, wounded by his cold-blooded air in disposing of her. "When you and my sister are tired of me I can go back to my convent."

"What! return to those imprisoning walls; immure your sweet youth in a cloister? Not for the Indies. I would not suffer such a sacrifice. Tired of you! I—so deeply bound! I who owe you my life! I who looked up out of a burning hell of pain and madness and saw an angel standing by my bed! Tired of you! Indeed you know me better than to think so badly of me were it but in one flash of thought. You can need no protestations from me. Only, as a young and beautiful woman, living in an age that is full of peril for women, I should like to see you married to a good and true man—such as Denzil Warner."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," Angela answered coldly; "but Papillon and I have agreed that I am always to be her spinster aunt, and am to keep her house when she is married, and wear a linsey gown and a bunch of keys at my girdle, like Mrs. Hubbuck, at Chilton."

"That is just like Henriette. She takes after her mother, and thinks that this globe and all the people upon it were created principally for her pleasure. The Americas to give her chocolate, the Indian isles to sweeten it for her, the ocean tides to bring her feathers and finery. She is her own center and circumference, like her mother."

"You should not say such an ill thing of your wife, Fareham," said Angela, deeply shocked. "Hyacinth is not one to look into the heart of things."

"Do not for a moment believe that I would speak slightly of your sister," Fareham resumed, after that silent interval. "It were indeed an ill thing in me—most of all to disparage her in your hearing. She is lovely, accomplished, learned even, after the fashion of the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre. She used to shine among the brightest at the Scudery's Saturday parties,

which were the most wearisome assemblies I ever ran away from. The match was made for us by others, and I was her betrothed husband before I saw her. Yet I loved her at first sight. Who could help loving a face as fair as morning over the eastward hills, a voice as sweet as the nightingale's in the Tuilleries garden? She was so young—a child almost; so gentle and confiding. And to see her now with Papillon is to question which is the younger, mother or daughter. Love her? Why, of course I love her. I loved her then. I love her now. Her beauty has but ripened with the passing years; and she has walked the furnace of fine company in two cities, and has never been scared by fire. Love her! Could a man help loving beauty, and frankness, and a natural innocence which cannot be spoiled even by the knowledge of things evil, even by daily contact with sin in high places?"

Again there was a silence, and then, in a deeper tone, after a long sigh, Fareham said:

"I love and honor my wife, I adore my children; yet I am alone, Angela, and I shall be alone till death."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, yes, you do; you understand as well as I who suffer. My wife and I love each other dearly. If she have a fit of the vapors, or an aching tooth, I am wretched. But we have never been companions. The things that she loves are charmless for me. She is enchanted with people from whom I run away. Is it companionship, do you think, for me to look on while she walks a coranto or tosses shuttlecocks with De Malfort? Roxalana is as much my companion when I admire her on the stage from my seat. There are times when my wife seems no nearer to me than a beautiful picture. If I sit in a corner, and listen to her pretty babble about the last fan she bought at the Middle Exchange, or the last witless comedy she saw at the King's Theater, is that companionship, think you? I may be charmed to-day—as I was charmed ten years ago—with the silvery sweetness of her voice, with the graceful turn of her head, the white roundness of her throat. At least I am constant. There is no change in her or in me. We are just as near and just as far apart as when the priest joined our hands at Saint Eustache. And it must be so to the end, I suppose; and I think the fault is in me. I am out of joint with the world I live in. I cannot set myself in tune with their new music. I look back, and remember, and regret, yet hardly know why I remember or what I regret."

Again a silence, briefer than the last, and he went on:

"Do you think it strange that I talk so freely—to you—who are scarce more than a child, less learned than Henriette in worldly knowledge? It is a comfort sometimes to talk of one's self; of what one has missed as well as of what one has. And you have such an air of being wise beyond your years; wise in all thoughts that are not of the world—thoughts of things in which there is no truck at the Exchange; which no one buys or sells at Abingdon fair. And you are so near allied to me—a sister! I never had a sister of my own blood, Angela. I was an only child. Solitude was my portion. I lived alone with my tutor and gouvernante—a poor relation of my mother's—alone in a house that was mostly deserted, for Lord and Lady Fareham were in London with the king, till the troubles brought the court to Christchurch, and then to Chilton. I have had few in whom to confide. And you—remember what you have been to me and do not wonder if I trust you more than others. Thou didst go down to the very grave with me, didst pluck me out of the pit. Corruption could not touch a creature so lovely and so innocent. Thou didst walk unharmed through the charnel-house. Remembering this, as I ever must remember, can you wonder that you are nearer to me than all the rest of the world?"

She had seated herself on a bench that commanded a view of the river, and her dreaming eyes were looking far away along the dim perspective of mist and water, bare pollard willows, ragged sedges. Her head drooped a little so that he could not see her face, and one ungloved hand hung listlessly at her side.

He bent down to take the slender hand in his, lifted it to his lips, and quickly let it go; but not before she had felt his tears upon it. She looked up a few minutes later, and the place was empty. Her tears fell thick and fast. Never before had she suffered this exquisite pain—sadness so intense, yet touching so close on joy. She sat alone in the inexpressible melancholy of the late autumn; pale mists rising from the river; dead leaves falling; and Fareham's tears upon her hand.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### IN A PURITAN HOUSE.

How quickly the days passed in that gay household at Chilton, and yet every day of Angela's life held so much of action and emotion that, looking back at Christmas-time to the three months that had slipped by since she had brought Fareham from his sick-bed to his country home, she could but experience that common feeling of youth in such circumstances. Surely it was half a lifetime that had elapsed; or else she, by some subtle and supernatural change, had been made a new woman.

She thought of her life in the convent, thought of it much and deeply on those Sunday mornings when she and her sister and De Malfort and a score or so of servants crept quietly to a room in the heart of the house, where a priest who had been fetched from Oxford in Lady Fareham's coach said Mass within locked doors. The familiar words of the service, the odor of the incense, brought back the old time—the unforgetting atmosphere, the dull tranquillity of ten years, which had been as one year by reason of their level monotony.

Could she go back to such a life as that? Go back! Leave all she loved? Her trembling hand was stretched out to clasp her niece Henriette, kneeling beside her. Leave them—leave those with whom and for whom she lived? Leave this loving child—her sister—her brother? He had told her to call him "brother." He had been to her as a brother, with all a brother's kindness, counseling her, confiding in her.

Only with one person at Chilton Abbey had she ever conversed as seriously as with Fareham, and that person was Sir Denzil Warner, who at five-and-twenty was more serious in his way of looking at serious things than most men of fifty.



Whatever Sir Denzil's ideas might be upon the question of creed—and he did not scruple to tell Angela that he thought every Papist foredoomed to everlasting punishment—he showed so much pleasure in her society as to be at Chilton Abbey, and the sharer of her walks and rides as often as practicable. Lady Fareham encouraged his visits, and was always gracious to him. She discovered that he possessed the gift of music, though not in the same remarkable degree as Henri de Malfort, who played the guitar exquisitely, and into whose hands you had but to put a musical instrument for him to extract sweetness from it. Lute or theorbo, viola or viol di gamba, treble or bass, came alike to his hand and ear. Some instruments he had studied; with some his skill came only by intuition.

Denzil Warner performed very creditably upon the organ. He had played on John Milton's organ in St. Bride's Church, when he was a boy, and he had played of late in the church at Chalfont St. Giles, where he had visited Milton frequently, since the poet had left his lodgings in Artillery Walk, carrying his family and his books to that sequestered village in the shelter of the hills between Uxbridge and Beaconsfield. Here from the lips of his sometime tutor the Puritan had heard such stories of the court as made him hourly expectant of exterminating fires. Doubtless the fire would have come, as it came upon Sodom and Gomorrah, but for those righteous lives of the Nonconformists, which redeemed the time; quiet, God-fearing lives in dull old city houses, in streets almost as narrow as those which Milton remembered in his beloved Italy; streets where the sun looked in for an hour, shooting golden arrows down upon the diamond-paned casements, and deepening the shadow of the massive timbers that held up the overlapping stories, looked in and bade "good-night" within an hour or so, leaving an atmosphere of sober gray, cool, and quiet, and dull, in those obscure streets and alleys where the great traffic of Cheapside or Ludgate sounded like the murmur of a far-off sea.

Good pious men and women worshipped the stern God of the Puritans in the secret chambers of those narrow streets, and those who gathered together in these days—if they rejected the Liturgy of the Church of England—must indeed be few, and must meet by stealth as if to pray or preach after their own manner were a crime. Charles, within a year or so of his general amnesty and happy restoration, had made such worship criminal; and now the Five Mile Act, lately passed at Oxford, had rendered the restrictions and penalties of nonconformity utterly intolerable. Men were lying in prison here and there about merry England for no greater offense than preaching the gospel to a handful of God-fearing people. But that a Puritan tinker should moulder for a dozen years in a damp jail could count for little against the blessed fact of the Maypole reinstated in the Strand, and five playhouses in London performing ribald comedies till the plague shut their doors.

Denzil talked much of John Milton in his conversations with Angela, during those rides or rambles, in which Papillon was their only companion. Lady Fareham sauntered, like her royal master, but she rarely walked a mile at a stretch; and she was pleased to encourage the rural wanderings that brought her sister and Warner into a closer intimacy, and promised well for the success of her matrimonial scheme.

His lordship kept open Christmas that year at Chilton Abbey, and there was much festivity, chiefly devised and carried out by the household, as Fareham and his wife were too much of the modern fashion, and too cosmopolitan in their ideas, to appreciate the fuss and feasting of an English Christmas. They submitted, however, to the festival as arranged for them by Mr. Manningtree and Mrs. Hubbuck—the copious feasting for servants and dependents, the mummers and carol-singers, the garlands and greenery which disguised the fine old tapestry, and made a bower of the vaulted hall. Everything was done with a lavish pteousness, and no doubt the household enjoyed the fun and feasting all the more because of that dismal season of a few years back, when all Christmas ceremonies had been denounced as idolatrous, and when the members of the Anglican Church had assembled for their Christmas service secretly in private houses, and as much under the ban of the law as the Nonconformists were now.

Angela was interested in everything in that bright world where all things were new. The children piping Christmas hymns in the clear cold morning enchanted her. She ran down to kiss and fondle the smaller among them; and finding them thinly clad promised to make them warm cloaks and hoods as fast as her fingers could sew. Denzil found her there in the wide snowy space before the porch, prattling with the children, bareheaded, her soft brown hair blown about in the wind; and he was moved, as a man must needs be moved by the aspect of the woman that he loves caressing a small child, melted almost to tears by the thought that in some blessed time to come she might so caress, only more warmly, a child whose existence should be their bond of union.

And yet, being both shy and somewhat cold of temperament, he restrained himself and greeted her only as a friend; for his mother's influence was holding him back, urging him not to marry a Papist, were she never so lovely or lovable.

He had known Angela for nearly three months, and his acquaintance with her had reached this point of intimacy, yet Lady Warner had never seen her. This fact distressed him, and he had tried hard to awaken his mother's interest by praises of the Fareham family, and of Angela's exquisite character; but the "scarlet specter" came between the Puritan lady and the house of Fareham.

And now on this Christmas Day there came the opportunity Denzil had been waiting for. The weather was cold and bright, the landscape was blotted out with snow; and the lake in Chilton Park offered a sound surface for the exercise of that novel amusement of skating, an accomplishment which Lord Fareham had acquired while in the Low Countries, and in which he had been Denzil's instructor during the late severe weather. Angela, at her brother-in-law's entreaty, had also adventured herself upon a pair of skates, and had speedily found delight in the swift motion which seemed to her like the flight of a bird skimming the steely surface of the frozen lake, and incomparable in enjoyment.

After an hour on the lake, in which Denzil had dis-

tinger himself by his mastery of the new exercise, being always at hand to support his mistress at the slightest indication of peril, she consented to the removal of her skates, at Papillon's earnest entreaty, who wanted her aunt to walk with her before dinner. After dinner there would be the swift-coming December twilight, and Christmas games, snap-dragon and the like, which Papillon, although a little fine lady, reproducing all her mother's likes and dislikes in miniature, could not, as a human child, altogether disregard.

"I don't care about such nonsense as Georgie does," she told her aunt, with condescending reference to her brother; "but I like to see the others amused. Those village children are such funny little savages. They stick their fingers in their mouths and grin at me, and call me 'Your annar,' or 'Your worship,' and say 'Anan' to everything. They are like Audrey in the play you read to me."

Denzil was in attendance upon aunt and niece. "If you want to come with us, you must invent a pretty walk, Sir Denzil," said Papillon. "I am tired of long lanes and plowed fields."

"I know of one of the pleasantest rambles in the shire—across the woods to the Grange. And we can rest there for half an hour, if Miss Angela will allow us, and take a light refreshment."

"Dear Sir Denzil, that is the very thing," answered Papillon, breathlessly; "I am dying of hunger. And I don't want to go back to the Abbey. Will there be any cakes or mince pies at the Grange?"

"Cakes in plenty, but I fear there will be no mince pies. My mother does not love Christmas dainties."

They crossed the river, Angela and Denzil each taking an oar, while Papillon pretended to steer, a process which she effected chiefly by screaming.

"Another lump of ice!" she shrieked. "We shall be swamped. I believe the river will be frozen before Twelfth Night, and we shall be able to dance upon it. We must have bonfires and roast an ox for the poor people. Mrs. Hubbuck told me they roasted an ox the year King Charles was beheaded. Horrid brutes—to think that they could eat at such a time! If they had been sorry they would not have wanted beef."

Hadley Grange, commonly known as the Grange, was in every detail the antithesis of Chilton Abbey. At the Abbey the eye was dazzled, the mind was bewildered, by an excess of splendor—an overmuch of everything gorgeous or beautiful. At the Grange sight and mind were rested by the low tone of color, the Quaker-like precision of form. All the furniture in the house was Elizabethan, plain, ponderous, the conscientious work of Oxfordshire mechanics. On one side of the house there was a bowling green, on the other a physic garden, where odors of medicinal herbs, chamomile, fennel, rosemary, rue, hung over on the surrounding air. There was nothing modern in Lady Warner's house but the spotless cleanliness; the perfume of last summer's roses and lavender; the polished surface of tables and cabinets, oak chests and oak floors, testifying to the inexorable industry of rustic housemaids. In all other respects the Grange was like a house that had just awakened from a century of sleep.

Lady Warner rose from her high-backed chair by the chimney corner in the oak parlor, and laid aside the book she had been reading, to welcome her son, startled at seeing him followed by a tall fair girl in a black mantle and hood, and a little slip of a thing, with bright dark eyes and small determined face, pert, pointed, interrogative, framed in swansdown—a small aerial figure in a white cloth cloak, and a scarlet brocade frock, under which two little red shoes danced into the room.

"Mother, I have brought Mistress Angela Kirkland and her niece to visit you this Christmas morning."

"Mistress Kirkland and her niece are welcome," and Lady Warner made a deep curtsy, not like one of Lady Fareham's sinking curtsies, as of one near swooning in an ecstasy of politeness, but dignified and inflexible, straight down and straight up again. "But as for Christmas, 'tis one of those superstitious observances which I have ever associated with a Church I abhor."

Denzil reddened furiously. To have brought this upon his beloved!

Angela drew herself up, and paled at the unexpected assault. The brutality of it was startling, though she knew, from Denzil's opinions, that his mother must be an enemy of her faith.

"Indeed, madam, I am sorry that anybody in England should think it an ill thing to celebrate the birthday of our Redeemer and Lord," she said.

"Do you think, young lady, that foolish romping games, and huge chimes of beef, and smoking ale made luscious with spices and roasted pippins, and carol-singing and play-acting, can be the proper honoring of Him who was God first and forever, and man only for one brief interval in His eternal existence? To keep God's birthday with drunken rioting! What blasphemy! If you can think that there is not more of profaneness than piety in such sensual reveries—why, it is that you do not know how to think. You would have learned to reason better had you known that sweet poet and musician, and true thinker, Mr. John Milton, with whom it was my privilege to converse frequently during my husband's lifetime, and afterward when he condescended to accept my son for his pupil, and spent three days and nights under this roof."

"Mr. Milton is still at Chalfont, mother. So you may hope to see him again with a less journey than to London," said Denzil, seizing the first chance at a change in the conversation. "and here is a little miss to whom I have promised a light collation, with some of your Jersey milk."

She was fond of children, most of all of little girls, never having had a daughter. She bent down to kiss Henriette, and then turned to Angela with her kindest smile—

"And this is Lady Fareham's daughter? She is as pretty as a picture."

"And I am as good as a picture—sometimes, madam," chirped Papillon. "Mother says I am *donce comme un image*."

"When thou hast been silent or still for five minutes," said Angela, "and that is but seldom."

A loud handbell summoned the butler, and an Arcadian meal was speedily set out on a table in the hall, where a very liberal fire of logs burned as merrily as if it had been designed to enliven a Christmas-keeping household. Indeed there was nothing miserly or spar-

ing about the housekeeping at the Grange, which harmonized with the somber richness of Lady Warner's gray brocade gown, from the old-fashioned silk mercer's at the sign of the Flower-de-luce, in Cheapside. There was liberality without waste, and a certain quiet refinement in every detail which reminded Angela of the convent parlor and her aunt's room—and contrasted curiously with the elegant disorder of her sister's surroundings.

Papillon clapped her hands at sight of the large plum cake, the jug of milk, and bowl of blackberry conserve.

"I was so hungry," she said, apologetically, after Denzil had supplied her with generous slices of cake, and large spoonfuls of jam. "I did not know that Nonconformists had such nice things to eat."

"Did you think we all lay in jail to suffer cold and hunger for the faith that is in us, like that poor preacher at Bedford?" asked Lady Warner, bitterly. "It will come to that some day, perhaps, under the new Act."

"Will you show Mistress Kirkland your house, mother, and your dairy?" Denzil asked, hurriedly. "I know she would like to see one of the neatest dairies in Oxfordshire."

No request could be more acceptable to Lady Warner, who was a housekeeper first and a controversialist afterward. Inclined as she was to rail against the Church of Rome—partly because she had made up her mind upon hearsay, chiefly Miltonian, that Roman Catholicism was only another name for image-worship and martyr-burning, and partly on account of the favor that had been shown to Papists, as compared with the cruel treatment of Nonconformists—still there was a charm in Angela's meek loveliness against which the daughterless matron could not steel her warm and generous heart. She melted in the space of a quarter of an hour, while Denzil was encouraging Henriette to overeat herself, and trying to persuade Angela to taste this or that dainty, or reproaching her for taking so little; and by the time the child had partaken of a copious meal, Lady Warner was telling herself how dearly she might have loved this girl for a daughter-in-law, were it not for that fatal objection of a corrupt and pernicious creed.

Not lovely as she was, gentle, refined, and in all things worthy to be loved, the question of creed must be a stumbling-block. And then there were other objections. Rural gossip, the loose talk of servants, had brought a highly colored description of Lady Fareham's household to her neighbor's ears. The extravagant splendor, the waste and idleness, the late hours, the worship of pleasure, the visiting, and singing, and dancing, and feasting, and, worst of all, the too indulgent friendship shown to a Parisian fopling had formed the subject of conversation in many an assembly of pious ladies, and hands and eyebrows had been uplifted at the iniquities of Chilton Abbey, as second only to the monstrous goings-on of the court at Oxford.

And now her son had brought her this fair girl, upon whom he had set his foolish hopes, a Papist, and the sister of a woman whose ways were the ways of—A favorite scriptural word closed the sentence in Lady Warner's mind.

No; it might not be. Whatever power she had over her son must be used against this papistical siren. She would treat her with courtesy, show her house and dairy, and there an end. And so they repaired to the offices, with Papillon running backward and forward as they went along, exclaiming and questioning, delighted with the shining oak floors and great oak chests in the corridor, and the armor in the hall, where, as the sacred and central object, hung the breastplate Sir George Warner wore when he fell at Hopton Heath, dented by sword and pike, as the enemy's horse rode him down in the melee. His orange scarf, soiled and torn, was looped across the steel cuirass. Papillon admired everything, most of all the great cool dairy, which had once been a chapel, and where the piscina was converted to a niche for a polished brass milk can, to the horror of Angela, who could say no word in praise of a place that had been created by the profanation of holy things. A chapel turned into a storehouse for milk and butter! Was this how Protestants valued consecrated places? An awe-stricken silence came upon her, and she was glad when Denzil remembered that they would have barely time to walk back to the Abbey before the two o'clock dinner.

"You keep court hours even in the country," said Lady Warner. "I had dined before you came."

"I don't care if I have no dinner to-day," said Papillon; "but I hope I shall be able to eat a mince pie. Why don't you love mince pies, madam? He"—pointing to Denzil—"says you do not."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE PRIEST'S HOLE.

DENZIL dined at the Abbey, where he was always made welcome. Lady Fareham had been warmly insistent upon his presence at their Christmas gayeties.

"We want to show you a Cavalier's Christmas," she told him at dinner, he seated at her side in the place of honor, while Angela sat at the other end of the table between Fareham and De Malfort. "For ourselves we care little for such simple sports, but for the poor folk and the children Yule should be a season to be remembered for good cheer and merriment through all their slow dull year. Poor wretches! I think of their hard life sometimes, and wonder they don't either drown themselves or massacre us."

"They are like the beasts of the field, Lady Fareham. They have learned patience from the habit of suffering. They are born poor, and they die poor. It is happy for us that they are not learned enough to consider the inequalities of fortune, or we should have the rising of want against abundance, a bitterer strife, perhaps, than the strife of adverse creeds, which made Ireland a bloody spectacle for the world's wonder thirty years ago."

"Well, we shall make them all happy this afternoon; and there will be a supper in the great stone barn which will acquaint them with abundance for this one evening at least," answered Hyacinth, gayly.

"We are going to play games after dinner!" cried Henriette, from her place at her father's elbow.

His lordship was the only person who ever reproved her seriously, yet she loved him best of all her kindred or friends.



"Aunt Angy is going to play hide-and-seek with us. Will you play, Sir Denzil?"

"I shall think myself privileged if I may join in your amusements."

And now on this Christmas evening, in the thickening twilight of the rambling old house, through long galleries, crooked passages, queer little turns at right angles, rooms opening out of rooms, half a dozen in succession, Squire Dan led the games, ordered about all the time by Papillon, whom he talked of admiringly as a fine-mettled filly, declaring that she had more tricks than the running horse he was training for Abingdon races.

"Now we are going to have real good sport," Papillon said. "Aunt Angy and I are to hide, and you three are to look for us. You must stop here for ten minutes by the French clock yonder—with the door shut. You must give us ten minutes law, Mr. Lettsome, as you did the hare the other day, when I was out with you—and then you may begin to look for us. Promise."

"Stay, little miss, you will be outside the house before, roaming lord knows where, in the shrubberies, or the barns, or half-way to Oxford—while we are made fools of here."

"No, no. We will be inside the house."

"Do you promise that, pretty lady?"

"Yes, I promise."

Mrs. Dorothy suggested that there had been enough of childish play, and that it would be pleasanter to sit in the saloon with her ladyship, and hear Monsieur de Malfort sing.

"I'll wager he was singing when you saw him just now."

"Yes, he is always singing foolish French songs—and I'm sure you can't understand 'em."

"I've learned the French ever since I was as old as you, Mistress Henriette."

"Ah, that was too late to begin. People who learn French out of books know what it looks like, but not what it sounds like."

"I should be very sorry if I could not understand a French ballad, little miss."

"Would you—would you, really?" cried Papillon, her face alight with impish mirth. "Then, of course, you understand this—"

"Oh, la d'moiselle, comme elle est sot-te,

Eh, je me moque de sa sot-ti-se!

Eh, la d'moiselle, comme elle est bête,

Eh, je m'en ris de sa bête-ti-se!"

She sang this impromptu nonsense prestissimo as she danced out of the room, leaving the accomplished Dorothy vexed and perplexed at not having understood a single word.

It was nearly an hour later when Denzil entered the saloon hurriedly, pale and perturbed of aspect, with Dorothy and her brother following him.

"We have been hunting all over the house for Mistress Angela and Henriette," Denzil said, and Fareham started up from the chess-table scared at the young man's agitated tone and pallid countenance. "We have looked in every room—"

"In every closet," interrupted Dorothy.

"In every corner of the staircases and passages," said Squire Dan.

"Can your lordship help us? There may be places you know of which we do not know," said Denzil, his voice trembling a little. "It is alarming that they should be so long in concealment. We have called to them in every part of the house."

Fareham tramped the house from cellar to garret, Denzil alone accompanying him.

"If they are not to be found in the house, they must be found outside the house. Oh, the folly, the madness of it! A December night—snow on the ground—a rising wind—another fall of snow, perhaps—and those two afoot and alone!"

"I do not believe they are out of doors," Denzil answered; "your daughter promised that they would not leave the house."

"My daughter tells the truth. It is her chief virtue." "And yet we have hunted in every hole and corner," said Denzil, dejectedly.

"Hole!" cried Fareham, almost in a shout. "Thou hast hit it, man! That one word is a flash of lightning. The Priest's Hole! Come this way. Bring your candle!" snatching up that which he had himself set down on a table, when he stood still to deliberate. "The Priest's Hole! The child knew the secret of it—fool that I was ever to show her, God! what a place to hide in on a dark, winter night."

He was half-way up the staircase to the second story before he had uttered the last of these exclamations, Denzil following him.

Suddenly, through the stillness of the house, there sounded a faint, far-off cry, the shrill thin sound of a child's voice. Fareham and Warner would hardly have heard it had they not been sportsmen, with ears trained to listen for distant sounds. No view-hallo sounding across miles of wood and valley was ever fainter or more ethereal.

"You hear them?" cried Fareham. "Quick, quick!"

He led the way along a narrow gallery, about eight feet high, where people had danced in Elizabeth's time, when the house was newly converted to secular uses; and then into a room in which there were several iron chests, the muniment room, where a sliding panel, of which the master of the house knew the trick, revealed an opening in the wall. Fareham squeezed himself through the gap, still carrying the tall iron candlestick, with flaring candle, and vanished. Denzil followed, and found himself descending a narrow stone staircase, very steep, built into an angle of the great chimney-stack, while as if from the bowels of the earth there came, louder at every step, that shrill cry of distress, in a voice he could not doubt be Henriette's.

"The other is mute," groaned Fareham; "scared to death, perhaps, like a frightened bird." And then he called, "I am coming. You are safe, love; safe, safe!" And then he groaned aloud, "Oh, the madness, the folly of it!"

He and Denzil were on a narrow stone landing at the bottom of the house; and the child's wail of anguish changed to a joyous shriek, "Father, father!" close in their ears. Fareham set his shoulder against the heavy oak door, and it burst inward. There had been no ques-

tion of secret spring or complicated machinery; but the great, clumsy door dragged upon its rusty hinges, and the united strength of the two girls had not served to pull it open, though Papillon, in her eagerness for concealment in the first fever of hiding, had been strong enough to push the door till she had jammed it, and made all after efforts vain.

"Father!" she cried, leaping into his arms as he came into the room, large enough to hold six men standing upright; but a hideous den in which to perish alone in the dark. "Oh, father! I thought no one would ever find us. I was afraid we should have died like the Italian lady—and people would have found our skeletons and wondered about us. I never was afraid before. Not when the gray reared as high as a house—and her ladyship screamed. I only laughed then—but to-night I have been afraid."

Fareham put her aside without looking at her.

"Angela! Great God! She is dead!"

No, she was not dead—only in a half swoon leaning against the angle of the wall, ghastly white in the flare of the candles. She was not quite unconscious. She knew whose strong arms were holding her, whose lips were so near her own, whose head bent suddenly upon her breast, leaning against the lace kerchief, to listen for the beating of her heart.

She made a great effort to relieve his fear, understanding dimly that he thought her dead; but could only murmur faint broken syllables, till he carried her up three or four stairs, and through a door that opened into the garden. There in the wintry air, under the steely light of winter stars, her senses came back to her. She opened her eyes, and looked at him.

"I am sorry I have not Papillon's courage," she said. "Il m'a donné une affreuse peur, je te croyais morte," muttered Fareham, letting his arms drop like lead as she released herself from their support.

Denzil and Henriette were close to them. They had come to the open door for fresh air, after the channel-like chill and closeness of the small underground chamber.

"Father is angry with me," said the girl; "he won't speak to me."

"Angry! no, no;" and he bent to kiss her. "But oh, child, the folly of it! She might have died—you too—found just an hour too late."

"It would have taken a long time to kill me," said Papillon, hardly; "but I was very cold, and my teeth were chattering, and I should soon have been hungry. Have you had supper yet?"

"Nobody has even thought of supper."

"I am glad of that. And I may have supper with me, mayn't I, and eat what I like, because it's Christmas, and because I might have been starved to death in the Priest's Hole. But it was a good hiding-place, tout le mène. Who guessed at last?"

"The only person who knew of the place, child. And now, remember, the secret is to be kept. Your dungeon may some day save an honest man's life. You must tell nobody where you were hid."

"But what shall I say when they ask me? I must not tell them a story."

"Say you were hidden in the great chimney—which is truth; for the Priest's Hole is but a recess at the back of the chimney. And you," Warner, turning to Denzil, who had not spoken since the opening of the door, "I know you'll keep the secret."

"Yes, I will keep your secret," Denzil answered, cold as ice; and said no word more.

They walked slowly round the house by the terrace, where the clipped yews stood out like obelisks against the bleak bright sky. Papillon ran and skipped at her father's side, clinging to him, expatiating upon her sufferings in the dust and darkness. Denzil followed with Angela, in a dead silence.

(Continued next week.)

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## MORRANT'S HALF-SOVEREIGN.

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS.

OF course, as Nubby Tomkins said truly, the rum-mest thing about the whole story of Morrants' half-sovereign was that he should have one. Morrants in fact never got any pocket-money in his life owing to his father being a gentleman farmer. Not that he had nothing. On the contrary, his hampers were certainly the best that ever came to Dunston's, both for variety and size and fruit. The farming business, Morrants said, was all right from his point of view in holidays, as the ferreting, both rats and rabbits, was good enough for anything, and three packs of hounds met within walking distance of his farm, one pack being harriers, which Morrants, by knowing the country well, could run with to a certain extent while they hunted. But Morrants' father was so worried about chemical manures and other farming things, including the price of wheat, that he didn't see his way to giving Morrants any pocket-money. He explained to Morrants once that he was putting every halfpenny he could spare into Morrants' education, so as to save him from having to become a gentleman farmer, too, when he grew up.

Anyway Morrants didn't get a farthing in a general way, so when there arrived a hamper with an envelope in it, and in the envelope a bit of paper, and in the paper a half-sovereign, Morrants was naturally extremely surprised and also pleased. It came from his godfather, who had never taken any notice of Morrants for thirteen years, though he was a clergyman. But the previous term Morrants had got a prize for Scripture history, and when that came to his godfather's ears, through Morrants' mother mentioning it in a letter, he wrote and said it was good news, and very unexpected. So he sent the money; and really Morrants was quite bewildered with it, being so utterly unaccustomed to tick even in the meanest shape.

He had a friend by the name of West who was much more religious than Morrants himself, though he didn't know so much Scripture history; and as a first go off he asked West what he ought to do with the money. And West said that, before everything, Morrants ought to give a tithe to charity. But when it was explained to Morrants that this meant chucking away a shilling to the poor, he didn't take to the idea an atom. He said

his father had set him against giving tithes, not believing in them very much.

So Morrants went to Samuelson, who knew much more about money than West, and he said on no account to give a penny away in charity, because Morrants wasn't up in the subject and might do more harm than good. He also said that in the case of a chap who had never had a half-sovereign in his life before, it was a great question whether he could be expected to give away any; and Morrants said there was no question about it at all, because he wasn't going to. And it made even a difference to his feeling for West, because, as he very truly said, a chap who advised him like West had couldn't be much of a friend.

Having decided to keep it, the point was what to do with it, because the novelty of the thing staggered him; and, knowing he would probably never have another half-sovereign till he grew up, he felt the awful importance of spending it right. Because a thing once bought could never be replaced if lost. And, as Baker said, "If you get used to a thing, like a watch-chain or a tie ring, and then lose it, the feeling you get is much worse than if you had never had it at all."

I thought about it, too, for Morrants, as he once sent me a brace of rabbits by post, shot by himself in the holidays. I pointed out to him that half a sovereign was a most difficult sum really, being, as it were, not small and not exactly large, and yet too much to make light of, especially in Morrants' case. If he had got a sovereign, for instance, he might have bought a silver watch-chain to take the place of a hair one which he had. It was made of the hair of his grandmother when she was young, and Morrants didn't much like it. But ten bob wouldn't buy a silver chain worth having. Morrants had an idea about braces, and of course he might have bought such braces for the money as would have been seldom seen and very remarkable; but braces seem a poor thing to put good money into, and I dissuaded him.

There came a change in Morrants after he had had the half-sovereign for four days and not thought of anything to buy. He began to worry, because time was going on and nothing being done. Fellows gave him many ideas, some of which he took for an hour or two, but always abandoned after a while. Murray told him of a wonderful box of new conjuring tricks which was to be had and he nearly bought it, but luckily remembered, just in time, that the new tricks would get old after a while; and some might be guessed and would become useless. Then Parkinson had a fine paint-box, and knew where Morrants could get another with only three pence less for ten shillings. And Morrants as near as a toucher bought that, but happened to remember he couldn't paint and didn't care in the least about trying to. Corkey minims said he would run the risk and sell Corkey minor's bat to Morrants for ten bob, the bat having cost twelve. The bat was spliced and Corkey minor was in Australia, having luckily, for him, sailed to sea just before an exam., owing to a weak lung. If Morrants had played cricket he would certainly have bought the bat; but there again, even though Samuelson told him he might easily get ten and six, or eleven shillings for the bat next term, he hesitated, and finally Samuelson bought the bat himself, as an investment, he said.

Well, there was Morrants stuck with his tin. He wouldn't even change it, because Samuelson warned him against that, and told him his father knew men who had made large fortunes simply by not changing gold when they had it. Samuelson said there was nothing like never changing gold, so Morrants didn't, only of course there was no good in keeping the money specially stashed into a private and unknown part of his trousers, as he did, for safety.

That half-sovereign acted like a regular cloud on Morrants' mind; and then came an extraordinary day when it acted more like a cloud than ever, owing to its disappearing.

Morrants had sewn it, with a needle and thread borrowed from the housekeeper, into a spot at the bottom of his left trouser pocket, and from this spot it mysteriously vanished in the space of two hours and a half. He had changed in the dormitory for "footers" and left his trousers on his bed at 3.15 o'clock, returning to them at 4.45. Then naturally feeling for his half-sovereign, he missed it altogether, and when he examined the spot he found the money had been cut out of the bottom of the pocket with a knife.

Very wisely Morrants, seeing what a tremendous thing had happened, did not make a lot of row, but just told about ten chaps and no more. I was one. I said:

"The first question is, who knew your secret hiding-place?" And Butler said it was a very good question and showed sense in me. Butler is, of course, high in the sixth.

Morrants, on thinking it over, decided that three chaps, or four at the outside, knew that hiding-place. They were West, Samuelson, Fowle and, Morrants thought, Phipps. So first Butler, who very kindly undertook the affair for Morrants, had Phipps brought up. Phipps stammers even when most calm and collected, and being sent for by Butler caused him so much excitement that Butler made him write down the answers to his questions; and even then Phipps had lost his nerve so that he spelled "yes" with two s's. But he solemnly put down and signed that Morrants had never told him where he kept his half-sovereign; and after he had gone Morrants said that now he came to think about it he felt sure Phipps was right. That reduced the matter to West, Samuelson and Fowle; and the first two were set aside by Morrants because West was, of course, his personal friend, despite the passing coldness about West's advice, and Samuelson, though very keen about money and a great judge of it, was known to be absolutely straight and had never so much as choused a kid out of a marble.

Butler said:

"That leaves Fowle; and if you told Fowle you were a little fool."

And Morrants said:

"We were both Roman Catholics by religion, and that makes a great tie, and though many chaps hate Fowle pretty frightfully I've never known him try to score off me, except once, when he failed and apologized."

And Butler said:

"That's all right, I dare say; but he's a little sweep



and a cur, and also a sneak of the deadliest die. I don't say he's taken the money, because that's a libel, and he might, I believe, go to law against me, but I do say that only one out of three people could have taken it, and we know two didn't, therefore, Q.E.D., the other must have."

Morant didn't follow this very clever reasoning on the part of Butler. He only thought that Fowle, being a Roman Catholic, would never rob another; and Butler said they would, because it wasn't like Free Masons who wouldn't score off one another for the world. Butler said:

"Religion's quite different. One Buddhist is often known to have done another Buddhist in the eye, so why shouldn't one Roman do another? Especially seeing that Fowle is the chap. I tell you candidly that in my opinion, after a good deal of experience of fellows in general, I take Fowle to be the most likely chap in Merivale to have done it; and knowing him to have had the secret of the private pocket reduces it to a certainty, to my mind. Tax him with it suddenly in the night and you'll see."

Morant slept in the same dormitory with Fowle, and that night the whole room was woke up at some very late hour by the sound of Morant taxing Fowle. Fowle took a long time to realize what was being said, and when he was awake enough to understand what Morant was getting at, he showed tremendous indignation and asked what he had ever done that such a charge should be brought against him, especially at such a time. He reminded Morant that they were of the same way of thinking in holy affairs, and said he was extremely sick with Morant and thought Morant's religion must be pretty rocky if it allowed him to wake a chap up in the middle of the night to charge him with such a crime. In fact Fowle went on so that Morant finally apologized rather humbly.

From that day forward began the extraordinary disappearance of coin in general at Dunston's. Shillings constantly went and also half-crowns. Samuelson got very excited about it, and said watches must be kept and traps set. There was evidently a big robbery going on, and Samuelson said if the chaps weren't smart enough to catch the thief they deserved to lose their tin. But despite tremendous precautions, money kept going in small sums. West was set to watch in the pavilion, I remember, during a football match, and Morant himself, and even Butler once or twice, also watched. Some chaps thought it was the ground man, but as money also disappeared at school, that showed it couldn't be him. And then there was a theory that it might be a charwoman who came from Merivale twice a week. I believe she was a very good charwoman of her kind, and West, who is great about helping the poor and so on, told me she was a very deserving woman, with a husband at home who drank, and children too numerous to mention. Which Samuelson remembered when the money began to go, and it turned his suspicion toward her, because, as he said, with the state of her home affairs money must be a great temptation. So a watch was set on her and a curious thing happened.

Being small I can get into a boot cupboard very easily, and I can also breathe anywhere through a hole bored with a gimlet. This was done to the door of the boot cupboard, and two other rather larger holes were also made for my eyes. Mrs. Gonger, which was the charwoman's name, had to do a lot of work in this room—a large one leading out of the gym. And there, on a certain half-holiday, I was watching her.

She worked jolly hard as far as I could see, and made a good deal of dust and a curious noise through her teeth when she scrubbed; but there was nothing suspicious, if you understand me. She didn't touch a coat or anything, though many were hanging against a wall; and the few caps about she merely picked up and hung on the pegs.

Then, just before she finished, who should come in but West; and to my great astonishment, Mrs. Gonger curtsied to him as though he had been the housekeeper or the Doctor. West treated her with great loftiness and evidently knew all about her private affairs. He said:

"And how is the child that's got mumps?" and she said it was better. He then gave her some advice about her husband, which I didn't hear, and she blessed him for all his goodness to her and said God had sent him to a lone, struggling woman, and that he would reap a thousandfold what he had sown. All of which, coming from Mrs. Gonger to West, seemed very curious to me. Presently he said:

"Well, I cannot stop longer. I'm glad the child is better. Keep on at your husband about the pledge, and here's a shilling."

Then Mrs. Gonger put the shilling in her pocket and blessed him again. And West went.

That very day young Forrest lost a shilling out of his desk, which doesn't look owing to Forrest having taken the look off to sell to Meadows last term. I told Butler and Samuelson what I had seen, and Butler thought it rum, and Samuelson said there was more in it than met the eye. Butler said:

"Evidently the kid" (West is a kid from Butler's point of view) "has given the charwoman tin before, or else she wouldn't have blessed him. Now the question is, how much pocket-money does West get?"

And I said: "A shilling a week."

"When does he get it?"

"Mondays."

Butler said: "Ah!" But nothing seemed to strike him, and Samuelson thought that Mrs. Gonger ought to be spoken to. This Samuelson undertook to do; and the next week he did. What happened was that Mrs. Gonger said all that she had before said to West, about her husband and children, but added that a young gentleman with a most Christian heart had lately interested himself in her misfortunes. Samuelson asked if it was a Dunston chap, and Mrs. Gonger answered that she was not at liberty to say. She seemed rather defiant about it, Samuelson thought, and in fact when he pressed her for the amount the chap gave her, she told Samuelson to mind his own business. A watch was still kept, especially on West, and once Butler did an awfully cunning thing by setting West to watch and setting another chap to watch West, if you follow what I mean. The other chap was Butler himself and the room was the dormitory. But it came out rather awkwardly for Butler, because he sneezed at the very start, and West got out from under the bed, where he had arranged to watch, and found Butler watching behind a coat against the wall; and had a row, I believe, and West evidently thought Butler was there to watch him; which he was.

The end of the affair came out rather tame in its way, and only shows what awfully peculiar ideas some chaps have. Samuelson finally spoke to Slade, the head of the school, and though Slade doesn't like Samuelson, owing to his way of making money by auctions, yet it was such a serious affair that he listened all through and promised to go to the Doctor. Samuelson had actually kept an account of all the money stolen, and it amounted now to the tremendous sum of four pounds, five shillings and sixpence, including Morant's half-sovereign.

Then after Dr. Dunston knew, we heard one day from Fowle that he had sent for Mrs. Gonger to his study, and that she had been there fully half an hour and come out crying. Fowle had listened as best he could till the Doctor's butler had come by and told him to hook it; but he had heard nothing except one remark in the voice of Mrs. Gonger, and that remark was "Four pound, five and sixpence, sir, and a godsend if ever money was."

Samuelson said her mentioning of the exact sum was a very ominous thing for West. And what was more ominous still happened that evening, for West wasn't at Preparation or Prayers.

There were a number of ideas about as to what it all meant, and Corkey minimus, who always tries to get among chaps bigger than himself and say clever things, came out with a theory that Mrs. Gonger was West's mother, and that West was therefore stealing and making the money over to her. But Butler merely smacked his head when he heard it, and told Corkey minimus not to be a little ass.

Samuelson was the only chap who hadn't any idea. He knew West's great notions about helping the poor and giving tithes to parsons, and so on, but he said for a chap to steal money and give it away to a charwoman in charity was contrary to human nature. All the same, if a thing actually happens it can't be contrary to human nature. Anyway, after prayers next morning the Doctor stopped the school in chapel and explained everything. He said:

"My boys, while it is true that you come to Merivale to be instructed by me and those who labor here among you on my behalf, it is also true that I learn occasionally from those whom I teach. Indeed new problems are almost as often set by you for my solution as by me for yours, and seldom has a more intricate difficulty confronted me than that which yesterday challenged my attention. There has recently happened among us a mysterious disappearance of coins of the realm: a shilling, a sixpence, a penny piece, if deposited in one spot, will remain there until removed by human agency. And the human agent who removes money which belongs to another without that other's sanction is a thief. Boys, briefly, there has been a thief among you—a thief whose moral obliquity has taken such an extraordinary turn, whose views of rectitude have become so distorted, that even my own experience of schoolboy ethics cannot parallel his performance. This lad has looked around him upon the world and found in it, as we all must find, a vast amount of suffering and privation, of honest toil and of humble heroism displayed by the lowest among us. He has also observed that Providence is pleased to make wide distinctions between the rich and the poor; he has noted that where one labors for daily bread another reaps golden harvests without the trouble of putting in the sickle. This extraordinary boy contrasted the position of one of these humble workers with that of those among whom his own lot was thrown here, and he found that whereas the obscure but necessary and excellent person, Mrs. Gonger, she whose duty it is to cleanse and scour and otherwise purify the disorder produced by our assemblies—he found, I say, that whereas Mrs. Gonger worked extremely hard for sums not considerable, though handsome in connection with the nature of her labors, others of the human family—yourselves—were in receipt of weekly allowances of varying amounts for which you toiled not, neither did you spin."

"This unhappy lad allowed his mind to brood on the apparent injustice of such an arrangement, and instead of coming to his headmaster for explanation of this and other problems which arose to puzzle his immature intelligence, permitted himself the immoral, the scandalous, the disgraceful and horribly mistaken act of righting the balance from his point of view. This could only be effected by defiance of those divine laws which govern all properly constituted bodies of human society. West—I need not conceal his name longer—West broke one commandment in order to obey another. His fatuous argument, as it was elaborated yesterday to me, stands based on error; his crime was the result of the most complicated ignorance and vicious sophism it has ever been my lot to discover in a boy of twelve. He did evil that good might come; ascertaining from the Inspired Word that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins,' he imagined it must extend to cover that forbidden by the eighth commandment. This commandment he broke no less than fourteen times. Why? That the domestic affairs of Mrs. Gonger might be ameliorated. He took the pocket-money of his colleagues and with it modified those straits into which poverty and conjugal difficulties have long cast Mrs. Gonger. It was West's unhappy, and I may say unparalleled, design to go on stealing money here until the sum of five pounds had been raised and conveyed to Mrs. Gonger. Of this total, with deplorable ingenuity, he had already subtracted from various pockets the sum of four pounds, five shillings and sixpence; it was his intention to continue these depredations until the entire sum had been collected. But the end has come; the facts have been placed before me, and I confess to you that perhaps never have I been confronted with a problem more peculiar. After a lengthy conversation with those who support me here, and after placing the proposition before a higher Tribunal than any which earth has to offer, I have come to a curious decision. I have determined to leave the fate of the boy West in your hands. This time to-morrow I shall expect Slade, as representing the school, to inform me of your decision, and to-day, contrary to custom, will be a half-holiday, that

the school may debate the question and conclude upon it. I would point out that there is no middle course here, in my opinion. Either West must be forgiven after a public apology to the establishment he has outraged, or he must be expelled. As for the money, if those who have lost it will apply to me between one and two o'clock to-day each shall have his share again."

Well, you may guess what a jaw there was that afternoon; and finally, after hours of talk, Slade decided the point must be arranged by putting papers into a hat. If you drew a cross on the paper it meant that you wanted West to be expelled; and if you drew a naught, that meant he was to be let off. You were not bound to say how you voted, and the excitement when the votes were counted was something frightful. West little knew what was going on.

At last the numbers were read out:

For expulsion—124.

Against expulsion—101.

And Slade was mad when he read them and said that Merivale was disgraced. But Samuelson said not, and thought it wasn't a case for anything but justice. The Doctor made no remark when he heard what had happened. But I heard him tell Browne a day afterward that the lower school ought not to have been allowed to vote, as small boys would merely have understood that West had stolen money and nothing else. Their minds, the Doctor said, were not big enough to take in the peculiar nature of the case. But Browne said he believed the school was right, and the Doctor sighed as he said it might be so.

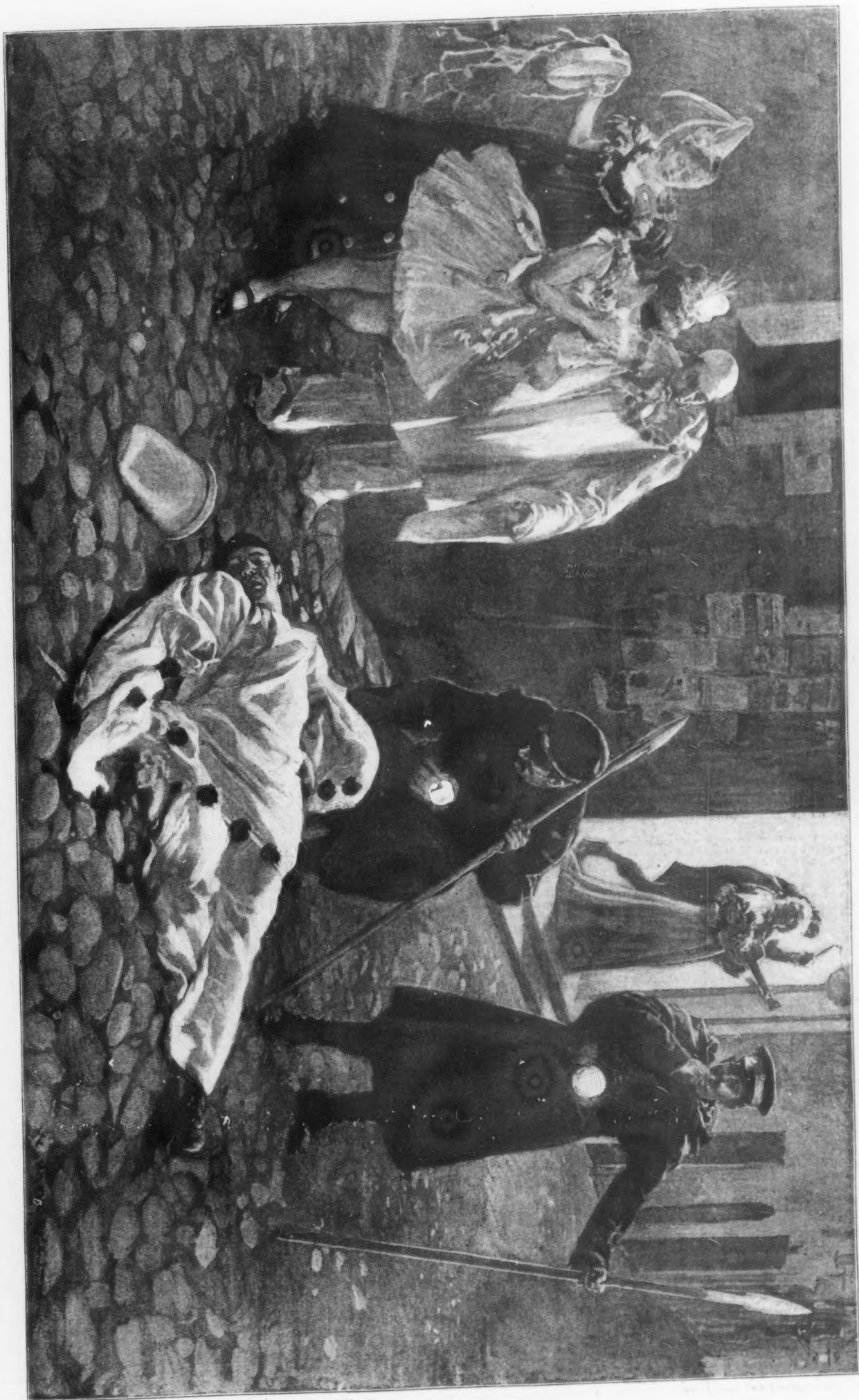
Anyway West went; we never saw him again, and the only cheerful thing about the end of it was that Steggle was badly scored off. You see he went to the Doctor among the rest and said West had stolen ten shillings from him too. But it happened that West had kept the most careful account of all the money he had raised for Mrs. Gonger. And he had never taken a farthing from Steggle. So Steggle was flogged, which shows that things which are frightfully sad in themselves often produce good results in a roundabout sort of manner.

#### FICTION THAT ATTRACTS.

"Lying Prophets," by Eden Philpotts, published recently in the FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY, has had the honor of formal extended notice in the literary review columns of the New York "Sun," and of many other American journals whose crowded literary department has little room for more than a bare mention of anything in the novel line except what is considerably above the average. The Cleveland "Leader" of recent date says: "Eden Philpotts, the author of 'Down Dartmoor Way,' 'Some Every-Day Folk,' 'The End of a Life,' etc., has written a novel entitled 'Lying Prophets' which, it seems to us, ought to rank with the works of those authors who are in the very front rank of novelists." In all parts of the Union "Lying Prophets" has been pronounced one of the really notable novels of the century. The moral of it is contained in one of its own terrible passages, selected by the "Leader" critic: The old farmer says to Joan, the unfortunate fisherman's girl, the victim of the tragedy: "'Tis like this: your man (seducer) did take plain Nature for God, an' he did talk fulishness 'bout finding Him in the scent o' flowers, the hum o' bees, and sich like. Mayhap Nature's a gude working God for a selfish man, but she ed'n wan for a maid, as you knaws by now. Then your father—his God do sit everlastingly alongside hell-mouth, and do laugh and grin to see all the world a-walkin' in, same as the beasts walked in the Ark. Theer's another pick-sher of a God for 'e; but mark this, gal, they be lying prophets—lying prophets, both." The reader who has not seen "Lying Prophets" can understand how a novel with such a text as that must have affected all right-minded people who take an interest in the tragedies of every-day life.

In this issue of the WEEKLY we have a short story entitled "Morant's Half-Sovereign," by the gifted author of "Lying Prophets." It will be an interesting task for regular WEEKLY and Library subscribers to compare the two productions. In this connection we have to announce that we have an unusually fine selection of modern, up-to-date fiction that cannot be obtained elsewhere, but which WEEKLY and Library subscribers are to receive during 1897. In a few weeks we will publish "Beyond the Pale," by B. M. Croker, published simultaneously in the London "Times" as a serial, and as a regular novel of the Library. That it is an exceptionally strong story its publication by the "Times" as a serial is probably sufficient to prove. We can assure the American novel reader that it is a delightful return—in a much improved form—of our old friend and candle-burner—the novel that deals with the rebuilding of the fallen fortunes, and the tribulations that went before, of our heroes and heroines; the novel that never unpleasantly surprises the reader save for the purpose of making the final righting of it all more keenly pleasant. "Beyond the Pale" in the Library and "When the World Was Younger" in the WEEKLY will be a revival of the Romantic School of fiction that ought to be specially acceptable at this time.

So that subscribers to the WEEKLY may not miss any of the installments of "When the World Was Younger," new subscriptions will date from the number in which this powerful novel was begun. Subscriptions about to expire may be carried along to the end of the serial, by remitting ten cents to this office for each copy required. Each installment makes a fair-sized novel-ette, and the whole story, unusually long and fully developed, will be complete in four numbers of the WEEKLY.



A CARNIVAL TRAGEDY IN A SPANISH TOWN.



## EAT NOT THY HEART.

(Continued from page 7.)

"I rarely speak of her. She was one of the unhappy ones—forsaken, imbibed. Perhaps I draw from her some of my asperity. She used to talk very hardly of men. Poor women have not a high opinion of us. I am afraid you have thought me very . . . disagreeable. If you only knew, Mrs. Marston, how sorry I am to have perhaps annoyed you."

"No," she said, hurriedly. "I understand." Her lips trembled. She felt an uncontrollable desire to weep. They reached the gate. A star appeared on its other side, hanging midway between earth and heaven. It proved to be the end of Mr. Marston's cigar. This gentleman, in evening dress with a wide-brimmed straw hat, loomed on the gravel. This hat was one of his affectations. He thought it had a country squire's negligence. It hung on a peg in the hall, and was invariably donned when very fastidious and conventional guests were expected. To-day we will say to his credit it had been put on because it came nearest to his hand. He was beginning to be anxious. She gave her fingers lightly to Oakes for a moment, parting from him before her husband bridged the hundred yards that separated them.

"I was getting worried, dearest. Where were you during the storm? I sent the carriage around to Mrs. Taft's to see if you were still there. The dinner is waiting. It will be spoiled."

"I was there, but missed the carriage. I started before the worst, yet too late."

"Was that Taft with you?"

"No," she laughed. "Guess who?"

"Tommy Taft then."

"No, Mr. Oakes, the young man who teaches the children." Her words seemed to settle him away again at a safe distance where such restless spirits, who could have no part among her household gods should be kept. Nevertheless, although she had returned into Philistia, the curious desire to weep which Oakes had awakened in her remained. She felt as if upon her heart lay a leaden load of unshed tears.

"Where in the world did you pick him up?"

Somehow she resented the expression. She could not herself have explained why.

"He picked me up," she answered, quickly, "and was very nice to me indeed." She went on recounting her adventures.

"What could you find to say to him during a whole hour? He's a queer cuss, they tell me, a young fool. By the way, he's Mrs. Bush's beau."

"I can hardly believe that. He's so very superior to her," she said, coldly.

"Superior?"

"And he's not a fool. He has a beautiful face."

"A beautiful face! Are you joking, Lola? Oakes beautiful! Ha! ha! ha! That sallow, round-shouldered fellow! The lightning must have gotten into your eyes. Men don't get much mashed on one another's good looks, but Asch, now, I concede to you is a handsome man—an *beau male*, as the French have it. But Oakes, ah! ah!"

"Fenno looks like a figure in a coiffeur's window. Those long eyelashes of his are ridiculous."

"Has he a name?" the schoolmaster had asked her, and something in this query seemed to have lodged its echo in her breast. She remembered now with a certain shame how she had admired Asch's manly figure. How she had purred over him, and looked after his comforts as other women did out of sheer imitation. Now as she answered her husband with spirit, she could only remember Fenno's selfishness and the fact that she was getting just a little tired of him.

Oakes threaded his way through the underbrush, after Mrs. Marston had left him, making a short cut back to the Dougherty house. The moon illumined it with its cool rays. The drops splashed from the eaves upon his head as he once more lifted the latch, they seemed a chrism of calm, a baptism of joy. He went in. The fire burned low. Its charred remains glowed, lurid. He jabbed it with a fagot and threw on some cones. They sizzled for a moment, and then sent up a green flame. He seemed to see once more beside him that tender, graceful presence which had so long filled his empty musings, and lent beauty to their loneliness. By temperament he adored all feminine softness, was susceptible to sensuous charm. The hour spent with her in this dim hut, in these dank woods, seemed now unreal. Yet it was one of those chimeras which haunt the soul with divine ecstasy. He would have liked to ring its rapture to the skies. "Earth's bells do not chime in or toll our greatest joys or sorrows," he thought. She seemed to have left with him a certain peace. His angry protests against men and things were lulled, quenched for a moment by her influence. Perhaps she was right, he was unjust and superficial after all. He remembered how he had once detested a man whom he had known to be his enemy. He had vowed to do him hurt, but Providence took charge of his revenge, for the man became blind, and Oakes in the chances of life had met him and had been compelled to cut his food for him. "How can one injure a blind man whose food one has to cut up?" he thought, with a dry laugh. "Our enemies become blind and so disarm us." He remembered that the most dull-eyed disarm he had known at school, apparently nerveless and obtuse, who studied not at all and ate enormously, had killed himself under peculiarly tragic circumstance because of a fancied stain upon his honor. What plenitude of profound experience could teach us to comprehend each other, to fathom motive, to solve character, to make allowance? Did the affectations of those whom he had called the "fashion models" necessarily betoken frivolity? Who could say? Perhaps they did hide something better. For her sake he was willing to believe it now.

Then he caught sight of her veil on the table, shivered from the wetting it had got. He seized it, burying his face in its perfumed meshes. He opened his shirt, and thrust it in. Rolling up his coat into a pillow, he stretched himself before the fire. He would sleep here. Perhaps she would visit him again in dreams. And, as he lay there waiting, his fingers gripped the bit of lace against his heart.

(Continued next week.)

## MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXXVI.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Ellsworth bill will pass. It is, for that matter, earnestly to be hoped that our daily newspapers will swing back, sooner or later, to their previous unillustrated states. There has never been the faintest reason why they should contain pictures at all. About twelve years ago Mr. Pulitzer began to put them in his paper, and excepting "The Evening Post" I think that he caused every other like publication to follow suit. When the "Tribune" began to exploit a "society column," many of its devout admirers must have murmured "Shade of Horace Greeley," with blanched and trembling lips. When it began to "adorn" its columns with wood-cuts I have no doubt that a roar of derision went round among its foes. The old accusation, "Tall Tower newspaper," could not have stung more keenly. But it was no less droll to see Mr. and Miss Gilder's "Critic" attacked by the disease as well. And what a curious, needless fad it has been and still is! Into what catch-penny vulgarity it has degenerated among the sensational dailies! Occurrences are portrayed which the draughtsman could not possibly have seen—a fire in Baxter Street, where old women and little children are valorously rescued by stalwart heroes of hook, ladder and hose; a sudden shooting affray on some street corner; the interior of the Waldorf or Sherry ballroom while a modish dance is being held there. For many a year our citizens, old and young, select and plebeian, got on with their morning and evening newspapers in complete freedom from sketch, caricature and cartoon. The Ellsworth bill, if carried and enforced, might bring us back, measurably at least, to the old unflamboyant days of journalism. For it puts an embargo on one form of blatant personality, it lays a veto on pictorial impudence and ribaldry. The libel laws cover printed disclosures (whether fictional or otherwise, if I mistake not) concerning private lives of individuals. These laws have so long been contemned, I am told, that there is not a single New York instance where damages have been actually obtained in any libel suit during the past half-century. Let us hope that the Ellsworth bill, dealing with the audacious license of the journalistic pencil, will act as a salutary scare upon that still more baleful implement, the journalistic pen!

The Central Labor Union, I see, has been scattering broadcast the most defiant sort of avowal. It is directed against the "Big Store," Eighteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, and it begs all consumers to patronize other establishments. It declares that the senior member of the firm signed an agreement with the Building Trades to the effect that only such contractors should be engaged to execute any contract for him, who should employ help under fair and humane conditions, but that while the construction of the "Big Store" was in progress it became evident that this gentleman's intentions were insincere and that he was "violating the agreement which caused illness upon hundreds of our citizens, whose places were subsequently taken by men sent from all sections of this country to defeat the honest aims of our resident wage-earners."

The whole document is marked by as much contempt for Lindley Murray as the passage which I have just quoted. Precarious grammar, however, would not of necessity indicate an insincere or dishonest purpose. On the other hand (while knowing nothing of what would legally be named the merits of the case), I fail to perceive how a general promise on the part of the senior member of the Siegel-Cooper Company to employ "help under fair and humane conditions," would bind him to disband the service, if otherwise disposed, of "men sent from all sections of this country." If indeed the Central Labor Union has any marked grievance, it should employ as its secretary a person better versed in the various *nuances* of language, apart from its rudimentary syntax. But the charge is nevertheless a grave one, and when widely disseminated, as in the present instance, I can imagine that the Siegel-Cooper Company would prefer not to let it go unchallenged. This passage, for example, is either redolent of sourest spite or most honest indignation—I have not the least authority to state which:

"It is also a noticeable fact that the Clothing, Cigars, Books, and many other commodities on sale, have been manufactured under the notorious and infamous sweating system—a system that not only degrades labor, but is likewise a menace to the health of those who purchase these articles."

Now, if such an assertion be slanderous, the Siegel-Cooper Company can surely not afford to disregard it. Thousands of people, without investigating its truth or falsehood, will be influenced by it in their purchases. Accusations like these are easy to make and sometimes difficult to disprove. . . . And so the fight between labor and capital goes on and on. The very persons who prate loudst about the workingman's wrongs are often those most eager to secure "bargains"; their feud against the sweating system is theoretic not practical; they will walk ten streets to save ten cents on almost any known article. "Trusts" may be odious to them from a moral and declamatory standpoint, but the sugar-lump which they drop into their coffee each morning is bought, like the coffee itself, at those same tyrannic and underselling rates of which Mr. Lexow is just now so strenuously an opponent. Even the most charitable people will behave thus when it becomes a matter of private expenditure. Take many a woman who spends from five to seven hours in "homes" and "refuges" and hospitals every week, and tell her that you know where she can get the same sort of glove she is fond of wearing at twenty-five cents cheaper than she already procures it, and then watch whither her steps went the next time she is in need of hand-gear. This is precisely why the late A. T. Stewart was able to go on "ruining" so many rival shopkeepers. He had superior capital, superior

business keenness (if you will), and an icy indifference to the welfare of his fellow-tradesfolk—but he also had something else: the unflinching support of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson. Or, shall I put it more contritely, more confessionally, and call it the support of you, me, and our next-door neighbor?

Mr. Henry James's new new novel, "The Spoils of Poynton" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), comes to me with a sense of disappointment at its altered title. I liked "The Old Things" far better as a name for it, and by this name I read it while serially printed in the "Atlantic Monthly." As a mere story it is very simple; it has only three or four characters, one of whom is a matronly lady, passionately fond of a certain "collection"—all the essence of rarity in their various ways, presumably miniatures, mosaics, candelabra, bits of precious furniture, breadths of priceless tapestry, and every other kind of rococo and choice thing which the old-fashioned romancers used to content themselves with describing by that fatally threadbare word, *virtu*. The lady, Mrs. Gereth, has a horror of parting with these treasures, but she must do so, and she must likewise part with the country house which contains them, provided her son marries. Owen has engaged himself to Mona Brigstock, whom his mother thinks vulgar, both as regards her own personality and that of her parents. There is, meanwhile, another girl, Fleda Vetch, whom Mrs. Gereth wishes him to wed, half because she loves Fleda dearly and half because she feels that of all people on earth Fleda will guard the "Old Things" with aesthetic constancy and adoration. From these threads the story is woven, and no hand but that of Mr. James could weave it with so faultless a skill. In 1874, or thereabouts, this writer may be said to have really begun his literary career. The fictional age was a peculiar one, both in England and America. Dickens and Thackeray were both dead, and overseas a single writer, George Eliot, reigned supreme. Criticism was hat-in-hand to her; the "Saturday Review," then an organ as powerful as it was arrogant, made her image nebulous from the clouds of incense it evoked. No other novelist was held worthy of the name; Fielding, Smollett, the authors of "Henry Esmond" and "David Copperfield," were not judged fit to be compared with her, and Shakespeare was soon pronounced hardly more than her equal. Her most labored and artificial passages (and she is not without a fair share of them) were quoted as faultless; her humor, often shrewd, though sometimes ponderous, was declared perfection, and her wit, occasionally somewhat slow and lackluster, was lauded as of lightning spark.

Here, on cis-Atlantic shores, there were a few young men trying to write good novels and one older man (Mr. Howells) who had printed in his own magazine three or four novels which their admirers affirmed to be super-excellent. They were very painstaking, intensely realistic, and in the opinion of some people (an opinion which I do not by any means wish to appear as having indorsed) they were excessively trivial and finical. At this time Mr. James began to write for the "Atlantic Monthly," urged to do so by its editor, who loved his work; and then became current that mysteriously dissonant mingling of names—"Howells and James"—as though in attempted definition of some particular school. But there was no such school whatever. Mr. Howells wrote his way, Mr. James his, and they were ways widely opposite. At that period Mr. James had breadth; he has since chosen depth in place of it. Or am I wrong here? To criticize this marvelous master means so much! Yet one must gird one's loins; one must not be too timid. Still, it all comes to this: incomparable power and splendor of style has to run its chance with the smallest of us, if it is to be touched on at all. I confess that I am no match for Mr. James in any sense, and that he knows more about his art in five minutes than I could learn in as many years. But what is one to do? One must be bold or nothing. Here is this man, probably well past his fiftieth year, of whom to speak in proper phrases requires the education which he alone can bestow. We must be his pupils before we can presume to praise him. And such opulence of praise as we are then tempted to proffer! What new mines of expression shall we quarry? It is for him to show us; curiously, if you please, in this case, the conscientious critic must doff his cap with deference. I don't know, honestly, just what other trend he can take. But he is, of course, entitled to his opinions. One of mine is that the most powerful novel which Mr. James ever wrote is "Roderick Hudson." But I do not love and prize it, after all, as much as I love and prize "The Portrait of a Lady." Then there is "The American," a book so brilliant that to recall it is like remembering some star, seen in some night of the past, peculiarly effulgent, peculiarly vivid. Other commentators of Mr. James may write of him with "analytic" boldness. That I cannot do, for my reverence is too deep. I know that he knows far more than I could ever dream of knowing. With me language is an effort; with him it is a mastery. He is the one supreme genius, in fiction, of his century; no one has ever approached him; he has reached heights that escape all imitation; his power of conveying meanings, his almost miraculous gifts as a psychologist, leave us all disarmed and impotent. He tracks, in Tennysonian phrase, "suggestion to its inmost lair." I never cease respecting him, even when I realize his mistakes; for the mistakes of a great writer are often more interesting than his successes. They show us that he is, after all, human like ourselves. I don't know in all literature, for example, a finer mistake than "The Bostonians." In it, somehow, Mr. James "went wrong." But who could have gone wrong so magnificently? It is the kind of mistake that might have made many a smaller man famous. But, as before said, I do not assume to "criticise" Mr. James. I have no right to do it. . . . who, for that matter, has the right to do it? One can say that he does

## TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

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not "care" for this or that among his writings. Who, however, can be insolent enough to art not to grant that this tale-teller has never written a novel or a novelette which is not worthy of the closest study, the most earnest scrutiny? We "criticise" the Kiplings and Stevensons, the Hall Caines and Doyles, *et toute cette galère*. With Mr. James it is quite another affair. He is a great artist, a wonderfully great artist, and we must go to school to him before we can safely venture to discuss him at all. Of late his *nouvelles*—in the style, if you please, of the Tourgenieff whom he admires—have brought out for us his best strength. And how superb, how inimitable this is! One of his recent books, "Embarrassments," ought to make him many foes, for the world contains many jealous people. I used to wish that I could turn words into rain and shower them in torrent of eulogy on such a masterpiece as "The Aspern Papers"! But now I find myself caring less for that than for "The Lesson and the Master," than for such enchantment as "The Figure in the Carpet," than for "Glasses" (a matchless little classic), than for "The Next Time" (a bit of wondrous pathos), than for "The Way it Came" (a marvel of suggestion and finish). Yet the two volumes containing "The Wheel of Time," "Collaboration," "Owen Wingrave," "Lord Beaupré," "The Private Life" and "The Visits" are perhaps more deeply laden with charm. A tale of great power and insight is "The Liar," written several years ago. I prefer it to "A London Life," for the reason that it is more poetic, and no narrator except Balzac ever managed, perhaps, to put more real poetry into his prose than Mr. James has done, without writing that tedious nondescript thing which one terms prose-poetry. But it is idle merely to record the names of this unique magician's delicious tricks. It may not be true that he sweeps all life, but he sweeps an area of it that is richly attractive to thinkers. If I were asked to compare him, for example, with such writers as Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, I should be at my wit's end just what to say. He is so unspeakably the superior of intelligences like these, that never, as it seems to me, could comparison so join itself with odium. For native skill of selectiveness, of *donnée*, of clear originality in choice of theme, he is measurelessly their masters. Never yet has the truth been told of this radiant narrator whose avoidances are the essence of dignity and whose silences are examples of discretion. His peers are of the noblest. It is ridiculous to call him a mere realist; it is impossible to call him only a romanticist. As a youth he sat at the feet of Hawthorne, but he sits now at no one's feet; he stands most sturdily on his own legs, and a pair of stalwart ones they are. Somehow we can liken him to no great writer who is not French, and yet he is far more wise and profound than Daudet, far less metallic and merely technical than Flaubert, and notwithstanding what is to me the prodigious force of Zola, I should say of Mr. James that he reserves for himself a steadfast sense of secure fastidiousness which would always make him unwilling to push his pen where the author of "Nana" and of "La Terre" has not scrupled to plunge it. In this respect he is not French, despite his good *flair* for all that in French is best, and his wide, intimate knowledge of everything French that is worth caring for. Singularly, he has remained an American writer, though "expatriated," as the word goes, the word itself going for little in any artistic way and having been thrown at him solely because he has chosen to change his sky as one chooses to change his wall-papering or his pattern of desk. Mr. James is indeed so inalienably American that his rigid, unconscious "nationality" (from a purely literary standpoint) has no concern whatever with the Regent Street and the Piccadilly in which a long London residence has made him to the manner born. I feel that I am saying this awkwardly, but of course blunter phrase would be more awkward still. For a moment, however, let me deal with blunter phrase, and affirm that he is American because he looks at English life with a gaze of quiet fire. He does not gloze; he does not "poetize"; he is always as literary as Emerson; he is always as unmyopic as Lowell; he is often as opulently imaginative as his early love, Hawthorne; he is splendidly unmarketable; he is deliciously incapable of writing "to order"; he hasn't the faintest conception, heaven bless him, of how to "end a chapter," or "catch a reader," or be "exciting," or "turn out pleasantly," or make himself generally salable and railroadish. I sometimes even wonder of him if he actually comprehends that he is Henry James, after all—which is really a bigger compliment than it looks at a cursory glance, and which holds more true tribute, in the long run, than small men like me often give to giants like him.

Do we ever think of what hard times befall even the most petted dogs, in winter? Unless they are small they must lie on floors. Try this for yourself, and see how pleasant it is. An incessant chill stratum of air environs the setter, the hound, the pointer, the larger dog of every description. No wonder that so many fine dogs die, as they do, of swift catarrhal and consumptive troubles, or that they are tormented by rheumatic afflictions. Except in very genial climates nature does not provide for them at all. They are never so uncomfortable, either, as in well-warmed houses; for draughts literally rage on floors which seem to us devoid of inclement rigors. In summer certain house dogs suffer greatly from heat, but then they are really far better off than we, living, as they do, among the lower refreshing currents. They have not, however, our powers of perspiration, and hence they must only pant and drip saliva from their jaws, as a relief. And yet, strangely enough, science tells us that heat does not produce in them madness. That, we have now found out, is a disease with which solar ardors have no concern. The old idea of the "dog-star" venting its wrath on them, is a myth. Sirius, in August, we have now learned, is no more baleful, from the canine viewpoint, than he is in January. His torments are reserved as much for Brown as for Bruno, as much for Robinson as for Rover. The very disease of hydrophobia is still scoffed at by fairly good authorities. If you care to inquire at the office of The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I think you will always find some one there who will tell you that no such malady

has ever come saliently into the ken of this organization. But they will not tell you so at the Pasteur Institute, uptown, opposite the Park, in west Harlem. There they will tell you that if you have been bitten by a dog at any season of the year, your chances of contracting rabies will depend upon the condition of the animal's head, which they desire to see and analyze. If you haven't any "head," and go to them because you have been bitten, they will cauterize your wound and charge you ten dollars for doing so. The whole consultation and alleged remedy, I have learned, will occupy but a few minutes. Of course the great Pasteur must have been right as to the existence of rabies as a human malady. But it is exceedingly rare, beyond question. And even now it is ill understood. Its locality, in the *medulla oblongata*, at the base of the brain, is also the locality of other diseases, like *tetanus*, cerebro-spinal meningitis, acute congestion, and, unless I am wrong, a certain kind of gout as well. For this reason its real manifestations are being incessantly mistaken, from time to time. There is, however, a species of "imaginary" hydrophobia from which people die almost as often as from the actual malady itself. And when one considers the awful descriptive details of anguish which are flung journalistically broadcast, one cannot be surprised that their effects mean, not seldom, a neurotic contagion of the most distressing sort. There is nothing in the way of harlequin-tinted sensationalism which certain of our newspapers do not devoutly cherish; and the torments which their morbid recitals inflict upon persons whom healthy dogs have bitten, grow annually more numerous and acute.

My friend, the Merry Minnesinger, brought me a copy of verses, the other day, which lacked, as I told him, much of his harmless wonted levity. But he will not have it that there is too mordant a quality in their satire. Has the world ever yet encountered that anomaly, a bard concerning the twang of whose harpstrings one could argue in any reconstructive hope? My Merry Minnesinger is just as obstinate, just as incorrigibly self-assertive, as all the rest of them. I have consented to give him a hearing, but I tremble for the alleged "fun" of his stanzas, while freely admitting both their snarl and snap. He calls them "A Chorus of Railroad Kings, Wall Street Gamblers, etc.," and here they are, for what they are worth:

"We're spiders, and we spin  
Subtle webs to snare  
Foolish flies that enter in  
And are tangled there.  
We are weeds that rankly grow  
Where the blooms of wisdom blow,  
And disaster, shame and woe  
Are the fruits we bear.

"As the lust for empire leads  
To a land's disgrace,  
So the lust for lucre breeds  
Our unbridled race.  
Countless victims, in days fled,  
From our 'bulls' big horns have bled,  
And our 'bears' can hug men dead  
In their brute embrace.

"Once by millions armed, we sneer  
At the law's worst leap.  
Why should laws to us be dear  
Who can buy them cheap?  
Where's the Congress that would kill  
Our most reckless railroad bill,  
If we paid our way with skill,  
Yet in handsome heap?

"Common bribery's an exploit  
Quite of low degree;  
But our lobbyings, when adroit,  
Are from coarseness free.  
Quickly speed the plans we plot,  
With 'a nickel in the slot';  
Penitentiaries were not  
Built for such as we.

"With the flash and tinkle of gain  
In our eyes and ears,  
What to us the widow's pain,  
What the orphan's tears?  
When we've power the street to set  
In a flurry of anxious fret,  
Devil a bit care we who get  
Fate's malignant jeers.

"Though our knavery scares and shocks  
With remorseless tricks,  
It's not quoted in the stocks  
That the ticker ticks.  
When the railroad-wreckers wake,  
Devil a difference does it make  
Whose the bones they bruise and break—  
Whether Tom's or Dick's."

Has it ever occurred to any New York social observer that refined fathers and mothers constantly fail to stand social tests? They push their sons and daughters, when these come of age, into the very society whose worldliness and snobbery they themselves have for years professed to despise. They declare, if you will, that an American aristocracy is ridiculous, and while their Charlies and Mauds, their Willies and Mabels are still under age, denounce the idea of permitting them to appear at all in the smart sets. But later we often find a good deal of earnest parental hustling to launch their off-spring securely among "nobs" and swells. This impulse is very amusing in its self-contradictory ambition, but the humor of it is also veined with pathos. The whole change of base implies a surrender to potentialities of mundane profit on the part of those held dearest in their lives and hearts. But why really profit? Do not the society professionals, the families who pride themselves on having been fashionable and exclusive for a generation or so, merely torment themselves with the stubborn continuance of struggle? What doors of actual friendship are shut to them? How the sanctity of marriage is ignored by them, and its coarser salable side (often verging on the positively ignoble and hideous) is alone envisaged! They comprehend that they miss the true wholesomeness of exist-

ence, and yet they go on secretly fretting under their slavery while paying tribute to its bondage. They choose, instead of their native sunshine, a dry and harsh light for which too frequently they cherish furtive loathing. It is not that they only cut common people, but rather that they forever avoid the acquaintanceship of uncommon people, whose gracious gifts of mind would outglitter their choicest diamonds, outsoar their stateliest roof-tops. The English snobs used to say that Thackeray was himself a snob. But I cannot see that he ever tried to get up any quarrel with them. What he tried really to do, unless I am in error, was to show them how constant was their own covert quarrel with themselves. However, I am not touching on the question of English society, which has below it the fundamental massiveness of tradition, but of so-called New York society, which has below it no depth of tradition at all, and merely a yesterday shallowness, not even "Knickerbocker" enough, in any marked sense, to be called notably picturesque.

Two old acquaintances of mine (I should not presume to call them friends) have been simultaneously appointed as Ambassadors, one to England, one to France. Colonel John Hay always struck me as a man of great modesty, simplicity and charm. Everybody whom he meets in his new official place, so richly important, will be sure to like him, for some birth-fairy long ago dropped upon his brow a delicate nimbus of amiability and cheer. He was once held a promising poet, but almost the last time I met him (and that is a good while ago) he told me the Muse would not smile on him any more. As he had recently gone into the banking business with a rich father-in-law, I felt like telling him that the offended goddess could probably make out an excellent case. But since then, in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, he has given us the copious and admired "Life of Lincoln"; and, after all, there is not only a Muse of History among the Nine, but did not Herodotus, father of history, name his various books in honor of their ladyships, a few, if not the whole divine *boutique*? I have never heard Colonel Hay make a speech. He might be just as able as I think him and yet make a bad one. But sincerely I trust he is an adept at the most silver-tongued felicities; otherwise I can imagine no position more agonizing than the one he has permitted himself to accept. Our English Ambassador should be skilled in every conceivable oratoric way. There are moments when he must conceal his most intimate convictions as though they were undiscovered crimes; there are moments when he must have in his heart all the murder it is capable of accommodating, and yet wear on his lips the smile of a seraph. Diplomacy must be his valet, courtesy his footman, and the art of saying nothing as though it were the composite wisdom of the seven famed sages, must serve him at an instant's beck. No American mission is so difficult, as none is so splendid. Every year both its difficulties and splendors increase. "That fierce light which beats upon a throne and blackens every blot," does not describe it with emphasis too intense. Lowell must have felt this before the towers of the Houses of Parliament faded forever from his sight, and I imagine that Mr. Bayard's views on the same subject are to-day coincident with his predecessor's. England gives much to our Ambassador, but from him she also demands much; and in her welcomes, it might be said, lurk almost as many subtleties and ironies as in her dislikes.

General Horace Porter will go to France under conditions totally different. No "burning questions" will be apt to keep him sleepless of nights, and all the Frenchmen will promptly become laudators of his dignified suavity, so opposite from their own, explosive and at times almost opera-bouffe. The French ladies will fall in love with his handsome face and soldierly bearing, and delight in his thorough knowledge of the Gallic tongue. Still, one cannot help feeling that he will, after all, be "thrown away" in the French capital. For he is an orator of surpassing powers, and I am very doubtful if these powers will bear the ordeal of being clad in French robes. If he attempts to address the Parisians in their native language they will beam upon him before his face and yawn at him behind his back. Anything like a serious speech, so delivered, they will regard as simply absurd from an artistic standpoint, and so regard it in proportion to their very ignorance of its true impetus and spirit. For they are a people absolutely persuaded of their own perfection, and all the magnificent things they have done are by no means made more praiseworthy by their complete absence of modesty concerning them. Then, too, it is a fact that hardly one Englishman or American in ten thousand can "talk French" to them in a fashion that does not offend their sensitive ears. General Porter will do his best, and they will recognize, so to speak, the conscientiousness of his idiom. But his French best will be very far below his English best, inevitably. If he were an ordinary orator this would not count; there were numberless former Ministers, no doubt, with whom it has not counted. But in General Porter's case they will confront a man of astonishing qualities, and even if he chooses English instead of French, these qualities will be almost entirely lost upon his hearers. Some of their very greatest thinkers, writers and statesmen have known but one language, and have not cared to know any other. "Cared" is hardly the right word, however, for, like all the Latin races, they suffer tortures with our syntax and pronunciation alike. Still, General Porter, though he might have won frantic plaudits in England, may congratulate himself with the reflection that his berth may be a far easier one than Colonel Hay's. And as for the distinction attending the former, that is surely very high. It may or may not still be true that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; but lots of the best people of all nations constantly go there, and not a few of them stay all the year round—"perfidious Albion" herself being well represented among these last.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap pales into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.



## THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

GOVERNMENTS have as hard a time as churches in the work of obtaining needed money without disturbing the financial condition of the people from whom the money must be obtained. Just as Congress was preparing the new tariff bill which, like tariff bills in general, is expected to bear heavily upon luxuries, the French Republic, from which many of our luxuries come, increased its own duties on some American products to an extent which promises to keep the said products out of the French market. Among the articles attacked is the American hog, which in different forms has been going to France at the rate of seventy million pounds a year. This action was undoubtedly a "bluff," for the purpose of securing France good terms in a possible reciprocity treaty between the two countries; but until the question is settled there will be much apprehension in the pork-producing sections of the Union. In the long run it is good for the people of any country to be reminded that a nation, like an individual, must regard the laws of trade while in search of money; but the application of the principle to taxpayers' pockets is nevertheless and always tormenting.

So many members of Congress are educated men that the proposed imposition of a tax upon college library books which have heretofore been imported free of duty seems strange. Any college is practically a philanthropic institution, for its fees will not support it; to lessen its possibilities of usefulness by increasing the cost of books is therefore unfair to the public-spirited men and women who have endowed the institution. The proposed tariff cannot be defended even on the ground of protection to American industries, for the books affected can never be reproduced in this country except at prices which would place them out of the reach of possible purchasers.

It is gratifying to learn that during the last three years of business depression there has been one portion of the United States which has known nothing of hard times. The fortunate locality is the copper-producing district of the Michigan peninsula, where every resident can get work in the mines, there are no vacant houses, no strikes or lockouts, and the banks are overloaded with money. The reason is simple enough; copper is so largely used that overproduction is impossible, and any portion of the output that exceeds the home demand can be exported at a profit to markets that are glad to receive it.

In keeping with the success of the Michigan copper-mining district is the outlook of gold-mining enterprises throughout the country. The condition of speculative trading in mining stocks is as bad as any one represents it to be; there is little or no chance of any one getting money with which to boom a "prospect-hole" by calling it a mine and trying to unload a lot of stock on an off-tricked people. Yet actual mines and even undeveloped properties with good ore in sight are being sold daily to purchasers who intend to get their money back from the mines themselves, with no assistance from the stock markets. As in copper-mining, there is no danger of overproduction, so the buyers of the new mines of Arizona, the California desert and elsewhere are as matter-of-fact as so many shoemakers, grocers, or butchers, and they will be just as business-like in the management of their property.

A greater gathering of soldiers of our regular army than any one has seen since the Civil War ended will be visible in New York on April 27. The Grant monument inaugural parade, in which these regulars will participate, will also call out more veterans than are likely ever again to be seen together. There were many popular heroes during the war, but fashions of heroes change and soldiers' opinions change with them. Grant was the most abused army commander of the war; he got eight years more of continuous abuse while he was President, and some additional years of it while he was said to aspire to a third term; yet to-day his memory is undoubtedly more fondly cherished than that of any of his predecessors or his great lieutenants; his old enemies in arms have only kind words to say of him, the surviving generals who surrendered to him are among his warmest admirers, and the pens that once were dipped in gall whenever they wrote of him are now describing his rare qualities of head and heart. His was a wonderful story, but he was a wonderful man; no land but this could have produced him, or appreciated him even after his death.

It seems an assured fact that charitable distribution in America of Baron de Hirsch's millions is not to cease because the original giver died. The Baron's widow is said to be about to donate almost two million dollars here in charity, and apparently with business-like sense and tact such as distinguished her husband's beneficences, for the distributors are to be practical Americans. A competitive effort of this kind between the Baron's estate and some American multi-millionaires would be inspiring to right-hearted people and depressing to the dangerous agitators who insist that wealth is always selfish and that the rich give no careful thought to the poor and needy. We have a lot of millionaires who between them have the money; all that is lacking is the spirit and interest.

Mississippi levees continue to break under pressure of the swollen river and the damage done to thousands of the sufferers cannot be recovered from in some years. The disasters have renewed the suggestion, made many times before, that the Government shall divert part of the river's water by reopening what is believed to have been the lower portion of Red River—a stream which now empties into the Mississippi, but is supposed once to have discharged its waters in the Gulf through what now is the Atchafalaya. The work of restoring the connection would not be as great as at first sight it would seem, for the soil is not rocky; with a small ditch in which to start, the descending waters would soon scour their own channel, as the Mississippi has shifted its own channel through the successive "cut-off" ditches that were made across long, narrow points. These "cut-offs" are the cause of some of the overflows, for they have shortened the river so greatly that its

containing capacity, from the mouth of the Missouri to the Gulf, is about one-sixth less than it was a hundred years ago, while the tributary streams remain as swift and well-fed as ever.

Any American who gets hold of an odd word that is in common use anywhere in the country will do a kindness by sending it to Professor Wheeler of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., E. H. Babbitt of Columbia College, New York, or O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O. These gentlemen are officers of the American Dialect Society, which is making a collection of words peculiarly American that are not to be found in the dictionaries, and hope in time to publish the collection in an American Dialect Dictionary. The prospective book will be a big one, for the abundance of words not known to makers of dictionaries is but slightly indicated by stories told partially in local dialects; indeed, some dialect novelists have been obliged to part with many odd words to keep their stories within readers' comprehension. In many localities supposed to be rich in dialect there are intelligent people who speak ordinary English and resent the imputation that their neighbors speak as they are reported by writers of fiction to do, but the listening visitor cannot deny the evidence of his own ears.

The most important recent attack upon the bicycle, or warning to bicycle riders, is from the pen of an eminent English physician, who attributes some physical disorders to the use—generally excessive use—of the wheel. His theory is that between the effort of balancing and the incessant stare at the road to detect obstacles the strain upon some riders is too great to be safely endured. It may be said in reply that anxiety about the condition of the road—the feeling that causes the serious and laughable "bicycle face"—was peculiar to only beginners and "scorchers" until wheels became so light of construction that most riders feared to encounter even a small stone. Few wheelmen who restrict themselves to moderate speed waste much attention on the condition of a road that is at all good, nor are they conscious of any effort at balancing. It is probable that some of the injured persons of whom the English physician wrote were clumsy, or timid, or nervous, and that most were of that pitiable and hopeless class, the excitable people who can not or will not restrain themselves from going to extremes in everything. These persons will go on to extreme exhaustion at whatever they do, whether it be eating or drinking, wheeling or tennis-playing, dancing or praying. It is unfair to charge the results of their inherent fault of character to the bicycle or any other of the good things of life which they abuse while pretending only to use it.

Some facts that should interest persons who purchase wine to drink were again brought into public notice during a recent court case in New York. A wine merchant who was called as a witness admitted that he had sold to a high-grade hotel a lot of bottled claret bearing different brands, although all the liquor was drawn from the same cask; the necessary inference was that the consumers could not distinguish one from another by the taste. He also admitted that generally at restaurants the only difference between certain bottles of claret would be in the labels. As claret is the principal table wine in the United States, more of it being consumed than of all other kinds combined, it would appear that the general run of purchasers spend more for labels than for the liquor itself, for "sound," ordinary claret, such as satisfies most palates and digestions, is quite cheap even when it comes from France. The witness might have gone further and said that far more liquor called claret is sold in this country alone than is made in France, and some of the imitations are more palatable than the genuine article and are cheaper to make than beer. Some claret labels are quite pretty, but they can be purchased cheaper from the printers than on bottles, if one really must have them.

The wire-wound cannon is undoubtedly to be the heavy artillery of the future; it endures a greater explosive pressure to the square inch of powder chamber than any other form of gun, and consequently assures greater velocity of projectile and greater power of penetration. An experimental shot from such a gun recently tried in England went through eighteen inches of steel-faced compound armor, backed by a wrought-iron plate half a foot thick, eight feet of oak timber and three inches of ordinary iron, and still had energy enough to bury itself in a bank of clay beyond. Experiments with wire-wound guns are being made in the United States, and thousands of people are claiming to be the original and only men who thought out the plan of construction; but the truth is that hundreds of thousands have seen the germs of it, for they date back almost to the invention of gunpowder. General Grant in his autobiography described some wooden mortars, hooped with iron, which were used under his supervision in the West; but hundreds of years earlier the cannon of European armies were made from logs, a knotty portion forming the breech, while around the barrel were wound strips of fresh rawhide which contracted as it dried.

American chemists are as clever as any in the world, so we may confidently expect that some of them will learn the secret of the new anesthetic, recently discovered in Poland, that volatilizes so rapidly in the open air that it puts soundly to sleep any one who is near it. Such a substance would at once rob war of all its terrors, for a volley or two of it would put hostile troops to sleep so that the men could be picked up, piled upon wagons like so many sticks of wood, and hauled into the victor's camp, and a shell or two filled with it and dropped upon a battleship from the windward side would enable the attacking party to board without danger and tow the craft into port. No matter which side won or lost, there would be no more battle-scarred veterans, no more soldiers' widows or orphans, nor any more pension lists, pension agents, or pension frauds. Chinese armies used to wage terrible war with bottles and bags of fluid that smelled so bad that the enemy was obliged to run; but the new method is much the better, for "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," but the enemy who is picked up while asleep can be kept as harmless as a Quaker. What a blessing, too, it would be to have the means of fighting so changed that no amount of war talk could frighten anybody!

## WHAT IS IN STORE.

What the new departure of the Fiction Supplement means for WEEKLY subscribers may be judged by the fact that the following among other new, high-class novels will follow in regular succession. The supplement has been enlarged to eight pages. The new novels are copyrighted, and cannot be purchased in book stores for less than one dollar to one dollar and a half:

"A PASSING MADNESS,"  
by FLORENCE MARRYAT, in three installments.  
"LOIS ERCOTT,"  
by KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, in four installments.  
"THE CURIOUS CORPSE,"  
by LOUIS ZANGWILL, in three installments.  
"LAWRENCE CLAVERING,"  
by A. E. W. MASON, in three installments.

## A LITERARY EVENT.

The publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has pleasure in announcing that the two splendid works herein described will be furnished to all renewing subscribers to the WEEKLY as Premium Volumes, at \$5.00, without the novels of the Library, and at \$6.50 with the novels. Payments in both cases on the usual terms: \$1.00 when the Premium is delivered, and 50 cents monthly until paid in full. The subscriber may choose between these two—the best value ever yet offered to the public.

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Under the Deodars, and other Tales.  
Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and other Verses.

Some writers are born talented, some acquire talent, and a few are geniuses. Kipling is one of the last. Nature endowed him with the rarest qualities and chance sent him into the sphere in which those qualities could be best exercised. With minor exceptions whatever he has produced has been masterwork, and the range of his productions has been extraordinary. He stretches in emotion from deep seriousness to exuberant laughter, and his grasp is as sure whether he deal with a child or a field officer, with a young girl or an old rogue. He knows the ways of thinking of them all, and he knows, too, their ways of speech, and all their garniture and habits. There is no ink in their veins. They really live, sometimes really die. For the mind of Kipling is an instantaneous camera with a phonograph attachment manipulated by a spirit of catholic affection and unique penetration. Equally at home in prose and verse, behind the charm and excellence of his work there is the scholar, the explorer, the discoverer. He not only entertains, he instructs. In originality he stands absolutely alone, and in craftsmanship Stevenson is his only rival.

## THE LOVERS OF THE WORLD.

This is a chronicle of the sensational dramas, enchanting romances, tragical histories, pathetic trials, fierce passions and pure hearts of all those who have lived and loved from the earliest times to the present day, with faithful descriptions of the virtues and charms which inspired them and the joys and disasters which they caused. The work is superbly and profusely illustrated. It is edited by Archibald Wilberforce, author of "The Capitals of the Globe," etc., etc. It is in three charming octavo volumes, containing over One hundred Illustrations, printed from New Plates on Extra Super-calendered Paper, bound in Exquisite Style with original Side and Back stamps, and constituting the most attractive set of table-books we have ever published as premiums. The first volume portrays the Loves and Lovers of Mythical Days. In the second volume there are two divisions, one of which is devoted to the heroes and heroines of Chivalry and Romance, and the other to those of History. Beginning with the story of that sweet young girl who, when her lover Leander was drowned, drowned herself at his side, it passes on to the famous tale of Guinevere and Lancelot, and thence through the Arthurian cycle upward to Heloise and on through all the tears of Italy, through all the splendid treacheries of France until the third volume is reached in which are described the Loves and Lovers of Modern Times.

Among the illustrations are numerous copies of celebrated paintings, including such masterpieces as "Helen of Troy," "The Flight," "Napoleon and the Empress Josephine," "Henry the Eighth," "Mary Queen of Scots," etc., etc.



"MOVE ON!" AN HOURLY OCCURRENCE IN THE LIFE OF NEW YORK'S SIDEWALK MERCHANTS.



(Copyright, 1897, by JOHN OXENHAM.)

THE MYSTERY  
OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

## CHAPTER III.

(From the "Daily Telephone," November 19, 1894.)

## A THIRD MURDER ON THE UNDERGROUND.

THE appalling discovery, last night, at Ealing Broadway Station, on the District Railway, places beyond possibility of doubt the fact that a cold-blooded murderer is at large in our midst, and that travelers on that at all times depressing line are completely at his mercy.

The police, we are willing to believe, are doing their best in the matter, but so far their efforts have apparently been fruitless. Every Tuesday night for the last three weeks, at, as near as can be told, exactly the same time to the minute, the mysterious death-dealer has chosen his victim, fired his fatal shot, and vanished. Whatever his motive and whatever his method, he has succeeded in instilling such a sense of dread into the public mind that the District Railway is beginning to be shunned by all persons of nervous temperament.

This curious state of things recalls to mind a similar series of crimes perpetrated on the Ceinture Railway, in Paris, about seven years ago. There, too, the victims were smitten down by an undiscoverable hand, and it was only when the seventh had fallen that the slaughter stopped. If it had not, the traffic on that line would have ceased, for the excitement was indescribable, and travelers shunned the Ceinture Railway as they would a pest-house.

Much the same feeling is growing in the minds of travelers by the District Railway, and especially so on Tuesday nights, which is the time fixed by the mysterious one for his horrible work. Last Tuesday night the trains ran nearly empty. Numbers of people, so curious is the hankering of the morbid mind after sensation, gathered in the stations most likely to afford the chance of a thrill. The platforms at Charing Cross, Westminster, St. James's Park and Victoria were crowded with sensation-seekers, who had taken tickets which they had no intention of using, but simply with the idea of being on the spot in case anything happened. And a very curious study those platforms were.

Thronged of people, waiting silently, in a damp fog, peering into carriage after carriage as the almost empty trains rolled slowly, like processions of funeral cars, in and out of the stations. In one carriage a party of young roughs had ensconced themselves, and endeavored to make things lively by chaffing and jeering the silent crowds on the platforms as they passed through. They met with no encouragement, however, and had things all their own way. We wonder how those lively youths feel now when they know that, beyond a doubt, the mysterious murderer looked in on them, and could, had he so chosen, have launched his deadly bullet into their midst. But, as usual, his fatal choice fell upon a solitary wayfarer occupying a corner seat in a carriage by himself, and within three compartments of the one occupied by the rowdy gang referred to.

Many of the crowd on the stations remarked on the temerity of the occupant of that corner seat. He might well sit so quiet. The fatal bullet was in his heart before he reached Victoria, at all events. But he journeyed peacefully on until he reached Ealing Broadway Station, the terminus of the line. There, one of the principal duties of the porters is to arouse all the passengers who have succumbed to the monotony of the journey from the City, and there John Small, the Ealing porter, tried in vain to arouse Carl Groeb, the occupant of the corner seat in the rear compartment of one of the first-class carriages, and found him dead—murdered, in the same way, and, beyond all doubt, by the same hand, which struck down Conrad Grosheim, at or about 9.15 on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th inst., at Charing Cross, and which struck down George Villars, at 9.15 on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th inst., at St. James's Park.

The crowds at the stations up the line had dispersed with a sigh of disappointment, or, let us take a charitable view, and say of relief. But the tragedy was there all the same, and the victim had passed beneath their eyes, though the public had to wait till Wednesday morning to get its thrill.

It is a terrible fact, but one that has to be faced, that, in the greatest city in the world, in this year of grace 1894, such an appalling series of crimes can be perpetrated with impunity.

The police seem powerless. We give them credit for doing their utmost, but up to now nothing, so far as they let it be known, has resulted from their efforts.

One thing is certain, if the criminal cannot be brought to justice the directors of the District Railway can close up their line. It would pay them to run the electric light through every tunnel, and to line the route and sprinkle the carriages with detectives, in the style of an Imperial progress in Russia. The matter is really too gross now for a jest, but "Punch" certainly hit the case off admirably in Bernard Partridge's clever sketch of the young City man attracting all the attentions of all the beauties in the drawing-room, by the simple assertion that he had traveled from town by the District Railway, in a first-class carriage, *all by himself*, while the season's lions scowl at him from a distance, and twirl their mustaches, and growl in their neglected corners.

While, in another portion of the same journal, Mr. Anstey's "Voices Populi," describing the scene at Victoria Station on Tuesday night, while the crowds waited for what they feared, and made simple bets on the basis of murder or no murder, and more complicated ones as to the age and nationality of the expected victim, the station where the discovery would be made, and so on, is immensely clever, but grim in the extreme. It

## LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

proves the identity of one of the crowd at all events, and it will afford matter for much wondering comment on the part of readers of this year's "Punch" twenty years hence.

To return to the facts which confront us, however. Murder, grim, cold, calculating, glides unchecked in our midst. No man's life is safe. You yourself, reading this, may be the next victim—that is, if you are so unwise as to trust yourself alone in a carriage on the District Railway. And this in London, A.D. 1894! What a satire on our boasted civilization!

The official report of this latest crime is, with the necessary alterations of names, places, and dates, a mere duplication of the previous ones.

Carl Groeb took ticket at Mansion House for Victoria on the evening of Tuesday, the 25th inst., at 9.20. Before he reached Victoria he was dead—shot through the heart, in identically the same manner as the previous victims, and not a trace of the murderer is discoverable. It is beyond belief, and yet it is horrible fact.

(From the "Daily Telephone," November 23, 1894.)

More light has been thrown on the dark corners of the Underground Railway during the last few days than at any period of its existence, and yet the mystery remains unsolved. Travelers between 9 and 10.30 P.M. have been few and far between. Indeed, between those hours the service has been almost suspended, not more than one train in ten being run, and that running practically empty. But such hardy voyagers as have ventured at risk of their lives, to run the passage from the City to Earl's Court, have traveled through a torch-light procession. Every tunnel has been filled with men with flare-lights, and the grotesque effects of the continuous blaze and the weird gigantic shadows are things to be remembered for a lifetime.

Not only is traffic on the Underground disorganized—business and pleasure alike are interrupted in their regular courses. Never, during the last twenty years, has London worked itself up into such a state of excitement as it has done over these mysterious crimes on the Underground. Suburban residents find words even of the most coarsest and ineffectual to express the annoyance and inconvenience they are being put to.

Scotland Yard has had a detective patrolling the footboard of every train. This, however, is to be stopped. The sensation of suddenly finding a strange face peering in at your ear as you sit harmlessly reading your evening paper in your favorite corner seat, is enough to startle any man. It has given rise to some most ludicrous scenes. Going home in a Richmond train last night, the writer sat opposite to a quiet, nervous-looking old gentleman. He happened to raise his eyes from his paper just as the patrol on the footboard passed the window. The old gentleman made up his mind at once that he had been selected as the murderer's next victim, and that the deadly bullet was just about to be launched. He instinctively sheltered his head behind his newspaper, and sank suddenly off his seat, and remained flat on the floor, nor could he be induced to rise till the next station was reached. Many ladies have been driven into hysterics in the same way, and the patrols are to be abolished.

In connection with the murder of Carl Groeb, it is now proved beyond doubt that the murderer has added to his other crime the meaner one of robbery. Groeb's pockets were empty when he was discovered—money, watch, chain, all were gone, though the evidence is conclusive that, when he left his office in Houndsditch he carried a good round sum, and wore a good gold watch and chain. There is more hope of catching the murderer if he is driven by the exigencies of want, or the desire for gain, to unite the functions of footpad with those of self-constituted executioner. At all events, he descends from the sphere of the supernatural, into which popular credulity has been inclined to elevate him, and becomes a mere murderous thief.

(From the "Daily Telephone," November 25, 1894.)

We have received the following letter:

"To the Editor of the 'Daily Telephone':

"SIR—You are wrong. I never touched the money or effects of Carl Groeb, or any other of my victims. I kill; I do not rob.

Yours truly,

"THE UNDERGROUND MURDERER."

The letter is postmarked "London, S.E., November 24, 1894." Is it a grim jest, or is it a genuine document? We give it for what it is worth.

(From the "Daily Telephone," November 26, 1894.)

"To Editor, 'Daily Telephone':

"SIR—The Underground Murderer has enough on his conscience. He did not rob Carl Groeb of his watch, chain and money. I did. I entered the carriage at Sloane Square. The attitude of the figure in the corner startled me. When we had passed South Kensington I spoke to him. He did not answer. I touched him. He did not move. I saw he was dead. I was stone-broke myself. I had bilked the ticket-man at Sloane Square, and intended doing the same at Earl's Court. The opportunity was too good to be missed. The man in the corner had no further use for his money. I had. I relieved him of it, and also of his watch and chain. The latter I pawned in Liverpool, and I inclose you the ticket. I am a bad lot, but, thank Heaven, I am

"(Signed) NOT THE UNDERGROUND MURDERER."

The above letter was received by us two days ago, postmarked "Liverpool." We sent the pawn-ticket on to Liverpool. The watch and chain, recovered from the pawnbroker, have been sent to London, and have been identified beyond all doubt as Carl Groeb's!

(From the "Daily Telephone," November 27, 1894.)

What, in Heaven's name, is this monstrous thing that is waging cruel, remorseless and indiscriminate warfare with that section of London that travels by the Underground? Is it against the Underground Railway itself, as a system or as a corporation, that this foul fiend is fighting? Or is it some lunatic registering in this greivous fashion his protest against the influx of foreigners into English business life—for it is a noticeable fact that three out of the four victims have been foreigners.

Last night was "Murder Night," as Tuesday night

has come to be grimly dubbed on the Underground, and two more victims fell to the assassin's bullet—one in the usual neat and finished style to which we are becoming accustomed, but with a change of locality, necessitated, no doubt, by the close and incessant watch kept of every corner of the murderer's old haunts; the other was a gratuitous slap in the face—or, to be precise, bullet in the leg—of one of the guardians of the public safety in charge of the tunnel between Victoria and Sloane Square.

As the train which left Mansion House at 9.16, and left Victoria at 9.31, was running through the tunnel between Victoria and Sloane Square, it passed an up-line train proceeding to Mansion House.

The flare-light men are mostly concentrated between Victoria and Mansion House, in the tunnels of which section all the murders have hitherto been committed. As a precautionary measure, however, half a dozen men have been told off for duty each night in the tunnel between Victoria and Sloane Square. As the two trains passed, one of the flare-men standing in the six-foot fell to the ground, shot through the leg. No report was heard. Nothing but the rattle of the passing trains, which drowned the man's groans as he sank to the ground. His mate down the line saw a blaze of light as his flare fell over, and the oil caught fire and spread along the ground. Running up, he dragged the wounded man away from the flames, and yelled to the other men further down the tunnel.

Among them they carried this latest victim up to Victoria Station, where their arrival caused a stampede of all except the officials.

The men's accounts of the matter are confused.

The bullet, of course, came from one of the passing trains, but which they cannot say. Even the wounded man is not certain how he was standing when the bullet struck him, but in any case only the very promptest action could have thrown any light on the matter. Had the men promptly wired to the next stations, both up and down the line, at which both trains would stop, strict search might have led to some discovery. But their wounded mate absorbed all their attention, and the chance, such as it was, was lost. We may, however, conclude without doubt that the shot came from the down train. That train reached Baker Street at 9.58, and four minutes later the murderer's fifth victim was discovered in a first-class carriage at Gower Street, in the person of John Stern, merchant, of Jewin Street, who was discovered shot through the heart, in exactly the same way as all the previous victims of the Underground fiend.

How much longer this state of matters is to continue depends, apparently, entirely on the will of the mysterious and bloodthirsty perpetrator of these atrocious crimes. The arm of the law seems powerless. It only remains now for the Underground fiend to shoot down an engine-driver and his mate to bring about a catastrophe too horrible to contemplate. The bare possibility of an Underground train deprived of its natural controllers, and crashing madly along at its own sweet will, is enough to make one forswear forever the delights of travel on that much-maligned line.

(Continued next week.)

In a few weeks the State of Tennessee will open an international exhibition as part of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the State's admission to the Union. It is quite safe to say that visitors to this fair will see as fine a thing of its kind as has been planned since the great Chicago Exposition of 1892, and that they will lose much if they do not at the same time see as much as possible of the State itself. Although too far South to have caught any of the overflow of the great Westward movement from the crowded Eastern States, Tennessee contains as many people as Virginia, its parent State, and has a bewildering variety of valuable natural resources. It has a remarkably orderly population, and is distinguished above all other States for the number, diversity and success of peculiar colonies which contains. The stability, picturesqueness and prosperity of its cities and larger towns astonish close observers who see them for the first time and who have always regarded Tennessee as one of the newer States merely because it is comparatively little known except by its own people, who themselves are second to none in the Union in intelligence and character.

A GERMAN baron in the United States has recently caused some wonder and wild excitement by becoming a professional jockey. The only real reason for astonishment, however, is that the owner of the title, being poor, preferred to earn his livelihood and found one field in which he was competent to do it. Most of the titled foreigners who have come to this country to mend their fortunes and have become well known seemed to know no industry but the hunting down of marriageable women with fortunes, and comparatively few of them have succeeded even at this. Perhaps if our people knew how plentiful are titles on the Continent they would not think them of enough consequence to talk about; barons are as thick as blackberries in Germany, and a gentleman from any portion of France or Italy is quite likely to have in his family some titles which he may honestly use if he likes. It is no secret abroad that there are many titles the origin of which their owners are not proud of; consequently it isn't always a delicate attention on the part of Americans to make much of the titles of some otherwise reputable visitors to this country.



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## SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

It is a generally conceded fact that the paying and receiving of calls is not based upon any desire that the visitors have to see the visited, or vice versa, "calling" being simply a necessary part of a large social system, which is regularly accomplished by the punctilious as a duty rather than a pleasure. Still, although attending an afternoon reception may be as much a matter of form as leaving cards at the door, a semblance at least of cordiality is expected by the admitted guest. At a day at home this winter a young man who knew the family slightly, but who wished to cultivate their acquaintance, mustered up courage to call. It was rather a grand and awe-inspiring establishment, and upon being ushered into the first of a suite of rooms, and his name announced by the footman, he found the lady of the house, who, evidently not appropriating his visit to herself, said, after shaking hands, "You will find my sister in the next room, Mr. R." Perceiving by this remark that his call was supposed to be meant for some other member of the family, he passed on to number second in the next room, where he was greeted with the same cordiality as before. "How do you do, Mr. R.?" said the lady. "You will find my sister-in-law in the dining-room pouring tea. I know she will be charmed to see you." Decidedly taken aback at being passed on in this fashion, the young man made his way to the dining-room, where he was greeted with a kindly nod by hostess number three. "Must you really go, Mr. R.?" she exclaimed. "It was so good of you to come. Good-by. Remember we are always home on Tuesdays."

"Which side are you on?" seems to be a momentous question, just now, among New York's upper tennors. To the right and left social battles are waging, and the sympathizers of each faction glare defiance at their opponents over afternoon cups of tea, or across their chateaux and mint after dinner, while to lack a minute knowledge of the intricacies of these conflicts, which vary daily, is to argue one's self unknown. In the feuds of the Middle Ages disputing kindred told each other frankly that they lied, whipped out their swords, and had it out in a satisfactory manner. But the actors in the schisms of the day are more subtle; they dine with those who despitefully use them, and endure those who persecute them—outwardly at least. But it taxes the ingenuity of the modern hostess to the utmost to avoid the numerous contretemps, which nevertheless are perpetually occurring in spite of her clever precautions, for she has lately experienced what it means to entertain Capulet and Montagu at the same table. Moreover, it is not a question of a single feud, which might possibly be managed, but of dissension within dissension, whose ramifications are almost impossible to follow. "I hope it is not going to rain, Mrs. S.," said a cordial Lancastrian the other day. The York ally drew herself up with hauteur: "I am not on your side, Mrs. B.," she said. "I am much too fond of Minnie X." Such partisanship suggests a vendetta state of affairs which, although complicated, is interesting, and certainly gives a piquancy to this winter's entertainments.

To what extent a conventional appearance of sorrow should be assumed for a

deceased relative, merely as a matter of reverence if a genuine grief is wanting, is a question each individual must decide for himself. A pretense, at such a time, of a regard after death which did not exist in life seems more like a mockery than a token of respect. Still, putting it on the ground of taste, such homage as makes the men in France lift their hats to a funeral seems obviously proper. Certainly there seems a lack of reverence which is rather shocking in an incident which happened the other day, when two sisters met each other in the kitchen, immediately after their father's funeral, each in haste to be the first to engage his very well-known chief, and, believing that the other would show greater filial respect than herself, they had each hoped to obtain the promises of his services before the rest had a chance to secure him. Even in these busy times, and in a world where little attention is paid to sentimentality where none happens to exist, there is something greswome in crowding the affairs of this world into those of the next in such fashion as this.

Speaking of quarrels, however, "it is an ill wind that blows no good." A worthy society, which requires its members to testify that they possessed a grandfather before the Revolution, threatened, after the first burst of patriotism which gave it birth had exhausted itself, to die an untimely death through lack of sustained interest, until a rival and similar organization was started, wherewith they both commenced to bloom and thrive on the competitive opposition, and are both now in a condition of flourishing energy, mutual depreciation, and consequently increasing prosperity.

Although it is almost the only decoration which woman affects that is not to a certain extent artificial, the wearing of flowers is as much swayed by fashion as is anything else. Carnations are now the favorites of the debutantes, the freshness of these pinks being perhaps emblematic of their wearers. The white orchid is a close rival of the rose for the place of honor in the bride's bouquet, and has at least the questionable advantage of being a great deal more expensive; but the "Bridesmaid" roses hold their own in the choice of the bride's attendants, while the violet, although proverbially a modest flower, still reigns supreme for street wear, and bunches of these, with their leaves tied up with ribbons of the same color, are in vogue for favors at luncheons and dinners. Sometimes these floral favors are placed in a large bowl in the middle of the table, which does service as a center-piece, and the bunches of flowers are afterward given to the guests, thereby serving the double purpose of souvenirs and decoration.

## TRAGEDY OF THE CARNIVAL.

A correspondent writes: "I was tired of the day, of the thump and jingle of that most festive of instruments, the tambourine, and I went to the Fonda, where I had been driven the day before. There, to read myself asleep, I took up a volume of Heine, and chanced to drop on the 'Florentine Nights'—the weird story of the dancer, the dog and the dancer. Then I fell asleep, dreaming of it. Partly awake, I was conscious of voices, but not the foolish falsetto of revelers. At least one voice was raised in anger. Then came the sound as of a blow with a stick, a scuffle, a groan, and at length silence. The noisy revelers going home roused me from time to time, but I dozed again, only to be brought back to consciousness by voices and the whistle of the police and the stifled screams of women. This took me to the window, and as the gray dawn was breaking I could discern the recumbent figure of a poor Pierrot. With him indeed it was Carnevale—farewell to the flesh."

## THE MISSING "LAURADA."

The Philadelphia "Record" March 25 says: "By order of the Cuban Junta the steamer 'Bermuda' sailed from Fernandina, Fla., in search of the missing steamer 'Laurada,' which is known to have on board an important expedition in aid of the insurgents. The 'Bermuda' cleared from the Custom House for Samana, San Domingo, but was acting under instructions from President Palma of the Junta, who had been in consultation at Jacksonville with Colonel Nunes. It is believed that the 'Laurada' has broken down and that those on board are in need of assistance. The tug 'Monarch' has been started from Pensacola on the same errand and is now cruising among the Florida Cayes. From cablegrams received from Havana it is almost positively certain that the 'Laurada' has not landed her big cargo of munitions of war, and it is reluctantly admitted by Cubans in Philadelphia that her mission has thus far been a failure. The 'Laurada' was seen off Watlings Island on March 16 by the steamship 'Gurly,' which

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arrived at Philadelphia on March 24 from Jamaica. She had her cargo still on board and was heading to the eastward."

## THE MUEZZIM CALLS.

A London newspaper correspondent, in crossing Armenia, was taken rather out of his way on one occasion because his zaptieh wished to pass through his own native village of Leileh. They reached the village at noon as the Muezzim or Moslem priest was calling to prayers. There was no mosque or minaret there, so the Muezzim stood on one of the flat mud roofs to call. The houses are for the most part roofed with mud, which is kept water-tight by the use of a stone roller immediately after rain. This fills up the cracks, and makes the roof sound until it breaks open again in the sun.

## GREEKS FOR WAR.

Great anxiety is naturally expressed in Athens as to the future action of the Powers; but there is no pause in the preparations for war with Turkey, and preliminary "incidents" are already reported. Near Melun a Greek officer of Engineers who was engaged in superintending the repair of a road near the frontier was prevented by the Turkish authorities from proceeding with the work. The Greek Minister at Constantinople made representations on the subject, and the Turkish Foreign Minister assured him that orders had been sent to the frontier authorities to do nothing which might lead to untoward incidents. The Greek Minister addressed a note to the Porte proposing the recall of the Greek forces from the Macedonian frontier if the Turkish troops were also withdrawn, but Russia and Germany strongly advise that the Turkish armaments should be actively proceeded with. On the Greek side, arms, ammunition, provisions, and military stores are being conveyed to Thessaly, and the concentration of troops on the frontier is being carried on with all possible speed. In the Ellassona district all the Christians are said to have been disarmed by the Turkish authorities, and bands of freebooters are active. It is now estimated that Greece has fifty-four thousand men under arms, and that when all the reserves have joined the army will be over eighty thousand strong. Fifty-five thousand Turkish troops of all arms have been concentrated on the frontier. It is said that a Greek squadron has already entered the Ambracian Gulf and is blockading some Turkish vessels. It is also reported that the Turks have fired upon a Greek sailing ship off the coast of Epirus, killing two sailors. Greek insurgents in Macedonia are reported to have defeated a Turkish detachment and destroyed a railway bridge between Monastir and Salonika. In Crete, Colonel

Vassos has been instructed to avoid any conflict with the forces of the Powers and to withdraw into the interior of the island.

## A RUSSIAN STRONGHOLD.

Mr. John Dill Ross writes entertainingly of Vladivostok in a recent issue of the London "Graphic." "Once on shore," says Mr. Ross, "the first thing to be seen was a sturdy Russian regiment marching along with bayonets fixed, and almost the next was a squad of Cossacks riding with the lashes of their knouts dangling from their hands ready for use as they escorted the carriage of some great man, who seemed to be in a bit of a hurry, judging by the pace at which his horses were driven. Both were characteristic sights, and no one can be very long in Vladivostok without feeling that there is a sort of military fever in the air, and that both the fleet and army are longing to be employed on active service. What with the fleet of cruisers and transports in the harbor, and the regiments available on shore, the Russians certainly seem to be in position to steam out of Vladivostok and swoop down in force on the coast of Corea, Japan, or China."

## IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopoeia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Canabiss Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science toward conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will inclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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